This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

LORD·CHARLES·BERESFORD

HARVARD
COLLEGE
LIBRARY

HARVARD
COLLEGE
LIBRARY

THE MEMOIRS OF
ADMIRAL LORD CHARLES BERESFORD

Charles Beresford. Admiral

THE MEMOIRS OF ADMIRAL LORD CHARLES BERESFORD

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF

WITH TWENTY-THREE ILLUSTRATIONS

VOL. I

BOSTON
LITTLE, BROWN, & COMPANY
1914

Second Edition

Bw 2252.5.5

HARVARD COLLEGE LIBRARY
GIFT OF
MRS. GEORGE PEABODY GARDNER
NOV. 15, 1939

TO

MY BROTHER OFFICERS

OF THE

ROYAL NAVY

PREFACE

THIS work is a record of my life from the year 1859, when I entered the Royal Navy, to the year 1909, when I hauled down my flag and came on shore.

For the Introduction and the Notes, which have been written in order to amplify the personal narrative and to connect it with the historical events of the period, Mr. L. Cope Cornford is responsible.

I have dedicated the book to my brother officers of the Royal Navy.

As luck would have it, my career has been of a singularly varied character. And my hope is that, in reading its story, boys and girls, as well as their elders, may find pleasure.

CHARLES BERESFORD
Admiral

1 GREAT CUMBERLAND PLACE, W.
June 1914

CURRAGHMORE

CONTENTS

		PAGE
	INTRODUCTORY NOTE	xiii
CHAP. I.	I SEE THE FLEET	1
II.	THE BEGINNING OF SERVICE	5
III.	THE SHIP OF HAPPIEST MEMORY	11
IV.	THE SHIP OF UNHAPPY MEMORY	41
V.	THE MIDSHIPMAN OF 1864	51
VI.	STRICT SERVICE	61
VII.	THE CRUISE OF H.M.S. *GALATEA*— I. TO THE ANTIPODES	73
VIII.	THE CRUISE OF H.M.S. *GALATEA* (*continued*)— II. MY TWO FAITHFUL SERVANTS	82
IX.	THE CRUISE OF H.M.S. *GALATEA* (*continued*)— III. TAHITI AND THE SANDWICH ISLANDS	87
X.	THE CRUISE OF H.M.S. *GALATEA* (*continued*)— IV. OLD JAPAN. NOTE	90
XI.	THE CRUISE OF H.M.S. *GALATEA* (*continued*)— V. WITH THE DUKE IN JAPAN	100
XII.	THE CRUISE OF H.M.S. *GALATEA* (*continued*)— VI. THE HOMEWARD VOYAGE	102
XIII.	FLAG-LIEUTENANT AT PLYMOUTH	111
XIV.	POLITICAL EVENTS OF 1873–80 AND POSTSCRIPT. NOTE	122

CHAP. PAGE
XV. AN IRISH ELECTION AND IRISH POLITICS . . 128
XVI. MEMBER FOR WATERFORD, AND COMMANDER, ROYAL NAVY 138
XVII. WITH THE PRINCE IN INDIA 157
XVIII. THE EGYPTIAN WAR—
I. THE BEGINNING OF TROUBLE. NOTE . 170
XIX. THE EGYPTIAN WAR (*continued*)—
II. THE BOMBARDMENT OF ALEXANDRIA . 185
XX. THE EGYPTIAN WAR (*continued*)—
III. CHIEF OF POLICE 190
XXI. THE EGYPTIAN WAR (*continued*)—
IV. GARRISON WORK 201
XXII. PASSING THROUGH EGYPT 209
XXIII. THE SOUDAN WAR OF 1884–5—
I. SUMMARY OF EVENTS. NOTE . . 211
XXIV. THE SOUDAN WAR (*continued*)—
II. HOW WE BROUGHT THE BOATS THROUGH THE GREAT GATE 221
XXV. THE SOUDAN WAR (*continued*)—
III. UP THE CATARACTS AND ACROSS THE DESERT 240
XXVI. THE SOUDAN WAR (*continued*)—
IV. THE FIRST MARCH OF THE DESERT COLUMN NOTE 247
XXVII. THE SOUDAN WAR (*continued*)—
V. THE DESERT MARCH OF THE FORLORN HOPE 251
XXVIII. THE SOUDAN WAR (*continued*)—
VI. THE FIGHT AT ABU KLEA . . . 262

(*The "Notes" are by L. COPE CORNFORD*)

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

THE AUTHOR . . . . . *Frontispiece*
From a photograph by Heath

FACING PAGE

CURRAGHMORE viii
From a photograph by G. D. Croker

SIR JOHN DE LA POER BERESFORD, 4TH MARQUESS OF WATERFORD xviii

CHRISTINA, MARCHIONESS OF WATERFORD . . . xviii
From paintings at Curraghmore

THE AUTHOR AS NAVAL CADET 6
From a photograph

H.M.S. *MARLBOROUGH*, 1861 12
From a painting in the possession of the Author

THE OFFICERS OF H.M.S. *SUTLEJ*, 1865. 64
From a photograph

H.R.H. THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH 74
From a photograph by J. Russell & Sons

PIETER BOTH MOUNTAIN, MAURITIUS 104
From a photograph

THE AUTHOR AS LIEUTENANT 114
From a photograph

THE AUTHOR ÆT. 27 130
From a photograph

FACING PAGE

LADY CHARLES BERESFORD 150
From a photograph

THE BOMBARDMENT OF ALEXANDRIA, 11TH JULY 1882 . 186
From a chart drawn by the Author at the time

ON BOARD H.M.S. *CONDOR*, 11TH JULY 1882 . . . 188
From a drawing by Frederic Villiers

PROVOST-MARSHAL AND CHIEF OF POLICE, ALEXANDRIA, JULY 1882 192
From a drawing by Frederic Villiers

THE AUTHOR'S METHOD OF HAULING BOATS THROUGH THE BAB-EL-KEBIR 230
After a drawing made on the spot by the Author

THE NILE FROM WADY HALFA TO KHARTOUM . . 250

(Design of Cover by HAROLD WYLLIE)

INTRODUCTORY NOTE

THE HOUSE OF BERESFORD

LORD Charles William de la Poer Beresford, born in 1846, was the second of five brothers, sons of Sir John de la Poer Beresford, fourth Marquess of Waterford. Lord Charles's elder brother, Sir John Henry de la Poer Beresford (to give him his full title), Earl and Viscount of Tyrone, Baron de la Poer of Curraghmore in the county of Waterford, and Baron Beresford of Beresford in the county of Cavan, in the Peerage of Ireland, and Baron Tyrone of Haverfordwest in the county of Pembroke, in the Peerage of Great Britain, Knight of the Most Illustrious Order of St. Patrick, succeeded to these titles in 1866. Sir John joined the 1st Life Guards. He died in 1895, and was succeeded by his son (nephew to Lord Charles), as presently to be noted.

Of the other three brothers, Lord William de la Poer joined the 9th Lancers and became Military Secretary to five successive Viceroys of India, was a patron of the Turf, and died in 1900; Lord Marcus de la Poer joined the 7th Hussars, took charge of the King's racehorses, an office which he still fulfils, and was appointed Extra Equerry to King George; Lord Delaval James de la Poer (sixteen years younger than Lord Charles) ranched in North America and was killed in a railway accident in 1906.

The five brothers were keen sportsmen, hard riders, men of their hands, high-couraged, adventurous, talented in affairs, winning friendship and affection wherever they went.

Lord John-Henry, fifth Marquess, the eldest brother, inherited the family tradition of good landlordship. There was never any oppression of tenants on the Waterford estate. In the House of Lords and in the country, Lord Waterford took a strenuous part in the troubled and complex issues of Irish politics; although during the last years of his life he was crippled and helpless, the result of an accident which befell him in the hunting field. Lord William won the V.C. by an act of cool and audacious gallantry in the Zulu war of 1879; renowned for reckless hardihood, there was hardly a bone in his body which he had not broken; and it is probable that his injuries, diminishing his powers of resistance, caused him to succumb to his last illness. Lord Charles has broken his chest-bone,—a piece of which was cut out in his boyhood, leaving a cavity,—pelvis, right leg, right hand, foot, five ribs, one collar-bone three times, the other once, his nose three times; but owing to his extraordinary physique and strict regimen, he is younger and stronger at the time of writing than most men of half his age.

The family home of the five brothers was Curraghmore, a noble estate lying some twelve miles west of Waterford. The great house stands in a cup of the hills, whose slopes are clothed with woods of oak, the primæval forest of Ireland. The oak woods adjoining the house were planted with the design of supplying timber to the Royal Navy. Built foursquare, like most houses in Ireland, the mansion faces upon a vast gravelled quadrangle, closed in on left and right by the long ranges of stables. Beyond the lawns of the terraced garden, beyond the hanging woods, the bony shoulders of the mountains of Comeragh hunch upon the changing sky; nearer hand, darkens the lone hill of Croughaun; and day and night the noise of running waters, the voice of the Clodagh River, flowing through tawny shallow and sombre pool, breaking white-maned upon rock and fall, rises upon the quiet air. Looking westward from the bare summit of the hill above the deer-park, you shall

view the rich valley parcelled into garden and farm and paddock, which are set among deep groves; in the midst, flanked by a gleam of water, the house darkens upon the westering sunlight; and beyond, the sparkling landscape fades into the profound and aerial blue of the mountain wall. Eastward, the rounded bosses of the forest clothe the hills; and in the valley's gentle opening, the river Suir, like a scimitar laid on cloth of tapestry, glimmers dark and bright upon the plain, which, studded with woods and dotted with white specks of villages, stretches to where the dim sea-line merges in the sky.

Over yonder, cloven through the heart of the ancient woods, a green drive rises to the skyline, bordered on either side by rhododendrons, like huge ropes of jewels, three miles long. In the forest there is silence. Few birds or none nest in that deep labyrinth of silver-barked and shaggy trees, rooted for centuries in the mould of their own perennial decay. The martin-cat is lord of that hoary solitude. As a boy, Lord Charles trapped the martin-cats, and presented his mother with a muff made from their skins.

High on the hill rising to the north of the house of Curraghmore, set in a grove of beeches and enclosed within a wall, the last resting-place of the Beresfords opens upon a great and shining prospect of wood and mountain. Here is a wide and broad stone platform, like an ancient altar, the hue of rusty iron, compact of the granite slabs whereon the names of the dead are graven. On three sides it is walled with the tall silver stems of beeches, whose branches high overhead interlace in a green canopy.

Hard by stands the private chapel, once the parish church of Clonegam, a bleak and an unfeatured edifice. Within, there reclines the bronze effigy of the third Marquess, he of the aquiline profile and the full beard, who broke his neck out hunting in 1859. Opposite to him lies the white marble figure, urbane and majestic, of Lord John, his successor, father of Lord Charles Beresford. In the south wall of the chancel, in an arched recess cut out of the

thickness of the wall, the white light falls from an unseen opening above upon the sculptured figure of a lady, sleeping recumbent, and beside her nestles the tiny form of her child. She was the first wife of the fifth Marquess, and she died in childbirth. Near by the private chapel, high uplifted on the bare shoulder of the hill, stands a round tower, a mark for leagues, the monument set up to the memory of the little boy, Marcus, Lord le Poer, heir to Lord Tyrone, afterwards first Marquess. He died from the effects of a fall from his pony, the accident occurring when he was jumping hurdles just outside the great courtyard of the house. His portrait, painted by Gainsborough, hangs in the drawing-room. It is a noble head, done with Gainsborough's inimitable delicacy. The lad's blue eyes gaze frankly out of the picture; his fair hair curls upon his shoulders; his coat is scarlet, with the open falling collar of the time; the face is of a singular beauty.

Near by, in the centre of the wall, hangs Sir Joshua Reynolds's portrait of Sir Francis Delaval, K.B. A tremendous figure, Sir Francis, posed in a commanding attitude upon a hillside, right arm extended, grasping a musket with fixed bayonet, and clad in a rich suit of claret colour and cocked hat. He was the uncle of the wife of the second Marquess of Waterford. By reason of that alliance, many of the Delaval family pictures came to Curraghmore.

Here is Lord Delaval himself, who died in 1808, a nobleman of a somewhat rugged and domineering countenance. Here is the first Marquess of Waterford, with a long hooked nose; he is thin-lipped, narrow-eyed (it seems that he had a squint), wearing the ribbon and star of a Knight of St. Patrick. Henry, second Marquess, was painted by Sir Thomas Lawrence; a handsome head, crowned with a mass of fine light hair. In the hall hangs the portrait of the third Marquess; he whose bronze effigy lies in the chapel. He is reading. With his pale and finely cast features, his thick brown hair and beard, he might have been (but was not) an ascetic student. He married the Hon. Louisa

Stuart, second daughter and co-heiress of Charles, Lord Stuart de Rothesay. The Marchioness was a lady of taste, and was considered the most talented amateur painter of her day. She laid out anew the gardens, where heretofore the horses used to graze close to the house, took great interest in the improvement of the mansion itself, designed the Cawnpore Memorial, designed Ford village, formerly the property of the Delavals in Northumberland, and achieved a series of cartoons representing religious subjects, which adorn the walls of the school at Ford.

These and many other ancestral portraits gaze from the walls of gallery and hall and chamber, in the great house of Curraghmore. Each generation as it grew up has traced in them its own lineaments fore-ordained, and has marked the miracle of heredity repeated again and again, from Sir Tristram Beresford, darkling in full armour, through the masterful Katherine le Poer and the beautiful Susanna Carpenter, whose mother was a Delaval, to the penultimate head of the house of De la Poer Beresford.

The entrance hall of the mansion of Curraghmore is the ancient keep, which was built by the De la Poers in the late twelfth or early thirteenth century, foursquare, the walls ten feet thick. The rest of the house is eighteenth century. The original edifice is briefly described in *The Antient and Present State of the County and City of Waterford*, by Charles Smith, published in Dublin in 1740, and in *The History, Topography and Antiquities of the County and City of Waterford*, by the Rev. R. H. Ryland, published by Murray in 1824. Sir Marcus, first Earl of Tyrone, and his son, afterwards first Marquess of Waterford, made considerable additions, which, according to the date inscribed upon the leadwork, were completed in 1771. From the old keep, transformed into an eighteenth-century entrance hall, a flight of steps leads to the inner hall, whence a wide staircase rises, following the walls, and out of which open the reception rooms. These face upon lawn and fountain and terrace. Over the entrance door are carved the family coat;

and the crest of the De la Poers, a stag couchant bearing a cross upon his forehead, crowns the parapet. Upon the garden front are sculptured the Beresford shield and their crest, "a dragon's head erased, the neck pierced with a tilting spear, and holding the point broken off in the mouth." Motto, *Nil nisi cruce.*

Such was the home of the five brothers, when their father, Lord John de la Poer Beresford, in holy orders, succeeded his brother in 1859. Lord Charles Beresford, who had been for some years at school in England, joined the Navy in that year. He came to Curraghmore in his brief and widely spaced intervals of leave, while his brothers came home more frequently during their vacations. In those days, the stables were filled with horses, the house was populous with guests; and the great courtyard in front of the house, now silent, resounded with the cheery bustle of a jovial company coming and going. All winter the house was thronged; there was hunting six days in the week; and more than a hundred horses were stabled at Curraghmore. Lord Charles Beresford has told how that many a time, when, as a midshipman, he was humping beef into the blood-boats for the Fleet, did he think not without envy upon his brothers, each with his two or three hunters, riding to hounds at Curraghmore.

The house of Beresford derives from the "very old and eminent English family of Beresford of Beresford, in the county of Stafford," and from the De la Poers, an ancient Breton family, and their quarterings include the noble houses of Hamilton, Monck, Carpenter, Plantagenet, Castile and Leon, Mortimer, De Burgh, Holland, Wake, Nevill, Beauchamp, Delaval, Blake. The Beresfords represented the English plantation in the North of Ireland, until the marriage was made which united them with De la Poers, who were of the first English plantation in the South.

Tristram Beresford came into Ireland in the reign of James I., as manager of the corporation of Londoners, known as "The Society of the New Plantation in Ulster."

SIR JOHN DE LA POER BERESFORD, FOURTH MARQUESS OF WATERFORD, FATHER OF LORD CHARLES BERESFORD

CHRISTINA, WIFE OF THE FOURTH MARQUESS OF WATERFORD, MOTHER OF LORD CHARLES BERESFORD

The first Tristram settled at Coleraine, in county Londonderry. His son, Sir Tristram, first Baronet, in common with the first created Baronets of Ulster, bore on his shield the open red hand of Ulster, hitherto borne by the forfeited O'Neils. Sir Randal, second Baronet, sat in the first Parliament held after the Restoration.

Sir Tristram, his son, commanded a regiment of foot against King James II., and was attainted. He it was who married the Hon. Nicola Sophia Hamilton, concerning whom a legend of the supernatural is current. Briefly, it is that the friend of her early years, the Earl of Tyrone, visited her after his death, according to agreement, and, to prove the reality of his appearance, touched her wrist, shrivelling nerve and sinew, so that ever afterwards she wore a bracelet of black velvet. A picture, supposed to represent this lady, hangs in Curraghmore. It must be said that the evidence of it extant is so highly dubious, that the story is not worth telling in detail.

Sir Tristram was succeeded by his son, Sir Marcus, fourth Baronet, who married the Lady Katherine de la Poer, who was Baroness in her own right. Thus the two houses were conjoined. Lady Katherine was the only daughter and heiress of James, third and last Earl of Tyrone. She was allowed the Barony of La Poer in fee by resolution of the Irish House of Lords, on 16th November 1767. Sir Marcus her husband was created Earl of Tyrone in 1746. The son of Sir Marcus and Lady Katherine, George De la Poer, was created Marquess of Waterford in 1789, and Knight of St. Patrick at the Institution of the Order in 1783. First Marquess, he was the first De la Poer Beresford.

The De la Poer, Power, or Poher, family traces its descent from Comorre I., Count of le Poher, who married the widow of Jonas, King of Domnonée, and who died A.D. 554. Le Poher was one of the five independent states of Brittany, of which the others were La Domnonée, La Cornouailles, Le Vannes, and Le Leon. The genealogy of the Le Poers is

interesting, if only by reason of its romantic names. From Comorre I., Count of le Poher, descended the Counts Comorre, Erispoë, Rivallon, Nominoë. Nominoë married one Argantal, defeated Charles the Bald, drove the Franks out of Brittany, and was proclaimed King of that country in 841. He was succeeded by his son Erispoë, who married Mormohec. From the aforesaid Rivallon descended Salomon, who (having achieved a little murderous intrigue) succeeded King Erispoë, and married Wembrit. From the brother of Salomon, Mathuedoi, descended Alain, Count of Vannes and Duke of Brittany, who fought against the Normans, and who was driven by them to take refuge in England. His son Alain (called Barbe-torte) returned to Brittany, drove out the Normans in his turn, and united Le Poer to the Duchy.

From the Pohers, in the female line, descended Arthur, Duke of Brittany, who was done to death by John, King of England, A.D. 1203. There is this other link between John of England and the De la Poers, that in the demesne of Curraghmore an ancient bridge of stone, over which the English King is said to have passed, spans the river and is called John's Bridge to this day. From the Duchess Constance, the mother of Arthur of Brittany, descended the Duchess Anne, who married King Louis XII. of France. Brittany was thus incorporated in France.

The Pohers seem to have come to England with Duke William of Normandy, called the Conqueror. In 1066 they are found in Devonshire; and later, in Leicestershire, Northamptonshire, Shropshire, Warwickshire, Gloucestershire, Wiltshire, Herefordshire; a fructuous and an acquisitive clan. They came to Ireland in the reign of the second Henry: then came Sir Robert, Sir Roger, William and Simon. Sir Roger helped in the invasion of Ulster. But the founder of the De la Poers of Curraghmore was Sir Robert, who, in the year 1172, accompanied King Henry II. as Knight Marshal, and to whom was given by the King, the town of Waterford and a great parcel of county Waterford.

Towards the end of the sixteenth century, Sir Henry Sidney, in the course of his account of the province of Munster, communicated to the Lords of the Council, describes his visit to John, Lord le Poer, who was born in 1527. "27th Feb., 1575. The day I departed from Waterford I lodged that night at Curraghmore, the house that Lord Power is baron of, where I was so used, and with such plenty and good order entertained (as adding to it the quiet of all the country adjoining, by the people called Power country, for that surname has been since the beginning of the Englishman's planting inhabitants there), it may be well compared with the best ordered country in the English Pale. And the Lord of the country, though he be of scope of ground a far less territory than his neighbour is, yet he lives in show far more honourably and plentifully than he or any other, whatsoever he be, of his calling that lives in his province."

The "Peerage of Ireland" of 1768 urbanely observes: "It is very remarkable, that in so long a succession in this family, and in a country continually disturbed and torn by rebellion and civil wars, that not one of this family was ever engaged in any rebellion against the crown of England, nor was there ever a forfeiture in the family during the space of six hundred years that they have been planted in Ireland; and they at this day enjoy the family lands, and reside at the same place they were originally settled in, in the county of Waterford. In a grant of letters patent from King Charles II. to this Richard, Lord la Poer, bearing date the 9th May, the twenty-third year of his reign, there is this recital. That the ancestors of the said Richard, Lord la Poer, from their first planting in Ireland, for above four hundred years, had entirely preserved their faith and loyalty to the crown of England, in consideration therefore," etc.

Sir Tristram Beresford, up in the North, fought against King James Second; but the De la Poers harboured that monarch; who in the course of his retreat from Ireland,

slept a night at Curraghmore, and departing thence took ship at Waterford, and was no more seen in Erin.

Sir Marcus, the son of Sir Tristram, as above recited, united the two houses by marrying the Lady Katherine le Poer; and their descendants, as in 1768, "at this day enjoy the family lands and reside at the same place they were originally settled in." The earldom of Tyrone, which was extinguished by the death of Lady Katherine's father, the third Earl, was revived in Sir Marcus Beresford. Tracing back the direct line of the De la Poers of Curraghmore, we find that Nicholas de la Poer was summoned to Parliament in 1375, in 1378, and in 1383, by the most ancient writs contained in the Rolls Office in Ireland. This Sir Nicholas of Curraghmore traced his descent from Brian Boru, King of Erin, who died in 1014. The line of Irish Kings (as recorded in *Whitaker's Almanack*) goes back to A.D. 4; and some say much further.

A collateral branch of the De Pohers, or Powers, was the Barons of Donoyle, or Dunhill, the ruins of whose castle remain to this day. It was stoutly defended against Cromwell by the Baroness; and, according to tradition, was betrayed into the hands of the enemy by the lieutenant of her garrison. These Powers were then transplanted to Connaught, and their estates were forfeited. Another collateral branch was the Powers of Knockbrit, county Tipperary. In the year 1789, to Edmund Power and his wife, who was a daughter of "Buck" Sheehy, was born Marguerite, who became Lady Blessington. It seems that her father, "Buck" Power, dissipated his fortune, as the mode was in those days; that he compelled his daughter to marry one Captain Farmer, who ill-treated her; that Mrs. Farmer left her husband, came to London with her brother, was painted by Sir Thomas Lawrence, and, after Farmer's death, married Lord Blessington. Here is a link with my Lord Byron.

The relation of the De la Poer Beresfords with the Delavals of Seaton-Delaval in Northumberland, consists in the marriage of Sir Henry de la Poer, second Marquess

(1772–1826), with Lady Susanna Carpenter, who was the granddaughter of Lord Delaval. Her mother, daughter of Lord Delaval, married George, second Earl of Tyrconnel. The Lady Tyrconnel was famed for her beauty. The portrait of her daughter, Lady Susanna, now at Curraghmore, represents a singularly beautiful, fair-haired creature, delicately featured, blue-eyed. The Delavals would seem to have been a high-spirited, reckless, and spendthrift race. Extravagant entertainments were devised at their house of Seaton-Delaval, which was built by Sir John Vanbrugh, playwright and architect. The actor Foote was a friend of the family; they were devoted to amateur theatricals; and Garrick once lent Drury Lane Theatre to them. The Delavals were singularly addicted to practical jokes; a tendency to the same diversion has reappeared in later generations. Lord Delaval's only son died young, and the title expired. There is a picture of the sturdy, brown-haired lad at Curraghmore. It is worth noting that an ancestor of Lady Susanna, and, therefore, of Lord Charles Beresford, was a naval officer of some distinction. George Delaval, vice-admiral of the Red, was present at the action fought off Cape Barfleur in May 1692.

The generation of the second Marquess, he who married the Lady Susanna, produced an Archbishop: even the Right Honourable and Most Reverend Lord John George de la Poer Beresford, Archbishop of Armagh and Primate of all Ireland. He was born in 1773, and died in 1862. Possessing great wealth, he was known for his immense benefactions. He gave largely to Dublin University, and to the College of Saint Columba; restored the Cathedral at Armagh at a cost of £30,000; and augmented the salaries of his clergy. The bust of this magnificent prelate stands in the private chapel at Curraghmore. His body is interred in Armagh Cathedral. The Archbishop bequeathed his property in county Cavan to Lord Charles Beresford; the townlands on the estate bearing such euphonious names as Ballyheady, Corraleehan Beg, Crockawaddy, Kiltynas-

keelan, Derrynacrieve, Gubnagree, Scrabby, Tullynamoultra.

The third Marquess, Sir Henry de la Poer, having met his death in the hunting-field, was succeeded in 1859 by his brother, Sir John, who was Dean and Prebendary of Mullaghbrack, in the Arch-diocese of Armagh. He married, in 1843, Christina Leslie, daughter of Charles Powell-Leslie. She was born in 1820, and lived until 1905. The Marchioness learned to ride when she was between forty and fifty years of age, and speedily became a noted rider to hounds. Their sons, as before recited, were Sir John-Henry de la Poer, fifth Marquess of Waterford; Lord Charles, Lord William, Lord Marcus, and Lord Delaval; of whom Lord Charles and Lord Marcus survive at the time of writing. Lord Charles was born on 10th February 1846 at Philipstown Glebe, Louth. It was the year of the great famine; and at Curraghmore, half a regiment was then quartered in the house.

The fifth Marquess, elder brother of Lord Charles, was succeeded in 1895 by his son, nephew to Lord Charles. The sixth Marquess lost his life by a sad accident in 1911. The present heir is a minor.

In this chronicle, brief as it is, three notable figures cannot be omitted: Mr. Commissioner John Beresford, Admiral Sir John Poo Beresford, and the Marshal. (For information concerning these worthies, I have drawn upon the *Dictionary of National Biography*.)

John Beresford, whose name is even yet occasionally reproached by the descendants of his political opponents, was born in 1738, and died in 1805. He was the second son of Marcus, Earl of Tyrone (brother of the first Marquess) and Lady Katherine, Baroness de la Poer. Appointed First Commissioner of Revenue in 1780, John Beresford became in fact ruler of Ireland. He was entrusted by Pitt with the management of all Irish affairs. Viceroys came and viceroys went, but Beresford continued to hold a position "greater than that of the Lord Lieutenant him-

self"; much to the indignation of Lord Fitzwilliam, who, when he was appointed Lord Lieutenant, permitted himself to address the First Commissioner in terms so indigestible that Beresford promptly challenged him. The duel, however, was prevented. John Beresford took a great part in the preparation and passing of the Act of Union; was M.P. for Waterford and a Privy Councillor; and did much to improve the city of Dublin, the fine Custom-house being built under his auspices. He married Barbara Montgomery, who was one of the "Three Graces" in the painting done by Sir Joshua Reynolds, now in the National Gallery. The other two Graces were her sister, Lady Mountjoy, and the Marchioness of Townshend.

Admiral Sir John Poo Beresford (1768 (?)–1884) was a natural son of the first Marquess of Waterford. He entered the Royal Navy in 1782; fought a smart action in the capture of the French store-ships in Hampton Roads on 17th May 1795; and performed distinguished service in the West Indies. He took part in the famous eight months' blockade off Ferrol in 1808, and in the blockade of Lorient, commanding one of those "weather-beaten ships upon which the Grand Army never looked." In 1810 he was co-operating off Lisbon with Wellington's army, with which his younger brother the Marshal, in command of the Portuguese Army, was also co-operating. He represented in Parliament, in succession, Coleraine, Berwick, Northallerton, and Chatham. In 1835 he was Junior Lord of the Admiralty. His career, a combination of fighting seaman, member of Parliament, and Junior Lord, presents a singular resemblance to the career of his relative, Lord Charles Beresford.

Marshal Beresford, or, more precisely, General Viscount William Carr Beresford, was born in 1768 and died, full of years and honours, in 1854. Son of the first Marquess, he also, like the Admiral, bore the bar sinister on his escutcheon. As captain of the 69th Regiment, he was with Lord Hood at Toulon in 1793, and commanded the storming party at the tower of Martello. He was present at the

captures of Bastia, Calvi, and San Fiorenzo. After service in India, Beresford's brigade led the march across the desert in the Egyptian campaign of 1801. Eighty-four years later, his relative, Captain Lord Charles Beresford, took his Naval Brigade across the desert with Sir Herbert Stewart's forlorn hope.

Beresford was present at the capture of Cape Colony under Baird in 1805. Then he went up to Buenos Ayres, and with 1200 men took that place from the Spanish. After three days' hard fighting, Beresford was driven out of Buenos Ayres by an overwhelming force. Then he went with Sir Arthur Wellesley to Portugal; where he commanded two brigades under Sir John Moore. In the terrible winter retreat to Corunna, Beresford's brigade, told off to assist the rescue, was constantly engaged with the French vanguard. At Corunna, Beresford fought on the English left, achieving the greatest distinction.

In 1809, at the request of the Portuguese Government, Beresford was appointed to reorganise the Portuguese Army. Gifted with that marvellous capacity for handling men and for organisation, which Irishmen of English descent sometimes combine with a reckless gallantry, Beresford speedily transformed an ill-found, insubordinate mob into an efficient, well-fed, fighting force. He knew how to establish obedience to discipline, together with the confidence that good conduct would be rewarded; or, in Lord Charles Beresford's phrase, he coupled "commendation with condemnation." The Portuguese Government made him marshal in the Portuguese Army while he was lieutenant-general in the British Army; nor did the annoyance discovered by British officers at the double rank, which gave Wellington trouble, perturb the Marshal in the least. His Portuguese fought well alongside the English at Busaco, an action which earned Beresford the K.C.B. and other decorations.

He won the battle of Albuera, defeating Soult, though not without heavy losses. The victory was said to be due

to the action of one of his Staff, rather than to Beresford's tactics; a good deal of controversy was waged on the subject, in which the Marshal, after his retirement, took a vigorous part; but the fact remains that Albuera was won.

Beresford was present at the tremendous siege of Badajoz and at the battle of Salamanca, at which he was severely wounded. He speedily recovered, and fought at Vittoria in 1813, in the battles of the Pyrenees, and in the battles of Nivelle, Nive, and Arthez. He then returned to Portugal to command the Portuguese Army; so that he was not present at Waterloo. At the conclusion of the war he was created Baron. He left Portugal in 1822, and took his seat in the House of Lords, where he was a sturdy supporter of the policy of the Duke of Wellington. In 1828 he was appointed Master-General of Ordnance. In 1830 he retired.

Wellington wrote of the Marshal in 1812: "All that I can tell you is that the ablest man I have yet seen with the army, and that one having the largest views, is Beresford . . . he is the only person capable of conducting a large concern." And upon another occasion, Wellington affirmed that if he were removed by death or illness, he would recommend Beresford to succeed him, not because he was a great general, but because he alone could "feed an army."

General Lord Beresford married the Hon. Louisa Hope, his first cousin, daughter of the Most Rev. William Beresford, Archbishop of Tuam and Lord Decies, and widow of Thomas Hope, author of *Anastatius*. His stepson was A. T. Beresford-Hope, sometime member for Cambridge University.

In 1824 the Marshal purchased the ancestral estate of the Beresfords in Staffordshire. His portrait, which bears a singular resemblance to Lord Charles, hangs in Curraghmore. It depicts a burly, martial figure, gorgeous in full uniform, with a broad, jovial, open countenance, and a bold blue eye, head thrown back, and a vast spread of chest and

shoulder. Endowed with extraordinary physical strength, he was a born fighter, a great administrator, a big, warm-hearted, quick-tempered, irrepressible Beresford.

The formal list of his titles is: Viscount and Baron in the peerage of England, Duke of Elvas in the peerage of Spain, Conde de Trancoso in the peerage of Portugal, K.C.B., etc., colonel-in-chief 60th Rifles, colonel 16th Regiment, general in the English Army, marshal in the Portuguese Army.

The generations pass: the House remains. The House of de la Poer Beresford derives, from among other sources innumerable, from the Counts of Brittany, in the sixth century; from Brian Boru, King of Ireland, in the eleventh; from the Beresfords, that "very old and eminent English family," Norman in origin; from the Delavals of Northumberland, whose forefathers fought in the Crusades. This is the virtue of ancient lineage: that from generation to generation, an honourable tradition of service, of peculiar obligation, gathers reinforcement. Every scion of the House is judged by the stern company of his forefathers; who, together with his dower of body and of mind and heritage of land or wealth, bequeath him warning or example. No traffic in titles can purchase that unique inheritance, nor can any forfeiture of material possessions diminish its essential value.

L. C. C.

THE MEMOIRS OF ADMIRAL LORD CHARLES BERESFORD

CHAPTER I

I SEE THE FLEET

I SAW the Navy for the first time in the year 1858, when I was twelve years old. The Channel Squadron came into the Downs; the admiral, who was a friend of my father, invited me to visit his flagship. The admiral put off from Deal in a six-oared galley, and I was taken into a second boat. Both crews began to pull with all their might. I remember being intensely excited, beating with my hand on the gunwale and urging the men to row faster. We were overhauling the admiral, when the boat in which I was slackened her pace.

"Row!" I shouted. "Why don't you go on rowing?"

"We can't pass the admiral, sir," said the coxswain. And that was my first lesson in naval etiquette.

As we drew near to the ships, there arose a great tumult of shouting, and I could see the men running to and fro and racing aloft, and presently they stood in rows along the yards, manning yards in honour of the arrival of the admiral.

The neatness and order of the stately ships, the taut rigging, the snowy sails, the ropes coiled down neatly on deck: these things left an abiding impression upon my youthful mind.

It was in the winter of the same year, 1858–9, that a certain young soldier, who had fought throughout the Indian Mutiny with great gallantry and conspicuous ability, came to his home in County Waterford on his first furlough. He was Lieutenant Roberts, V.C.; now Field-Marshal Earl Roberts of Kandahar.

"During the winter months," he writes, "I hunted with the Curraghmore hounds, and was out with them the day before Lord Waterford was killed. We had no run, and at the end of the day, when wishing us good-bye, he said 'I hope, gentlemen, we shall have better luck next time.' 'Next time' there was 'better luck' as regarded the hunting, but the worst of all possible luck for Lord Waterford's numerous friends; in returning home after a good run, and having killed two foxes, his horse stumbled over quite a small ditch, throwing his rider on his head; the spinal cord was snapped, and the fine sportsman breathed his last in a few moments." (*Forty-one years in India.* By Field-Marshal Lord Roberts of Kandahar. Bentley. 2 vols. London, 1897, p. 451, vol. 1.)

My father, the Rev. Lord John Beresford, succeeded to the marquisate. In the same year, 1859, I joined the Naval Service. I remember, some years afterwards, thinking with some degree of envy of my two younger brothers, each of whom had three hunters, while I was only the "blood-boat" (the jolly-boat bringing beef to the ship) midshipman of a man-of-war.

At that time the Navy consisted of both sailing ships and steamships. Steam was used as seldom as possible in those ships which were fitted with masts and yards. The flagships of the Cape of Good Hope, East Indies and China, South-east Coast of America, Pacific and North America and West Indies stations were all sailing ships. The Navy List of 1859 gives the names of no less than 548 "effective" ships, together with a list of 185 "steam gunboats" and a list of 121 vessels employed in Harbour Service.

That there was so large a number of "steam gunboats"

was the result of the Crimean war, during which very many were built for service in the Baltic. There is a story that an admiral returning from foreign service noticed eight gunboats aground on the Spit. Upon his inquiry, he was informed by one of his crew that they were "commanded by these old Baltic War mates and second masters, the sort what knows nothing and fears nothing." But of the sailing master there will be more to say.

The line-of-battle sailing ships which were flagships on naval stations abroad were:—the *Boscawen*, 70 guns, Rear-Admiral Hon. Sir Frederick W. Grey, Cape of Good Hope; *Calcutta*, 84, Rear-Admiral Sir Michael Seymour, East Indies and China; *Cumberland*, 70, Rear-Admiral Sir Stephen Lushington, S.E. Coast of America; *Ganges*, 84, Rear-Admiral R. L. Baynes, Pacific; *Hibernia*, 104, Rear-Admiral H. J. Codrington, Malta; *Indus*, 78, Vice-Admiral Sir Houston Stewart, North America and West Indies.

The number of ships distributed among the various stations in 1859 was no less than 130. "Trade follows the flag."

East Indies and China	36
Pacific	12
W. Coast of Africa	17
N. America and W. Indies	14
S.E. Coast of America	13
Mediterranean	22
Cape of Good Hope	5
Australia	4
River Gambia	1
Channel	6
Total	130

The presence of so large a force in Chinese waters was due to the affair of "the lorcha *Arrow*," which occurred on 8th October, 1856, in the Canton River. The *Arrow*, a small vessel flying the British flag, was captured by the Chinese authorities and the crew were arrested on a charge of piracy. In the result, Admiral Sir Michael Seymour bombarded

Canton. Operations were suspended during the Indian Mutiny, to be resumed in 1858, with the assistance of France. Canton was captured, and the treaty of Tien-Tsin was concluded with China. It was not, however, ratified, and in June, 1859—six months before I entered the Navy—hostilities were resumed, to terminate in the burning of the Summer Palace at Pekin, and the subsequent signing of a convention.

CHAPTER II

THE BEGINNING OF SERVICE

I WAS sent to sea for the somewhat vague reasons which so often determine a boy's future. There was a belief that I was of a delicate constitution, and an impression —perhaps justified—that I needed discipline. I was sent to Bayford School in England when I was very young, together with two of my three brothers. We were known as the three "wild Irish." Among my schoolfellows were the present Lord Rosebery, James Lowther, Lord Newport, Lord Claud Hamilton and Lord George Hamilton, Lord Worcester, and Lord Methuen. From Bayford I went to the educational establishment of the Rev. David Bruce Payne (afterwards Canon) at Deal, where I first saw the ships of the Royal Navy, as already related. Canon Payne was a splendid type of the best British clergyman, and I had a great respect and affection for him. I was afterwards a pupil of the Rev. Mr. Foster, of Stubbington, Fareham.

I received my nomination from Captain Charles Eden, C.B., and qualified as a naval cadet on 12th December, 1859. The qualifying certificate must be signed by the candidate; a regulation which, simple as it seems, was nearly my undoing.

"Do you always sign your Christian name William with one 'l'?" asked the examiner.

It was a critical moment. Irish resource supplied the answer.

"I said, "Only sometimes, sir."

The examiner smiled grimly. But he passed me. It was my first narrow escape in the Navy.

I have the faded blue paper before me as I write. The signature, laboriously written in a round hand, is "Charles Wiliam Delapoer Beresford."

The qualifying examination was not very formidable in those easy days. The knowledge required consisted of a little "English," less French or Latin (with the "aid of a dictionary"), a "satisfactory knowledge of the leading facts of Scripture and English History," a certain amount of geography, and an elementary knowledge of arithmetic, algebra and Euclid. The preliminary course of education afforded to "Volunteers," as the naval cadets used to be called, at the Royal Naval College, Portsmouth, had been abolished in 1837, and for the next twenty years cadets were sent straight to sea. In 1857, cadets were entered for training in the *Illustrious*, Captain Robert Harris. The number of cadets exceeding the accommodation in the ship, the *Britannia* was commissioned on 1st January, 1859, by Captain Harris. But not for many years did the entrance examination become the competitive ordeal for which cramming is the only preparation, known to the present generation. But I remember Admiral William Bowles, commander-in-chief of Portsmouth, taking me kindly by the shoulder and saying, "Well, my little man, you are very small for your age. Why are you being sent to sea?"

I said that I wanted to go to sea.

"Are you good at your books?" asked the admiral. "Bless me, I know many an admiral who could not pass the examination you have passed. Good Heavens, what they expect boys to do nowadays!"

The *Britannia* was then moored at the entrance to Haslar Creek in Portsmouth Harbour, where the depot ships of the submarines are moored to-day. Alongside her, in the following year, lay the training frigate *Eurydice*, which was afterwards capsized off the Isle of Wight on 24th March, 1878, when 318 lives were lost out of a complement of 320. I learned to heave the lead from the chains of the *Eurydice*.

THE AUTHOR AS NAVAL CADET

In addition to the ordinary school curriculum on board the *Britannia*, the cadets were taught seamanship, gunnery and navigation. Book-work did not interest me, but I took great pains to become proficient in seamanship, in which I always secured a high place.

A cadet entering the *Britannia* under 14 years of age, would be rejected from the Service if he failed to pass the fourth quarterly examination after his entrance. Having entered the *Britannia* in December, 1859, I was sent to sea in March, 1861. I was very happy during my time in the *Britannia*. Out of school time, we did a great deal of boat-pulling. My boat was called the *Gazelle*. I remember that one day, when I borrowed a private boat to put off to the *Gazelle*, my comrades pushed me out into the stream, and I drifted out to Spithead, without oars. There was nothing in the boat but a painter, which I considered it to be my duty neatly to coil down. Then I sat still and waited until a boat came to fetch me.

Seamanship was taught by the use of models, and sail-drill was taught upon the mizen-mast. I remember being haunted by a doubt lest the handling of small models, and going aloft in a stationary ship, might not enable me to practise the knowledge thus acquired when I came to deal with the real full-size objects and to go aloft in a ship at sea. My prevision was largely justified; and when I came to command a ship, I made the youngsters learn their business by handling real things and not the models of them. For if anything goes wrong while teaching a youngster, for instance, to lay out a 6-ton anchor upon a model, he puts it right with his finger and thumb and thinks he can do the same with the real anchor.

The captain of the *Britannia* was Robert Harris, to whom the Service owes the inestimable benefit of cadet training ships. The first lieutenant was George S. Nares (now Vice-Admiral Sir George S. Nares, K.C.B.). He commanded the *Challenger* in her voyage of scientific discovery of 1872, during which he was recalled to proceed

upon his celebrated voyage of Arctic exploration. Another lieutenant was William H. Heaton, whose long whiskers afforded the cadets much innocent amusement. On a windy day his whiskers used to stream backwards over his shoulders. Lieutenant Heaton chose to wear his stripes running longitudinally up his arm, a peculiarity which exemplifies the prevailing latitude with regard to uniform. There was no rule prescribing the pattern of cap or great-coat worn in the Service. Officers might wear the mohair band and badge on any kind of cap that took their fancy. Some of them used to transfer plain clothes buttons to a uniform coat or greatcoat, if they were going ashore, for the sake of economy; for we were nearly all poor in those days. The chaplain and naval instructor was the Rev. Robert M. Inskip.

My chest on board the *Britannia* stood between the chests of poor "Andy" Wauchope and Henry John Thoroton Hildyard. Both subsequently left the Navy for the Army. The late Major-General Andrew Gilbert Wauchope, D.S.O., was fatally wounded at Magersfontein during the South African war. General Sir Henry J. T. Hildyard, G.C.B., K.C.B., retired in 1911, after long and distinguished service. I was strongly inclined to follow the example of my comrades and to join the Army; and I have since occasionally regretted that I remained in the Navy, in which Service there is less opportunity for attaining the highest rank.

I was raised to the rank of "captain" in the *Britannia*; but I regret to say that my enjoyment of that dignity was singularly brief, for I was disrated upon the same day, even before I had time to put on the stripe. For my delight at my promotion so exhilarated me, that I forgot to resist the temptation to empty a bread-barge upon the head of the old master-at-arms as he was coming up the hatchway, and the spectacle was so amusing that I stayed to laugh at it.

When I entered the Service, the system of training

young seamen, as well as cadets, was in operation. To Sir James Graham, First Lord of the Admiralty, is due the credit of introducing the training of seamen. In 1854, he caused the *Illustrious*, two-decker, to be commissioned for that purpose, under the command of Captain Robert Harris. The fact was that as sails gave place to steam and as the science of gunnery progressed, it became necessary to enter seamen as boys and to train them for continuous service. For some time the short service and long service systems were concurrent. When I went to sea, captains still entered men direct from the merchant service, and very good seamen they were. They were engaged for a commission, at the end of which they could re-engage or not as they pleased. But in the meantime, under the admirable administration of Captain Harris, "Jimmy Graham's novices," as they were called, earned an excellent reputation in the Fleet; and continuous service gradually replaced intermittent service. In the continuous service system resided our chief superiority over foreign Navies. The objection to it on the part of the Government was (and is) the increasing permanent charge of pensions. But in the interests of the Service and of the country, it cannot be too clearly understood that the system is well worth the cost, and that the revival of the short service system is profoundly to be regretted.

NOTE

H.M.S. *Britannia*.—She was the seventh ship of her name. She was launched at Plymouth in 1820, was pierced for 120 guns, and her complement was 900 men. Her length, beam and draught were 205 feet, 53 feet and 18 feet respectively. In the Crimean war, she landed 200 men as part of the naval brigade which assisted the Army at the siege of Sevastopol, and took part in the bombardment of that town. She was commissioned on 1st January, 1859, by Captain Robert Harris, as a training ship for cadets.

The *Britannia* was stationed first in Portsmouth Harbour, then at Dartmouth. She was broken up in 1869. The memory of Captain Robert Harris deserves to be held in high honour. Vice-Admiral Sir William Fanshawe Martin, who himself achieved great reforms in the discipline of the Fleet, while in command of the Mediterranean Fleet, wrote to Captain Harris under date 18th January, 1861, "There is no man in England whose opportunity of doing good to our country for ages to come is greater than yours; and assuredly the Navy is greatly your debtor." (*The Story of the Britannia*, by Commander E. P. Statham, R.N. Cassell.)

The successor of the *Britannia* in which Lord Charles Beresford received his training, the eighth of her name, known and remembered with affection by all naval officers save the new generation, lay at Dartmouth for more than forty years, when her functions were transferred to the colleges on shore. (*The King's Ships*, by H. S. Lecky, Lieut. R.N. Muirhead. Vol. 1.)

CHAPTER III

THE SHIP OF HAPPIEST MEMORY

ON the 28th of March, 1861, I was appointed naval cadet in the *Marlborough*. As I climbed up her side by the hand-rungs, while my chest was being hoisted in over all, I perceived two huge men looking down upon me, and I heard one say to the other:—

"That white-faced little beggar ain't long for this world, Dick."

The speaker was John Glanville (called Clamfy Glanville), boatswain's mate (of whom more anon), and he addressed this lugubrious remark to Dicky Horne, the quartermaster, a very fat man. It was a far from encouraging welcome to the sea; but the fact was that I had been ill, and was feeling very cold as I climbed up the side of the ship. At first, I was much disappointed at having been sent to a large ship, for we youngsters had a notion that there were more freedom and independence in a small ship; and besides, I wanted to go to China. But I went to China all in good time.

The *Marlborough* was the flagship of the Mediterranean station. She was a wooden line of battleship, three-decker, launched in 1835, 4000 tons burthen old measure, 6390 displacement new measure, fitted with single screw horizontal Maudslay engines. The length of her gundeck was 245 feet 6 inches, her extreme beam was 61 feet, her maximum draught was 26 feet. Her complement was 950, and she always carried 100 or more supernumeraries. She was pierced for 131 guns and she carried 121 guns. She was

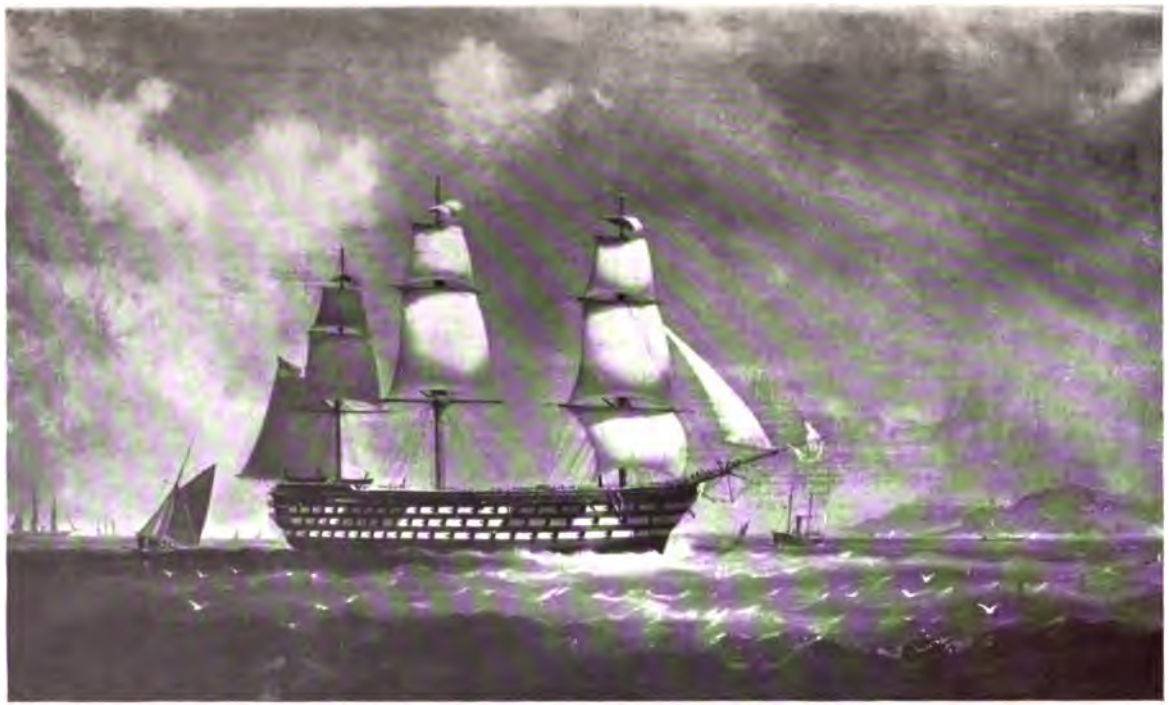
one of the first ships to be fitted with wire lower rigging. In the *Marlborough* the old 24-inch hemp cable was used for laying out anchor at drill. It was the same class of cable as that which was used in Nelson's time; it was superseded by the chain cable.

The vice-admiral in command of the Mediterranean station was Sir William Fanshawe Martin (called "Fly" Martin); the captain, William H. Stewart; the commander, Thomas Brandreth: three of the finest officers that ever lived. The captain of the Fleet was Rear-Admiral Sydney C. Dacres, C.B. His duties were those of what we should now call a chief of staff. The office was subsequently abolished; and it was always my desire to see it restored.

Ships in those days were manned according to the number of guns they carried. The theory was that if the boats' crews were absent from the ship, there should always be sufficient men on board to work the sails and the guns. The watch-bills were made out upon this principle, the men being distributed among what were called the "parts of the ship." In the case of a newly commissioned ship, the making out of the watch-bills and assigning his place to each man, was the first thing to be done. It was no small task, especially as no printed forms were supplied for the purpose. The watch-bills were ruled and entered by the officers on paper supplied by themselves, and were arranged upon the tradition handed down for centuries. Even the signalmen supplied their own pencils and paper. Each ship made its own arrangement. It was not until 1860 that uniform watch-bills, quarter-bills and station-bills were instituted.

The men were classed in the following categories, each "part of the ship" being divided into port watch and starboard watch.

The Forecastlemen
The Foretopmen
The Maintopmen
The Mizentopmen
The Gunners



H.M.S. "MARLBOROUGH," 1861

The Afterguard
The Royal Marines
The Idlers

The Forecastlemen were most experienced seamen. They wore their caps a little differently from the others. They manned the foreyard, and worked the foresail, staysail, jib, flying jib, jibboom, flying jibboom and lower studdingsails.

The Foretopmen worked the foretopsail, foretopgallant and foreroyal yards, foretopgallantmast, foretopmast and topgallant studding-sails.

The Maintopmen worked the maintopsail, maintopgallant and main-royal yards and maintopgallantmast, maintopmast and topgallant studding-sails.

The Mizentopmen worked the mizentopsail, mizentopgallant and mizen-royal yards, and mizentopgallantmast, mizentopmast and mizencourse (if there was one), also the driver.

The upper-yard men were the smartest in the ship, whose character largely depended upon them.

The Gunners, assisted by the Afterguard, worked the mainsail and mainyard. These were generally old and steady men, who were not very quick aloft. The gunners were also responsible for the care and maintenance of the gun gear, side tackles, train tackles and the ammunition. The senior warrant officer was the gunner.

There were only three warrant officers:—gunner, boatswain and carpenter.

The Royal Marines were divided between fore and aft, working on forecastle and quarterdeck. I remember seeing a detachment of Marines, upon coming aboard, fallen in while the blacksmith, lifting up each man's foot behind him, wrenched off and dropped into a bucket the metal on the heel of his boot, lest it should mark the deck.

The Afterguard worked on the quarterdeck and helped with the mainyard. They were the less efficient men and were therefore employed under the eye of the commander.

The Idlers were not idlers. They were so called because (theoretically) they had their nights in, although actually they turned out at four o'clock a.m. They were artificers, such as carpenters, caulkers, plumbers, blacksmiths, etc. They worked all day at their several trades until their supper-time. They were nearly all old petty officers, steady and respectable. It was part of their duty to man the pumps every morning for washing decks. I made up my mind that, if ever I was in a position to do so, I would relieve them of an irksome and an inappropriate duty.

In action, the carpenters worked below decks, stopping holes with shot-plugs, while many of the other Idlers worked in the magazines. Among the Idlers was the ship's musician —unless the ship carried a band—who was a fiddler. He used to play to the men on the forecastle after working hours and when they manned the capstan. Personally I always considered the name of Idlers to be anomalous. They are now called Daymen.

Among the ship's company were several negroes. At that time, it was often the case that the captain of the hold and the cooper were coloured men.

An instance of the rapidity and efficiency of the organisation of the *Marlborough* occurred upon the night before she sailed for the Mediterranean. She was newly commissioned, and she carried a large number of supernumeraries on passage. We took out 1500 all told. A fire broke out on the orlop deck; the drum beat to quarters; every man instantly went to his station, to which he had previously been told off; and the fire was speedily extinguished. The event was my first experience of discipline in a big ship.

The nature of the discipline which was then in force, I learned on the way out to the Mediterranean. In the modern sense of the word, discipline was exemplified by the Royal Marines alone. I cannot better convey an idea of the old system than by means of an illustration. Supposing that a Marine and a bluejacket had each committed an offence. The Marine was brought up on the quarter-deck before the

commander, and the charge was read to him. The commander asked him what he had to say. The prisoner, standing rigidly to attention, embarked upon a long rambling explanation. If his defence were invalid, the commander cut him short, and the sergeant gave his order. "Right turn. Quick march." The Marine, although continuing to protest, obeyed automatically, and away he went. He continued to talk until he was out of hearing, but he went. Not so the bluejacket. He did not stand to attention, not he. He shifted from one foot to the other, he hitched his breeches, fiddled with his cap, scratched his head.

"Well, sir," said he, "it was like this here, sir," . . . and he began to spin an interminable yarn.

"That'll do, my man," quoth the commander. But, not at all. "No, sir, look here, sir, what I wants to say is this"—and so on, until the commander had to order a file of Marines to march him below.

But both Marine and bluejacket had this in common: each would ask the commander to settle the matter rather than let it go before the captain; and the captain, to sentence him rather than hold a court-martial.

The explanation of the difference between the old system of discipline and the new is that in the sailing days it was of the first importance that the seaman should be capable of instant independent action. The soldier's uniformity and military precision were wholly unsuited to the sailor, who, at any moment, might have to tackle an emergency on his own initiative. If a seaman of the old days noticed anything wrong aloft, up he would run to put it right, without waiting for orders. Life and death often hung upon his promptitude of resource.

In the old days, we would often overhear such a conversation as the following:—

Officer: "Why the blank dash didn't you blank well do so-and-so when I told you?"

Man: "Why didn't I? Because if I had I should have been blank well killed and so would you."

Officer: "Damn you, sir, don't you answer me! I shall put you in the report."

Man: "Put me in the ruddy report, then."

And the next day the commander, having heard both sides, would say to the officer,

"Why, the man was quite right." And to the man, "You had no right to argue with the officer. Don't do it again. Now get away with you to hell."

And everyone would part the best of friends.

The change came with the improvement and progress in gunnery, which involved, first, the better drilling of the small-arm companies. In my early days, the small-arm companies used to drill with bare feet. Indeed, boots were never worn on board. It was of course impossible to wear boots going aloft, for a sailor going aloft in boots would injure the heads and hands of his topmates. Occasionally the midshipmen went aloft barefooted like the men. So indurated did the feet of the sailors become, that they were unable to wear boots without discomfort, and often carried them when they were ashore.

A sailor's offences were hardly ever crimes against honour. They rather arose from the character induced by his calling. Its conditions were hard, dangerous and often intensely exciting. The sailor's view was devil-may-care. He was free with his language, handy with his fists and afraid of nothing. A smart man might receive four dozen for some violence, and be rated petty officer six months afterwards. Condemnation was then the rule. Personally, I endeavoured to substitute for it, commendation. For if there are two men, one of whom takes a pride in (say) keeping his rifle clean, and the other neglects it, to ignore the efficiency of the one is both to discourage him and to encourage the other.

Before the system of silence was introduced by the *Marlborough* the tumult on deck during an evolution or exercise was tremendous. The shouting in the ships in Malta Harbour could be heard all over Valetta. The *Marlborough* introduced the "Still" bugle-call. At the

bugle-call "Still" every man stood motionless and looked at the officer. For in order to have an order understood, the men must be looking at the officer who gives it. During the Soudan war, I used the "Still" at several critical moments. Silence and attention are the first necessities for discipline. About this time the bugle superseded the drum in many ships for routine orders.

There were few punishments, the chief punishment being the cat. The first time I saw the cat applied, I fainted. But men were constantly being flogged. I have seen six men flogged in one morning. Even upon these painful occasions, the crew were not fallen in. They were merely summoned aft "for punishment"—"clear lower deck lay aft for punishment" was piped—and grouped themselves as they would, sitting in the boats and standing about, nor did they even keep silence while the flogging was being inflicted. The officers stood within three sides of a square formed by the Marines. Another punishment was "putting the admiral in his barge and the general in his helmet," when one man was stood in a bucket and the other had a bucket on his head.

Very great credit is due to Admiral Sir William Martin, who reformed the discipline of the Fleet. The Naval Discipline Act was passed in 1861; the New Naval Discipline Act in 1866. In 1871 a circular was issued restricting the infliction of corporal punishment in peace time. Flogging was virtually abolished in 1879. (Laird Clowes' *The Royal Navy*, vol. 7.) Now we have proper discipline and no cat. In former days, we had the cat but no proper discipline.

The men were granted very little leave. They were often on board for months together. When they went ashore, there they remained until they had spent their last penny; and when they came on board they were either drunk or shamming drunk. For drunkenness was the fashion then, just as sobriety is, happily, the fashion now. In order to be in the mode, a man would actually feign drunkenness on coming aboard. In many a night-watch after leave had been

given have I superintended the hoisting in of drunken men, who were handed over to the care of their messmates. To-day, an intoxicated man is not welcomed by his mess, his comrades preferring that he should be put out of the way in cells. It was impossible to keep liquor out of the ship. Men would bring it aboard in little bladders concealed in their neckties. Excess was the rule in many ships. On Christmas Day, for instance, it was not advisable for an officer to go on the lower deck, which was given up to license. I remember one man who ate and drank himself to death on Christmas Day. There he lay, beside a gun, dead. Other cases of the same kind occurred in other ships.

The rations were so meagre that hunger induced the men constantly to chew tobacco. For the same reason I chewed tobacco myself as a boy. Nor have I ever been able to understand how on such insufficient and plain diet the men were so extraordinarily hardy. They used to go aloft and remain aloft for hours, reefing sails, when a gale was blowing with snow and sleet, clad only in flannel (vest) serge frock and cloth or serge trousers, their heads, arms and lower part of their legs bare. Then they would go below to find the decks awash in a foot of water, the galley fire extinguished, nothing to eat until next meal time but a biscuit, and nothing to drink but water.

Seamen often curse and swear when they are aloft furling or reefing sails in a gale of wind; but I have never heard a sailor blaspheme on these occasions. Their language aloft is merely a mode of speaking. Although in the old days I have heard men blaspheme on deck, blasphemy was never heard aloft in a gale. To be aloft in a whole gale or in a hurricane impresses the mind with a sense of the almighty power of the Deity, and the insignificance of man, that puny atom, compared with the vast forces of the elements.

In later life, I once said to a young man whom I heard using blasphemous language in a club:

"If you were up with me on the weather yard-arm of a topsail yard reefing topsails in a whole gale, you would be

afraid to say what you are saying now. You would see what a little puny devil a man is, and although you might swear, you would be too great a coward to blaspheme."

And I went on to ram the lesson home with some forcible expressions, a method of reproof which amused the audience, but which effectually silenced the blasphemer.

The fact is, there is a deep sense of religion in those who go down to the sea in ships and do their business in the great waters. Every minister of God, irrespective of the denomination to which he belongs, is treated with respect. And a good chaplain, exercising tact and knowing how to give advice, does invaluable service in a ship, and is a great help in maintaining sound discipline, inasmuch as by virtue of his position he can discover and remove little misunderstandings which cause discontent and irritation.

The discomforts of the Old Navy are unknown to the new. The sanitary appliances, for instance, were placed right forward in the bows, in the open air. If the sea were rough they could not be used. On these occasions, the state of the lower deck may with more discretion be imagined than described. As the ship rolled, the water leaked in through the rebated joints of the gun-ports, and as long as a gale lasted the mess-decks were no better than cesspools. It is a curious fact that in spite of all these things, the spirits of both officers and men rose whenever it came on to blow; and the harder it blew, the more cheery everyone became. The men sang most under stress of weather; just as they will to-day under the same conditions or while coaling ship. After a gale of wind, the whole ship's company turned-to to clean the ship.

In those days the men used to dress in cloth trousers and tunic with buttons. The men used to embroider their collars and their fronts with most elaborate and beautiful designs. They had two hats, a black hat and a white hat, which they made themselves. The black hats were made of straw covered with duck and painted. Many a man has lost his life aloft in trying to save his heavy black hat from being blown away.

The fashion of wearing hair on the face was to cultivate luxuriant whiskers, and to "leave a gangway," which meant shaving upper lip, chin and neck. Later, Mr. Childers introduced a new order: a man might shave clean, or cultivate all growth, or leave a gangway as before, but he might not wear a moustache only. The order, which applied to officers and men (except the Royal Marines) is still in force.

Steam was never used except under dire necessity, or when entering harbour, or when exercising steam tactics as a Fleet. The order to raise steam cast a gloom over the entire ship. The chief engineer laboured under considerable difficulties. He was constantly summoned on deck to be forcibly condemned for "making too much smoke."

We were very particular about our gunnery in the *Marlborough*; although at the same time gunnery was regarded as quite a secondary art. It was considered that anyone could fire a gun, and that the whole credit of successful gunnery depended upon the seamanship of the sailors who brought the ship into the requisite position. The greater number of the guns in the *Marlborough* were the same as those used in the time of Nelson, with their wooden trucks, handspikes, sponges, rammers, worms and all gear complete. The *Marlborough* was fitted with a cupola for heating round-shot, which were carried red-hot to the gun in an iron bucket. I know of no other ship which was thus equipped.

The gunnery lieutenant of the *Marlborough*, Charles Inglis, was gifted with so great and splendid a voice, that, when he gave his orders from the middle deck, they were heard at every gun in the ship. We used to practise firing at a cliff in Malta Harbour, at a range of a hundred yards or so. I used to be sent on shore to collect the round-shot and bring them on board for future use. I remember that when, in the course of a lecture delivered to my men on board the *Bulwark* more than forty years afterwards, I related the incident, I could see by their faces that my audience did not believe me; though I showed to them the shot-holes in the face of the cliff, which remain to this day.

On gunnery days, all fires were extinguished, in case a spark should ignite the loose powder spilt by the boys who brought the cartridges to the guns, making a trail to the magazines. At "night quarters," we were turned out of our hammocks, which were lashed up. The mess-tables were triced up overhead. The lower-deck ports being closed, there was no room to wield the wooden rammer; so that the charges for the muzzle-loading guns were rammed home with rope rammers. Before the order to fire was given, the ports were triced up. Upon one occasion, so anxious was a bluejacket to be first in loading and firing, that he cherished a charge hidden in his hammock since the last night quarters, a period of nearly three months, and, firing before the port was triced up, blew it into the next ship.

In those days, the master was responsible for the navigation of the ship. He was an old, wily, experienced seaman, who had entered the Service as master's mate. (When I was midshipman in the *Defence*, the master's assistant was Richard W. Middleton, afterwards Captain Middleton, chief organiser of the Conservative Central Office.) The master laid the course and kept the reckoning. As steam replaced sails, the office of master was transferred to the navigating officer, a lieutenant who specialised in navigation. The transformation was effected by the Order in Council of 26th June, 1867.

The sail-drill in the *Marlborough* was a miracle of smartness and speed. The spirit of emulation in the Fleet was furious. The fact that a certain number of men used to be killed, seemed to quicken the rivalry. Poor Inman, a midshipman in the *Marlborough*, a great friend of mine, his foot slipping as he was running down from aloft, lost his life. His death was a great shock to me.

The men would run aloft so quickly that their bare feet were nearly indistinguishable. Topmasts and lower yard were sent down and sent up at a pace which to-day is inconceivable.

I once saw the captain of the maintop hurl himself bodily down from the cap upon a hand in the top who was slow in

obeying orders. That reckless topman was Martin Schultz, a magnificent seaman, who was entered by the captain direct from the Norwegian merchant service, in which he had been a mate.

Mr. George Lewis, an old topmate of mine, who was one of the smartest seamen on board H.M.S. *Marlborough*, has kindly sent to me the following interesting details with regard to the times of sail-drill and the risks incidental to the evolutions.

	Time allowed by Admiral.		Time in *Marlborough*.	
	Min.	Sec.	Min.	Sec.
Cross topgallant and royal yards	1	0	0	30
Down topgallant yards with royal yards across	2	0	1	13
Up topgallant mast, cross upper yards and loose sails	2	30	1	27
Shift topgallant masts from royal yards across	7	0	5	40
Up topgallant mast and make all plain sail	4	0	2	40
Up topgallant mast and make all possible sail	6	0	3	0
Shift topsails from plainsail	6	0	4	50
In all boom boats from away aloft	7	0	6	0
Out all boom boats	7	0	5	40
Away lifeboat's crew	0	30	0	20

What Mr. Lewis means by "admiral's time," let him explain in his own words. "When our admiral" (Sir William Martin) "was captain of the *Prince Regent*, which was considered the smartest ship in the Navy, he brought all her times of all her drills to the grand old *Marlborough* along with him; and you know, my lord, that he allowed us six months to get our good old ship in trim before we drilled along with the Fleet; but we started to drill along with the Fleet after three months, and were able to beat them all."

'Now, my lord," continues Mr. Lewis, "I come to one of the smartest bits of our drill. When we were sailing in the Bay of Naples under all possible sail, our captain wanted to let the world see what a smart ship he had and what a smart lot of men was under him. From the order 'Shift topsails and courses make all possible sail again'"—which really means that the masts were stripped of sails and again

all sails were hoisted—"Admiral's time 13 minutes, our time 9 minutes 30 seconds. All went without a hitch, within 400 yards of our anchorage."

Mr. Lewis proceeds to recount a very daring act of his own. "We were sending down upper yards and topgallant mast one evening, and it was my duty to make fast the lizard. But I could only make fast one hitch, so I slid down the mast rope and it turned me right over, but I managed to catch the lizard and hold on to it, and so saved the mast from falling on the hundred men that were in the gangway. No doubt if it had fallen on them it would have killed a good many. . . ."

What happened was that Lewis, in the tearing speed of the evolution, not having time properly to secure the head of the mast as it was coming down, held the fastening in place while clinging to the mast rope and so came hurtling down with the mast. He adds that he "felt very proud"—and well he might—when the captain "told the admiral on Sunday that I was the smartest man aloft that he had ever seen during his time in the Service." He had an even narrower escape. "I was at the yard-arm when we had just crossed" (hoisted into place). "I was pulling down the royal sheet and someone had let it go on deck, and I fell backwards off the yard head-foremost. I had my arm through the strop of the jewel block, and it held me, and dropped me in the topmast rigging, and some of my topmates caught me."

Mr. Lewis himself was one of the smartest and quickest men aloft I have ever seen during the whole of my career. The men of other ships used to watch him going aloft. "My best time," he writes—and I can confirm his statement—"from ''way aloft' to the topgallant yard-arm was 13 seconds, which was never beaten." It was equalled, however, by Ninepin Jones on the foretopgallant yard. The topgallant and royal yard men started from the maintop, inside of the topmast rigging, at the order "'way aloft." The height to be run from the top, inside of the topmast rigging,

to the topgallant yard-arm was 64 feet. From the deck to the maintop was 67 feet. At one time, the upper-yard men used to start from the deck at the word "away aloft"; but the strain of going aloft so high and at so great a speed injured their hearts and lungs, so that they ascended first to the top, and there awaited the order "away aloft."

The orders were therefore altered. They were: first, "midshipmen aloft," when the midshipmen went aloft to the tops; second, "upper-yard men aloft," when the upper-yard men went aloft to the tops, and one midshipman went from the top to the masthead.

At the evening or morning evolution of sending down or up topgallant masts and topgallant and royal yards, only the upper-yard men received the order, "upper-yard men in the tops." The next order was "away aloft," the upper-yard men going to the masthead.

At general drill, requiring lower- and topsail-yard men aloft, as well as upper-yard men, the orders were: first, "midshipmen aloft"; then "upper-yard men in the tops"; then, "away aloft," when the lower- and topsail-yard men went aloft to the topsail and lower yards, and the upper-yard men went aloft to the masthead.

These arrangements applied of course only to drill. In the event of a squall or an emergency, the men went straight from deck to the topgallant and royal yards.

Mr. Lewis's performance was a marvel. Writing to me fifty years afterwards, he says:—"I think, my lord, it would take me a little longer than 13 seconds now to get to the maintopgallant yard-arm and run in again without holding on to anything, which I have done many hundreds of times."

The men would constantly run thus along the yards—upon which the jackstay is secured, to which again the sail is bent, so that the footing is uneven—while the ship was rolling. Sometimes they would fall, catching the yard, and so save themselves.

The foretopgallant-yard man, Jones, was as smart as Lewis, though he never beat Lewis's record time. These two men were always six to ten ratlines ahead of the other yard men, smart men as these were. One day Jones lost a toe aloft. It was cut clean off by the fid of the foretopgallant mast. But Jones continued his work as though nothing had happened, until the drill was ended, when he hopped down to the sick bay. He was as quick as ever after the accident; and the sailors called him Ninepin Jack.

Another old topmate, Mr. S. D. Sharp, writing to me in 1909, when I hauled down my flag, says:—"I was proud of the old *Marlborough* and her successor up the Straits, the *Victoria*. They were a noble sight in full sail with a stiff breeze. No doubt the present fleet far excels the old wooden walls, but the old wooden walls made sailors. But sailors to-day have to stand aside for engine-men. Going round Portsmouth dockyard some few years since, I was very sad to see the noble old *Marlborough* a hulk" (she is now part of H.M.S. *Vernon* Torpedo School), "laid aside, as I expect we all shall be in time" (Mr. Sharp is only between seventy and eighty years of age). "I am doubtful if there are many men in the Navy to-day who would stand bolt upright upon the royal truck of a line-of-battle ship. I was one of those who did so. Perhaps a foolish practice. But in those days fear never came our way."

There speaks the Old Navy.

When a ship was paid off out of Malta Harbour, it was the custom that there should be a man standing erect on each of the trucks, main, mizen and fore. Many a time have I seen these men, balanced more than 200 feet in the air, strip off their shirts and wave them. And once I saw a man holding to the vane-spindle set in the truck, and I saw the spindle break in his hand, and the man fall. . . .

In the course of my experience, I have seen a man fall off the main-royal yard, be caught in the belly of the mainsail, slip down the sail, catch the second reef-line with his

legs, and hold on until a topmate ran aloft with a bowline and saved him.

I have seen a man fall off the maintopsail yard, and be caught in the bight of the mainsheet in the main rigging, and run aloft again. And this was at sea.

And several times I have seen a man fall from aloft to be dashed to pieces upon the deck.

One of the closest escapes I have ever had occurred aloft in the *Marlborough*. Being midshipman of the mizen-royal, I was furling the sail, leaning forward upon the yard, gathering in the canvas, my feet braced backward upon the footrope, when another midshipman, leaping upon the footrope, accidentally knocked it from under my feet. For two or three seconds I hung by the tips of my fingers, which were pressed against the jackstay of the mizen-royal yard (the rope running taut along the top of the yard to which the sail is bent) under which I could not push my fingers, and then, at the last moment, I found the footrope again. I have never forgotten my feelings, when I saw certain death approaching while my feet were clawing about for the footrope.

When the hands were turned out to bathe, John Glanville, chief boatswain's mate, would go up to the main-yard, stand with one foot on the yard and the other on the preventive braceblock, and thence take a header. The height was between 50 and 60 feet. Once he struck the sea sideways, and was injured, so that he was never quite the same man afterwards. But any other man would have been killed.

On another occasion, when the ship was hove-to for the hands to bathe, the captain of the forecastle hauled the jib sheet aft, and the ship began to glide away from the officers and men, myself among them, in the water. Luckily all got on board again.

In the spirit of emulation, I fell into deserved disgrace at sail-drill. In order to be first in the evolution, I secretly unbent the foretopgallant sheet before the men arrived at the masthead. Another midshipman did likewise at the

main. He was Arthur Gresley, one of the smartest midshipmen aloft, and one of the best oars in the Service, a splendid, cheery, chivalrous, noble-minded lad. We were discovered; and, before all the men, we were ordered down on deck, and were severely reprimanded for having endeavoured to gain an unfair advantage, thereby staining the character of a ship justly noted for her scrupulous fair play. I was taken out of my top, deprived of the command of my boat, and disrated to cadet; and I had serious thoughts of ending a ruined career by jumping overboard. I have never been so genuinely unhappy before or since. But upon the following day I was rated up again, and replaced in my top and my boat.

At first in the *Marlborough* I was midshipman of the mizentop, and in charge of the jolly-boat. The midshipman in charge of a boat learned how to handle men. As he was away from the ship with them for long periods, he was forced to understand them and to discover how to treat them, thus learning the essential elements of administration. As all my delight was in seamanship, I contrived to miss a good deal of school. It was not difficult, when the naval instructor desired my presence, to find a good reason for duty with my boat. I was afterwards midshipman of the foretop, and when I was promoted from the jolly-boat to the second pinnace, and to the command of the first subdivision of the three-pounder division of field-guns for landing, being placed in charge of one three-pounder gun, I thought I was an emperor.

We used to land with the guns for field-battery exercises, setting Marine sentries all round to prevent the men getting away to drink. Returning on board, we used to race down the Calcara Hill at Malta to the harbour. On one occasion, we were going so fast that we couldn't turn the gun round the corner, and gun and all toppled over the wharf into the water.

I fell into another scrape in excess of zeal for marksmanship. We used to practise aiming with rifles and

muzzle-loading Enfields, the Service rifle of that day. We fired percussion caps without charges, at little bull's-eyes painted on a strip of canvas, which was stretched along the bulwarks below the hammock-nettings. The marksman stood on the opposite side of the deck. Another midshipman and myself contrived to fire a couple of caps as projectiles, which of course entered the woodwork behind the targets, making dreadful holes. This appalling desecration, involving the fitting in of new planking, was discovered by the commander, Brandreth. His rage was justifiable. We were stood on the bitts, and also mastheaded.

Captain Houston Stewart used to fish from the stern gallery when the ship was at anchor. He tied his line to the rail, and went back into his cabin, returning every few minutes to see if he had a fish. Beneath the stern gallery opened the ports of the gunroom. With a hooked stick I drew in his line, attached a red herring to the hook, dropped it in again, and when the captain came to feel his line I jerked it. He hauled it up in a hurry. Instantly after, he sent for all the midshipmen; and, for some reason or other, he picked me out at once.

"*You* did that, Beresford," he said. "Most impertinent! Your leave will be stopped."

Next day, however, he let me off.

Among the most delightful incidents were the boat-races. It was before the time when fleet regattas were instituted. What happened was that a boat would row round from their ship, to the ship they wished to race, and toss oars under her bows in sign of a challenge. Then the boat's crew of the challenged ship would practise with intense assiduity until they felt they were fit to meet the enemy. The bitterest feeling was aroused. Even the crews of "chummy ships" could not meet without fighting. Hundreds of pounds were wagered on the event. In the *Marlborough* we had the cutter, *Black Bess*, specially built for racing. Her stroke was John Glanville, the gigantic boatswain's mate, who, when I joined the ship, told Dicky

Horne, the quartermaster, that I was not likely to live long. He was the son of Ann Glanville, the redoubtable West country woman who pulled stroke in the crew of Saltash women that raced and beat a crew of Frenchmen at Cherbourg, under the eyes of the Queen, the Prince Consort, the Emperor Napoleon III., and the British and French navies. That notable victory was won in 1858, when Queen Victoria, accompanied by the Prince Consort, visited Napoleon III. The Queen and the Prince sailed in H.M.S. *Victoria and Albert*, escorted by a squadron of men-of-war. They were received by the French Navy. After the race, the Queen invited the Saltash women on board the Royal yacht. Later in life, it was my privilege to remove anxiety concerning her livelihood from fine old Mrs. Glanville.

I steered the *Black Bess*, and we beat the two best boats in the Fleet; and then we were challenged by the *St. George*. The *St. George* had taken the upper strake off her boat to make her row easier. Now the stroke of the *St. George* was George Glanville, brother to John, and of the same formidable weight and size. The race was rowed in Malta Harbour, over a 3½-mile course, and we were beaten. We could not understand it; but beaten we were. That night George Glanville came aboard the *Marlborough* with a bag containing some £300, the money put up to cover the stakes. George came to receive the stakes, and according to custom he brought the cover-money to show that all was above-board. To him came John his brother; and scarce a word was said ere the two big men were fighting furiously, the bag of gold on the deck beside them. They were torn apart with difficulty. Nor could the respective crews be landed together for a long time afterwards. Next year we beat the *St. George*.

When we lay in Corfu Harbour, the *Marlborough* was challenged by a crew of artillerymen. It was I think on this occasion that John Glanville headed a deputation to me, asking me to be the coxswain.

"Well, sir," he said, "it's like this here, sir, if you'll pardon *me*. Yew be young-like, and what we was thinking was whether you have the power of language that du be required."

I said I would do my best. I did. I astonished myself. As for the artillerymen, they rowed themselves right under. There was a little seaway, and they rowed the boat under and there they were struggling in the water.

"What! Yew bain't never going to pick 'em up?" cried John Glanville, in the heat of his excitement.

I also rowed bow-oar in the officers' boat, the second cutter. I was young and small, but I had great staying power. I could go on rowing for ever.

When my leave was stopped—which did occur occasionally—I had a system by means of which I went ashore at night. I lashed a hammock-lashing round the port stern-ring, crawled out of the stern port, lowered myself to the water, and swam to a shore boat, waiting for me by arrangement. Maltese boats are partly covered in, and I dressed in a spare suit of clothes. On one occasion, upon landing, I nearly—but not quite—ran into the arms of the commander.

One night I went ashore, taking a painter and two men. We lowered the painter over the edge of the cliff, and he inscribed on the cliff in immense letters, "'Marlborough,' Star of the Mediterranean." Next morning the whole Fleet, not without emotion, beheld the legend. Another brilliant wit went ashore on the following night and altered the word "Star" into "Turtle." My reply was the addition "Until the 'Queen' comes out." After this exploit I was sent ashore to clean the cliff.

There were numerous horses in Malta, and the midshipmen and bluejackets used to hire them for half-a-crown a day. When the horses had had enough of their riders, they used to gallop down to the Florian Gate, kick them off, and return to their stable. I heard one sailor remark to another,

who, sticking to his horse, was bounding up and down in his saddle:

"Get off that there 'orse, Jack, 'e's a beast!"

"He aint no beast at all," retorted Jack. "'E's the cleverest 'orse I ever see. He chucks me up and he catches me, he chucks me up and he catches me—why, 'e's only missed me three times in a hour!"

There used to be very bad feeling between English and Maltese. Both sailors and soldiers frequently lost their lives on shore. The seamen used to be stabbed, and the soldiers were sometimes thrown over the fortifications at night. I have seen a dead soldier lying on the rocks where he was thrown. A party of *Marlborough* officers drove out in "go-carts" (two-wheeled vehicles in which passengers lay on cushions) to Civita Vecchia, to hear the celebrated Mass on New Year's Eve. The Cathedral was the richest church in Europe until Napoleon confiscated its treasure. Somehow or other, there was a row, and we were fighting fiercely with a crowd of Maltese. A clerk of our party, a very stout person, was stabbed in the belly, so that his entrails protruded. We got him away, laid him in a go-cart, drove back to Malta, a two-hours' drive, and put him on board, and he recovered.

At nine o'clock p.m. the seniors in the gunroom stuck a fork in the beam overhead, the signal for the youngsters to leave their elders in peace—too often to drink. Sobriety —to put it delicately — was not reckoned a virtue. I remember visiting a ship at Bermuda (never mind her name) to find every member of the mess intoxicated. Two were suffering from delirium tremens; and one of them was picking the bodies of imaginary rats from the floor with a stick. His case was worse than that of the eminent member of a certain club in London, who, when a real rat ran across the carpet, looked solemnly round upon the expectant faces of his friends, and said, "Aha! You thought I saw a rat. *But I didn't!*"

There was no rank of sub-lieutenant, the corresponding

grade being a "mate." Many of the mates were men of thirty or more, who had never gained promotion and who never would gain it. I remember an old mate who used to earn his living by rowing a wherry in Portsmouth Harbour. He was then (1862) on half-pay, with seniority of 1820. His name was Peter B. Stagg, as you may see in the Navy Lists of the period. In the Navy List of 1862, Stagg is rated sub-lieutenant, the rank of mate having been abolished in the previous year.

Wisdom spoken by babes was not approved in the *Marlborough*. I ventured to remark a thing I had observed, which was that the masts of men-of-war were out of proportion tall as compared with the sails they carried; or, in technical language, that the masts were very taunt, whereas the sails were not proportionately square. I said that the masts ought to be lower and the sails squarer, thus increasing the sailing power.

"D——n it! Listen to this youngster laying down the law as if he knew better than Nelson!" cried an old mate. I was instantly sentenced to be cobbed; and received twelve strokes with a dirk scabbard.

It was true that the rig had been inherited from the men of Nelson's day; but it was not true that I had pretended to know better than the late admiral; for, since his death, the ships had become longer; so that, whereas in Nelson's time the masts, being closer together, were made taller, with relatively narrow sails, in order that in going about the yards should not lock, in my time the reason for the disproportion had ceased to exist. Very shortly after I had been beaten for the impiety of thinking for myself, the merchant clippers adopted the very plan I had in mind, lowering masts and increasing the size of sails and thereby gaining a speed which was unrivalled.

I visited Corfu during my time in the *Marlborough* when that island, together with the rest of the Ionian Islands—Cephalonia, Zante, Ithaca, Santa Maura, Cerigo and Paxo—was an independent State under the protection of Great

Britain. In the following year, 1864, the Islands were annexed to Greece. When the Great Powers agreed that a sovereign should be nominated to reign over Greece, it was suggested that, as the integrity of his kingdom could not be guaranteed, he should be provided with a place of refuge in case of trouble. So at least ran the talk at the time. In any case, Great Britain was induced to relinquish these magnificent Islands, which she had won from the French in 1809. Their loss was greatly deplored by the Navy at the time; for Corfu has one of the finest harbours in the world; a harbour in which a whole fleet can be manœuvred. The Islands, moreover, had magnificent roads, and were furnished with barracks, and in all respects formed an invaluable naval base. Prince William of Schleswig-Holstein was proclaimed King George I of Greece on 30th March, 1863. The late King was a most admirable sovereign, whose personal friendship I was privileged to enjoy. When I was in Corfu there was a story current to the effect that when Mr. Gladstone came to the Islands on his mission of inquiry in 1858, he delivered a superb oration in the Greek tongue. He was, of course, an excellent scholar in ancient Greek; but modern Greek differs in pronunciation and other respects. When he had finished, the official in attendance, while complimenting him upon his eloquence, observed what a pity it was that Mr. Gladstone delivered his speech in the English language.

As I am writing, it is the fiftieth anniversary of the marriage of the late King Edward with Queen Alexandra, who is still spared to us. I remember that on the 10th March, 1863, the *Marlborough* was illuminated with a dainty splendour I have never seen surpassed, even in these days of electricity. Every port-hole was framed in sixteen little Maltese glass lamps; the rails and yards were set with them; so that, ports being triced up, and the ship being lit within, she was as though wrought in a glow of mellow fire.

Early in the year 1863 I was ordered home, to my great grief. I was discharged to the *Hibernia* stationed in Malta

Harbour, to await the homeward bound P. and O. mail steamer. Many years afterwards, when commanding the *Undaunted*, I was tried by court-martial in the old *Hibernia* for running my ship ashore and was acquitted of all blame. While waiting in the *Hibernia* for a passage, I learned that the *Marlborough* had gone to the rescue of a Turkish liner, carrying troops, which had run aground on the Filfola rocks, twelve or fifteen miles by sea from Malta Harbour. I was so eager to see my old ship again, that I hired a duck-punt and pulled all by myself to the Filfola rocks. Fortunately the sea was calm, or I must have been drowned. I found a party from the *Marlborough* rolling the Turkish vessel to get her off. Each British sailor took a Turkish sailor by the scruff of his neck, and ran with him from side to side of the ship, until she rolled herself into deep water. I had a delightful dinner on board the *Marlborough* and then I pulled all the way back in the dark to the *Hibernia*. I was sad indeed that my time in the *Marlborough* was ended; for, in the words of George Lewis, my old topmate, "the dear old *Marlborough* was the smartest and happiest ship that ever floated."

I took passage home in the mail steamer, and was appointed midshipman to the *Defence* by Rear-Admiral Charles Eden, C.B., my "sea-daddy." He very kindly said he wished me to gain experience of one of the new iron ships.

NOTE

The Old Navy.—The *Marlborough* was a survival of the Old Navy, in whose traditions Lord Charles Beresford and his contemporaries were nurtured. It was a hard-fisted, free-living, implacable, tragic, jovial, splendid Service; it was England at her valorous best.

The present generation hardly realises that the naval cadets, who, like Lord Charles Beresford, entered the Service in the mid-nineteenth century, were taught their business by the men who had served with Nelson. The admirals and old seamen of fifty years' service who are alive to-day, therefore represent the direct link between Nelson's time and our

own. When they entered the Navy, many of the admirals and the elder seamen had actually fought under Nelson, and the Service was in all essentials what it was at Trafalgar. Admiral of the Fleet Sir Edward Seymour relates (in *My Naval Career*) that as a cadet he often talked with Master-Commander G. Allen, who saw Nelson embark from the sally-port at Portsmouth for Trafalgar.

The change from sails to steam was just beginning. Never again will the Royal Navy be administered by men who were brought up in that stern school, which produced a type of men unique in history.

The time-honoured divisions of the Fleet into Red, White and Blue were still in use while Lord Charles Beresford was a midshipman. They were abolished by an Order in Council of 9th July, 1864.

In the year 1858–9 there was only one admiral of the Fleet, Sir John West, K.C.B. He entered the Navy in 1788, as a "first-class Volunteer," as a naval cadet was then called. West served on the coast of Guinea, in the West Indies, Newfoundland and the Channel in the *Pomona*. He was midshipman in the *Salisbury*, 50, and the *London*, 98, and was in the *Hebe*, Captain Alexander Hood. He was lieutenant in the *Royal George*, Captain Domett. He was present at the action of Île de Groix of the 23rd June, 1795, under Lord Bridport. He was promoted to captain in 1796. In 1807, commanding the *Excellent*, 74, he was engaged off Catalonia, helping the Spaniards to defend the citadel of Rosas, which was besieged by 5000 French. He was promoted to rear-admiral in 1819, and to admiral of the White in 1841.

Here was an instance of an officer becoming a captain at the age of 22, after no more than eight years' service; remaining a captain for 23 years; and a rear-admiral for 22 years; and in 1859 he was still alive as an admiral of the Fleet, being then 85 years of age.

The Board of Admiralty in 1858–9 consisted of: the Right Hon. Sir John Somerset Pakington, Bart., M.P.; Vice-Admiral William Fanshawe Martin, who entered the

Navy in 1814; Vice-Admiral the Hon. Sir Richard Saunders Dundas, K.C.B., who entered the Royal Naval College in 1814; Rear-Admiral Sir Alexander Milne, K.C.B., who entered the Royal Naval College in 1817; and the Right Hon. Lord Loraine, M.P.

A very brief survey of the services of the admirals of the Red, White and Blue shows that they derived directly from the French wars and the time of Nelson.

Admiral of the Red Sir William Hall Gage, G.C.H., had been acting-lieutenant of the *Minerva*, when she bore the broad pennant of Commodore Nelson; had fought in the battle of St. Vincent under Sir John Jervis; and commanded the *Indus* under Sir Edward Pellew in the action off Toulon of 13th February, 1814.

Admiral of the Red Sir Edward Durnford King, K.G.H., in command of the *Endymion*, watched 26 sail of the line and nine frigates put into Cadiz on 16th April, 1805, and carried the information to Vice-Admiral Collingwood, who was cruising off Gibraltar with four ships. He had the ill-luck to be detailed for special service at Gibraltar on Trafalgar Day.

Admiral Sir George Mundy, K.C.B., fought in the battles of St. Vincent and of the Nile, and had a deal of other distinguished fighting service in his record.

Then there was Admiral of the Red the Right Hon. Thomas, Earl of Dundonald, G.C.B., whose skill in privateering amounted to genius. As Lord Cochrane, commanding in 1800 the *Speedy* sloop, 14 guns and 54 men, he captured in one year and two months 33 vessels containing 128 guns and 533 men. Among other spirited exploits, he boarded and carried the Spaniard *El Gamo*, 32 guns, 319 men. Falling under the displeasure of the politicians, his rank and his seat in Parliament were forfeited. In 1818, he accepted the chief command of the Chilian Navy, then of the Brazilian Navy, and then entered the Greek naval service. King William the Fourth upon his succession reinstated Dundonald in his rank in the Royal Navy.

Admiral of the Red Sir William Parker, Bart., G.C.B.,

went with Nelson in pursuit of the French Fleet to the West Indies and back in 1805.

Admiral of the White Sir Lucius Curtis, Bart., C.B., served in the Mediterranean in 1804 and 1805.

Admiral of the White Sir John Louis, Bart., served in the Mediterranean in 1804.

Admiral of the White John Ayscough was flag-lieutenant in the *Queen Charlotte*, Lord Rowe's flagship, in the Channel in 1797; he afterwards served with distinction in Holland, Quiberon, Cadiz, Egypt, the West Indies; and, with two frigates and some sloops, protected Sicily against the invasion of Joachim Murat.

Admiral of the Blue Sir Edward Chetham Strode, K.C.B., K.C.H., served under Lord Hood in the *Victory* in the Mediterranean, taking part in the evacuation of Toulon, in the sieges of St. Fiorenza, Bastia and Calvi, in Corsica. In August, 1794, he was lieutenant in the *Agamemnon*, commanded by Nelson. He performed much distinguished service until, in 1841, he attained flag rank and went on half-pay.

Admiral of the Blue William Bowles, C.B., entered the Navy in 1796, was employed in the Channel and off Cadiz, in the North Sea, West Indies, and North American station. In command of the *Zebra* bomb, he went with Lord Gambier to Copenhagen. In 1813, and again in 1816, he performed excellent service in protecting British trade in Rio la Plata and the neighbouring coasts.

Admiral of the Blue James Whitley Deans Dundas, C.B., entered the Navy in 1799, took part in the blockade of Alexandria in 1800, and served with distinction in the North Sea, Baltic and Mediterranean.

Admiral of the Blue Henry Hope, C.B., took part in the blockade of Alexandria in 1800, and served in the Mediterranean.

Admiral of the Blue the Hon. Sir Fleetwood Broughton Reynolds Pellew performed long and gallant fighting services in the Dutch East Indies.

Admiral of the Blue Sir Charles Napier, K.C.B., etc. etc.,

had a most distinguished fighting record in the West Indies and on the coast of Syria. In 1841 he represented Marylebone in Parliament, in which respect, as in others, his career resembled that of Lord Charles Beresford.

In 1854, Sir Charles Napier was appointed to the command of the great fleet which sailed for the Baltic in the spring of that year. Admiral Penrose Fitzgerald, who received his nomination to the Navy from Sir Charles Napier, and who served in the second Baltic expedition of the following year, makes some instructive observations in respect of the treatment of Sir Charles Napier by the authorities.

". . . The issue was really decided in the Black Sea, and both Baltic expeditions were, practically speaking, failures. The admirals were told by the Government that they were not to attack stone forts with their wooden ships, and were then censured by the same Government for doing nothing, when there was really nothing else to do. Sir Charles Napier, who commanded the British Baltic fleet in the summer of 1854, was shamefully treated by the politicians, and, being a hot tempered old gentleman, he couldn't stand it. He got into Parliament as member for Southwark and gave them back as good as they gave. . . . It was the old story—the politicians shunting the blame on to the soldiers or the sailors when they fail to achieve such success as is expected of them, but quite ready to take credit to themselves for their magnificent strategy and foresight when it turns out the other way. . . . When Sir Charles was peremptorily ordered to haul down his flag, as a punishment for not disobeying orders, he was superseded in command by Admiral Dundas, who had been a Lord of the Admiralty in 1854. . . ."

Sir Charles Napier requested the Prime Minister, Lord Palmerston, to grant an inquiry into his case. He then addressed the following letter to Lord Palmerston:—" I sent your Lordship my case, which I requested you to lay before the Cabinet, but you have not favoured me with a reply. I am aware of the various occupations of your Lordship, but

still there ought to be some consideration for an old officer who has served his country faithfully, and who has held an important command. Had my papers been examined by your Cabinet, and justice done, instead of dismissing me, and appointing one of the Lords of the Admiralty my successor, you would have dismissed Sir James Graham and his Admiralty, for treachery to me." (*Life of Sir Charles Napier*, by General Elers Napier. Quoted by Admiral Penrose Fitzgerald, in *Memories of the Sea*.)

Sir Charles Napier, remarks Admiral Fitzgerald, "thus gave his wary enemies a chance of accusing him of disrespect towards those in authority."

Admiral of the Blue Phipps Hornby, C.B., was promoted acting-lieutenant from the *Victory*, flagship of Lord Nelson, to the *Excellent*, 74. As captain of the *Volage*, 22, he received a gold medal from the Admiralty for gallant conduct in the action off Lissa of March, 1811, when a British squadron of 156 guns and 859 men defeated after six hours' action a Franco-Venetian force of 284 guns and 2655 men.

Such is the tale of the admirals of the Red, White and Blue in the year 1858–9. Several of them had actually served in Nelson's ships; the most of them had served under Nelson's command, when Lord Charles Beresford joined the Navy.

In the same year, the number of officers receiving pensions for wounds on service was 104.

Admirals	2
Vice-admirals	10
Rear-admirals	4
Captains	27
Commanders	22
Lieutenants	24
Masters	5
Surgeons	2
Mates	2
Second masters	1
Paymasters	5
	104

The total number of men in the Royal Navy in 1858–9 was 53,700: 38,700 seamen, 15,000 Marines. In 1912–13, the total number was 137,500: 118,700 seamen, 15,800 Marines. In 1810, the number of seamen and Marines was 145,000: 113,600 seamen, 31,400 Marines.

CHAPTER IV

THE SHIP OF UNHAPPY MEMORY

I DID not like the *Defence*. I thought her a dreadful ship. After the immaculate decks, the glittering perfection, the spirit and fire and pride of the *Marlborough*, the "flagship of the world," I was condemned to a slovenly, unhandy, tin kettle which could not sail without steam; which had not even any royal-masts; and which took minutes instead of seconds to cross topgallant yards, a disgusting spectacle to a midshipman of the *Marlborough*. Instead of the splendid sun and blue waters of the Mediterranean, there were the cold skies and the dirty seas of the Channel. I wrote to my father asking him to remove me from the Navy.

The *Defence* was one of the iron-built, or iron-cased, armoured, heavily rigged, steam-driven, broadside-fire vessels launched from 1860 to 1866. They represented the transition from the Old Navy to the New, inasmuch as they retained large sailing powers and broadside fire, combining with these traditional elements, iron construction and steam propulsion. They were the *Warrior*, *Black Prince*, *Defence*, *Resistance*, *Hector*, *Valiant*, *Achilles*, *Minotaur*, *Agincourt*, and *Northumberland*. The *Defence*, launched in 1861, was (in modern terms) of 6270 tons displacement, 2540 h.p., 11·6 knots speed, carried 22 guns, and had a complement of 450 men. She was commanded by Captain Augustus Phillimore, and was one of the Channel Squadron, which, in the year 1863, was commanded by Rear-Admiral Robert Smart, K.H.

CHANNEL SQUADRON

(*Navy List*, 1863, Description)

Rate	H.P.	Name	Guns	Tons	Com. Officer	Complement
2nd	S. 800	Revenge (Flag)	73	3322	Capt. Charles Fellowes	800
Iron-cased ship	S. 1250	Warrior	70	6109	Capt. Hon. A. A. Cochrane, C.B.	704
,, ,,	S. 1250	Black Prince	40	6109	Capt. J. F. A. Wainwright	704
,, ,,	S. 600	Defence	16	3720	Capt. Augustus Phillimore	457
,, ,,	S. 600	Resistance	16	3710	Capt. W. C. Chamberlain	457
Gunboat	S. 60	Trinculo	2	...	Tender to Revenge	24

The Channel Squadron at that time was employed in cruising round the coasts of the British Isles, in order to familiarise people on shore with the Fleet. In later life it fell to me, as commander-in-chief, to conduct similar cruises, of whose object I thoroughly approve.

The *Warrior* and *Black Prince*, in particular, were stately and noble vessels whose beauty was a delight to behold. Their great spread of sail, their long hulls and yacht bows, the vast expanse of flush wooden decks, their solidity and grace, set them among the finest ships ever built.

I was somewhat consoled in the *Defence* by being placed in charge of the cutter; in which I succeeded, by a small feat of seamanship, in earning the rare commendation of the first lieutenant. I was about to sail off to the Fleet from Devonport, when I discovered that the yard of the dipping lug was sprung. This was serious, as it was blowing fairly hard. Fortunately, I had one of those knives so dear to boyhood, containing a small saw and other implements; and with this weapon I shaped a batten and fitted it to the yard, woolded it with spun-yarn and wedged it tight. I did not expect it to hold; but, double-reefing the sail, I put off. All

the way to the ship I had an eye on the yard, and it held. Of course I was late on board; and the first lieutenant declined to believe my explanation of the delay until he had had the yard hoisted on deck. Then he was kind enough to say, "Well, my boy, if you can do a thing like that, there's hope for you yet." Every little ray of hope is worth having.

But by reason of my love for the cutter, I fell into trouble. In the dockyard at Devonport, there stood a mast newly fitted with beautiful new white signal halliards, the very thing for the cutter. I should explain that, as we were kept very short of stores, stealing in the Service from the Service for the Service, used to be a virtue. There was once an admiral who stole a whole ship's propeller in order to melt the brass from it; and it was another admiral who boasted to me of his brother officer's achievement. Of course, no one ever steals anything nowadays; nothing is ever missing out of store; and no midshipman would dream of attempting to convey signal halliards from the dockyard into his boat.

But I did. I brought an end of the halliard into an adjacent shed, concealed in which I revolved swiftly upon my axis, winding the rope about me. Then I put on an overcoat, borrowed for the purpose. But my figure presented an appearance so unnaturally rotund that a policeman experienced in diagnosing these sudden metamorphoses, compelled me to divest and to revolve, unwinding, in the public eye. He also reported me for stealing Government stores. "Zeal, all zeal, Mr. Easy!"

It was during my time in the *Defence* that I was so fortunate as to be enabled to save two lives. On one occasion, the ship was lying in the Mersey, and visitors were on board. A party of these was leaving the ship, when their boat was slewed round by the strong tide, and one of them, a big, heavy man, fell into the water. I dived after him. Luckily there was a boat-keeper in the galley secured astern of the ship. He held out a boat-hook,

which I caught with one hand, holding up my man with the other.

I received the gold medal of the Liverpool Shipwreck Humane Society, and the bronze medal of the Royal Humane Society. The name of the man who fell overboard was Richardson. More than forty years afterwards, the son of Mr. Richardson sent me a kind letter, enclosing a photograph of his father, who had died in 1882, nineteen years after his rescue.

"My mother," wrote Mr. J. Richardson, "was in very great terror, as my father could not swim a stroke. He was a very fine man, and this made your task you so quickly undertook not any the easier. . . . The clothes he wore on that memorable occasion were, after their thorough wetting, too small for him to wear again, so they were cut down for my elder brothers, and were called by them their 'Channel Fleet' clothes, and jolly proud they were to wear them too."

The boys' sentiment is pleasing, whether it arose from the exciting fact that Mr. Richardson had fallen overboard in them—a thing which might happen to any gentleman—or from his having in them been picked out by an officer (however junior) of the Channel Fleet.

The second occasion when I was successful in saving a man from drowning was in Plymouth Sound. A string of boats from the Fleet carrying liberty men was pulling ashore, when a shore-boat crossed their bows and was run down by the leading boat. I jumped in and held up one of the passengers; and was again awarded the bronze medal of the Royal Humane Society.

In the *Defence*, as in my other ships, my Service transgressions were few and venial, as in the case of the signal halliards. My troubles arose from my intervals of relaxation on shore. It is now so long ago that perhaps I may without imprudence relate a sad episode in which I fell under the condemnation of the law, with all that attendant publicity which—as one journalist rather unctuously remarked at the time—is so often worse than the penalty.

"*Defence*, PLYMOUTH

"MY DEAREST FATHER,—I am writing to you at *once* to tell you what a sad scrape I have just come out of. On Friday night I was with some other wild fellows on the outside of a cab, pea-shooting, myself the worst, when unfortunately I hit a lady who was leaning on a gentleman's arm in the face. The man chased us and with a good deal of difficulty, caught us; we were then taken to the station-house, and given into custody. The hotel-keeper we always go to, very kindly bailed us for the night. In the morning we went to the station-house according to promise and were tried; the result was my paying £2, 10s. and costs, or one month's imprisonment, and another £1, or 7 days. The other two got off, no peas being found upon them. You will see all about it in the papers I am sending you. I am writing to you in such a hurry, as I am afraid you might believe the papers if you saw them before my letter. I most *solemnly swear* to you on my honour that I was *quite* sober the whole of the day that this took place. And as for behaving unbecoming a gentleman in the Court, I certainly did laugh, but the judge made me, and all did so, as he was chaffing all the time. The reason I did not apologise to the man was because he swore on his oath that I was drunk; which was a lie. I had been dining with Hutchinson (see in the paper), who was giving a dinner as he was leaving the ship. All I drank was two glasses of Moselle. The papers I sent you are Radical so of course they run me down. . . . All that remains to be said is, I hope you will look upon it as a boyish lark and not as a disgraceful action . . . and will you send me 5 pounds as I have but 3 shillings left; and I must have some money to pay mess, wine, etc. etc. So now write soon to your prodigal son,

"CHARLIE BERESFORD"

I received in reply a severe but affectionate reproof from my father.

The gentlemen of the Press took upon themselves to

improve the occasion, having first taken care, of course, to describe the affair as a great deal worse than it was. "Let this lesson be taken," says one kind journalist, "it may be a guide and a warning for the future. The days are gone—gone for ever—when the pranks of a Waterford would be tolerated; but while we would hope his follies are lost, we would likewise hope that his manly, frank, chivalrous nature is still inherited by his kinsmen."

Another reporter did me the justice to record that, on being called on for my defence, I said: "I certainly do apologise if I did strike the lady, because it was not my intention to do so; but I certainly don't apologise for striking Mr. Yates." I trust he bears me no malice.

Yet another guardian of public morals observed that "his Worship, in announcing the penalties, called attention to the inequalities of the law, which exacted fines for the same offence alike from the man with whom sovereigns were plentiful as hours and the man whose night's spree must cost him a week's fasting." Had his Worship taken the trouble to refer to the scale of pay granted by a generous country to midshipmen, comparing it with the scale of rations and the price we paid for them, and had he (in addition) enjoyed the privilege of perusing the financial clauses of the letter addressed to me more in sorrow than in anger by my father, he might perhaps have modified his exordium.

As an illustration of the strict supervision exercised by the senior officers, I may record that I received—in addition to my other penalties and visitations—a severe reproof from Captain Stewart, my old captain in the *Marlborough*.

The Channel Fleet visited Teneriffe. It was the first iron fleet ever seen in the West Indies.

In the cutting-out action off Teneriffe, Nelson lost his arm, and several ensigns of the British boats were captured by the French. Ever since, it has been a tradition in the Navy that the flags ought to be recaptured. A party of bluejackets did once succeed in taking them from the

cathedral and carrying them on board; but the admiral ordered their restoration. They were then placed high up on the wall, out of reach, where I saw them. We held a meeting in the gun-room of the *Defence* to consider the best method of taking the flags. But the admiral, who was of course aware that all junior officers cherished the hope of recovering the relics, issued orders that no such attempt was to be made.

I was invited by an old friend of my father, a religious old gentleman living in Cornwall, to a couple of days' rabbit-shooting. I was overjoyed at the opportunity, and was the object of the envy of my brother midshipmen. Arriving after lunch, I was brought into the great room where the old gentleman was sitting in an arm-chair, with his feet, which were swathed in masses of cotton-wool, resting on gout-rests. Near him was a turn-table laden with books.

"Don't come near me, my boy," he shouted, as I entered. "I am very glad to see you, but don't come near me. I have a terribly painful attack of gout, the worst I ever had in my life. Go and sit down on that chair over there."

With the breadth of the polished floor between us, we chatted for a while; and then the old gentleman, pointing to the table of books, asked me to give him a particular volume.

"Now be very careful," said he.

Full of ardour, delighted to think that I should now escape to the keeper and the rabbits, I jumped up, ran to the table, my foot slipped on the parquet, and I fell face forward with my whole weight upon the poor old man's feet, smashing both foot-rests. The agonising pain shot him into the air and he fell on my back. I have never heard such language before or since. As he rolled off me, he shouted:

"Ring the bell, you —— ——!"

In came the butler.

"Take that —— —— out of my house! Send him back to his —— ship! Never let me see his —— face again!" screamed my host.

So I departed in the dog-cart. It was many a long day ere I heard the last of my rabbit-shooting from my messmates.

A few months afterwards, when I had been less than a year in the *Defence*, Rear-Admiral Charles Eden appointed me to the *Clio* as senior midshipman. He said he wanted me to learn responsibility.

NOTE

The New Ships.—The predecessors of the *Defence* and her class were wooden vessels plated with iron armour. The first iron-built, armoured, sea-going British vessel was the *Warrior*, launched in 1860. She was laid down in the previous year, in which Lord Charles Beresford entered the Navy. Several wooden ships (*Royal Oak*, *Caledonia*, *Prince Consort*, *Ocean*, *Royal Alfred*, *Repulse*, *Favorite*, *Research*) were converted into armoured ships during their construction. These were launched from 1862 to 1864. For some years the Admiralty built wooden armoured ships and iron armoured ships simultaneously. From 1860 to 1866, ten iron-built, armoured, sail and steam ships were launched: *Warrior*, *Black Prince*, *Defence*, *Resistance*, *Hector*, *Achilles*, *Valiant*, *Minotaur*, *Agincourt*, *Northumberland*. In 1864 and 1865, five wooden-built, armoured ships were launched: *Lord Clyde*, *Lord Warden*, *Zealous*, *Pallas*, *Enterprise*. The *Royal Sovereign*, launched in 1857 as a wooden line-of-battle ship, was converted in 1862 to an armoured vessel and was equipped with four turrets. She was thus the first turret-ship in the British Navy. The next step was to group the guns in a central armoured battery, and to belt the ship with armour along the water-line. At the same time, more turret-ships were constructed. Earnest controversy was waged among naval authorities as to what were the most important qualities of the fighting ship, to which other qualities must be partially sacrificed; for, broadly speaking, all warships represent a compromise

among speed, defence and offence—or engines, armour and guns. The controversy still continues. The disaster which befell the *Captain* decided, at least, the low-freeboard question in so far as heavily rigged sailing steam vessels were concerned, for the *Captain*, a rigged low-freeboard turret-ship, capsized on 6th September, 1870. (*The Royal Navy*, vol. i., Laird Clowes.)

Lord Charles Beresford, entering the Navy at the beginning of the changes from sails to steam, from wood to iron, and from iron to steel, learned, like his contemporaries, the whole art of the sailing ship sailor, added to it the skill of the sailor of the transition period, and again added to that the whole body of knowledge of the seaman of the New Navy. He saw the days when the sailing officers hated steam and ignored it so far as possible; as in the case of the admiral who, entering harbour under steam and sail, gave his sailing orders but neglected the engineer, and so fouled the wharf, and said, "Bless me, I forgot I was in a steamship!"

Admiral Penrose Fitzgerald, who entered the Navy five years before Lord Charles Beresford, describes the transitional period in his *Memories of the Sea*. Speaking of the *Hercules*, one of the new central-battery, armoured-waterline ironclads, to which he was appointed first lieutenant when she was first commissioned in 1868, Admiral Fitzgerald writes:—"The *Hercules* was the most powerful ironclad afloat, in this or any other country. She carried 18-ton guns—muzzle-loaders—and nine inches of armour, though this was only in patches; but she had a good deal of six-inch armour, and her water-line and battery were well protected, as against ordnance of that date. She was full-rigged, with the spars and sails of a line-of-battle ship, and she could steam fourteen knots—on a pinch, and could sail *a little*. In fact she was the masterpiece of Sir Edward Reed's genius.

"Up to the advent of the *Hercules* the three great five-masted ships of 10,000 tons, the *Minotaur*, *Agincourt* and

Northumberland, had been considered the most powerful ships in the British Navy, and probably in the world, and Sir Edward Reed's triumph was, that he built a ship of about 8500 tons which carried a more powerful armament, thicker armour, fifty feet shorter and thus much handier, steamed the same speed, and I was going to say—sailed better; but I had better say—did not sail quite so badly; and it must ever be borne in mind that at this transition stage in the development of the Navy, our rulers at Whitehall insisted that our ships of all classes should have sail power suitable to their tonnage. 'For,' said they, 'the engines might break down, and then where would you be?'" (*Memories of the Sea*, Admiral Penrose Fitzgerald, chap. xiv.)

CHAPTER V

THE MIDSHIPMAN OF 1864

I WISH I could convey to my readers something of the pride and delight which a sailor feels in his ship. But who that has never had the luck to be a deep-water sailor, can understand his joy in the noble vessel, or the uplifting sense of his control over her matchless and splendid power, born of a knowledge of her every rope and sail and timber, and of an understanding of her behaviour and ability. For every ship has her own spirit, her own personality. You may build two ships or twenty upon the same design, line for line the same, and each will develop her own character. As there are no two people alike, so there are no two ships the same.

What can be more glorious than a ship getting under way? She quivers like a sentient thing amid the whole moving tumultuous lusty life. Men are racing aloft; other men, their feet pounding upon the white decks, are running away with the ropes; the ringing commands and the shouting fill the air; the wind strikes with a salt and hearty sting; and the proud and beautiful creature rises to the lift of the sea. Doctor, paymaster, idlers and all used to run up on deck to witness that magnificent spectacle, a full-rigged ship getting under sail. As for me, I blessed my luck when I returned from the *Defence* to a sailing ship.

The *Clio* was a corvette pierced for 22 guns, of 1472 tons burthen, and 400 h.p. The screw was hoisted when she was under sail, which was nearly all the time. She was an excellent sailer, doing fourteen to sixteen knots.

The midshipmen's mess was so small, that there was no room for chairs. We sat on lockers, and in order to reach the farther side, we must walk across the table. One of our amusements in this tiny cabin was racing cockroaches, which were numerous. We used to drop a bit of melted tallow from a purser's dip upon their backs, plant in it a piece of spun-yarn, light the spun-yarn, and away they would go from one end of the table to the other. There was once a cockroach—but not in the *Clio*—which escaped, its light still burning, and set the ship on fire.

I began in the *Clio* by immediately assuming that responsibility of senior midshipman desired by Rear-Admiral Charles Eden. I purchased the stores for the gunroom mess, expending £67, accounting for every penny, with the most sedulous precision. We paid a shilling a day for messing, and the stores were to supplement our miserable rations. They were so bad that I wonder we kept our health; indeed, only the fittest survived.

We sailed from Portsmouth in August, 1864. It was my first long voyage. It is curious that the first week of a long voyage goes very slowly, and the rest of the time very fast. I used to keep the first dog watch and to relieve the officer in the morning watch. In the keen pleasure of handling the ship—loosing sails, sheeting them home, reefing, furling, and all the rest of the work of a sailor—I regained all my old delight in the sea which I had lost in the *Defence*. Keeping watch under sail required unremitting vigilance, perpetual activity, and constant readiness. The officer of the watch must be everywhere, with an eye to everything, forward and aft; while the helmsman handling the wheel under the break of the poop, keeps the weather leach just lifting.

The memory of the continuous hard work of the daily routine, makes the sober and pleasant background to the more lively recollection of events, which were after all but the natural reaction from the long monotony of sea life.

It was my duty to preserve order in the gun-room; and a lively lot I had in charge. One of the midshipmen, a

big fellow, was something of a bully. He used to persecute a youngster smaller than himself, and one day the boy came to me and asked what he could do to end the tyranny. I thought that this particular bully was also a coward—by no means an inevitable combination—and I advised his victim, next time he was bullied, to hit the bully on the point of the nose as hard as he could, and I promised that I would support him in whatever came afterwards. He did as he was told; whereupon the bully came to me with a complaint that a junior midshipman had struck him. I formed a ring and put the two to settle the matter with their fists. The little boy was a plucky youngster, and clever with his fists. He knocked out his enemy, and had peace thereafter.

I crossed the Line for the first time. In going through the usual ceremonies, being ducked and held under in the big tank, I was as nearly drowned as ever in my life, being hauled out insensible. We towed out the *Turtle*, a Government vessel, bound for Ascension with stores. While towing, it is necessary to wear instead of tacking, for fear of coming on top of the tow. But the first lieutenant thought he would tack; so he tried to go about. There was a gale of wind; the ship missed stays, and came right on top of the unfortunate *Turtle*, dismasting and nearly sinking her. I was sent on board her to give assistance; and I made excellent use of the opportunity to collect from the *Turtle's* stores many useful little ship's fittings of which the *Clio* was in need. We took the *Turtle* into Ascension, where the midshipmen landed, collected the eggs of the "wideawake" gulls, and bottled them for future consumption.

We put in at the Falkland Islands in November. The population consisted of ex-Royal Marines and their families. It was considered necessary to populate the Islands; and we always send for the Royal Marines in any difficulty. There were also South American guachos and ranchers. The governor came on board to ask for the captain's help. The governor wanted a man to be hanged, and his

trouble was that he was afraid to hang him. The prisoner was a guacho, who had murdered a rancher, whom he had cast into the river and then shot to death. The governor was afraid that if he executed the murderer, the other guachos would rise in rebellion. So he wanted the captain to bring the murderer on board and hang him to the yard-arm. The captain refused this request; but he offered to hang him on shore, a proposal to which the governor agreed. The boatswain's mate piped: "Volunteers for a hangman—fall in." To my surprise, half the ship's company fell in. The sergeant of Marines was chosen to be executioner. He took a party on shore, and they constructed a curious kind of box, like a wardrobe, having a trap-door in the top, above which projected the beam. The man dropped through the trap door into the box and was no more seen, until the body was taken out under cover of night and buried.

The shooting on that island was naturally an intense delight to a boy of my age. We midshipmen used to go away shooting the upland geese. I managed to bring aboard more than the others, because I cut off the wings, heads and necks, cleaned the birds, and secured them by toggling the legs together, so that I was able to sling four birds over each shoulder. The whole island being clothed in high pampas grass, it was impossible to see one's way. Officers used to be lost in the Falklands. The body of a paymaster who was thus lost was not discovered for eight years. The cold induced sleep, and a sleeping man might freeze to death.

Admiral Penrose Fitzgerald, in his *Memories of the Sea*, relating his experience as a midshipman in the Falkland Islands, says, "Everybody has heard of the Falkland Island geese, and they may be seen to-day in St. James's Park. The upland geese — as they are generally called — are excellent eating; but there are also immense numbers and different varieties of other geese and these are known as 'kelp geese.' Alas! our ornithological education had been so

sadly neglected that we did not know the difference with the feathers on, though we soon found it out, when we came to cook and eat them. All the birds we shot were kelp geese, about as fishy as cormorants; but they were not wasted, for we gave them to our Marine servants, who ate them all and declared them to be excellent. 'Some flavour about them,' as they said."

While we lay at the Falkland Islands a merchant ship came in whose whole company was down with scurvy. When I joined the Navy, lime-juice, the prophylactic, was served out under the regulation; but in the mercantile marine scurvy was still prevalent. It is a most repulsive disease. The sufferer rots into putrid decay while he is yet alive. If you pressed a finger upon his flesh the dent would remain. He is so sunk in lethargy that if he were told the ship was sinking he would decline to move. His teeth drop out and his hair falls off. It is worthy of remembrance that the use of lime-juice as a prophylactic was discovered, or at least largely introduced, by Captain James Cook the navigator; whose statue, erected at Whitby, I had the privilege of unveiling in 1912. Historically, I believe that Captain Lancaster, commanding the *Dragon*, in the service of the Honourable East India Company in the time of James I, was the first to cure scurvy by administering three spoonfuls of lemon to each patient, with his breakfast.

From the Falkland Islands we proceeded to the Straits of Magellan, where the natives of Terra del Fuego came off to us in boats. They were totally naked, and were smeared all over with grease. It was snowing, and they had made a fire in the boats; and when the sea splashed upon the fire and put it out, they beat the sea in anger with their paddles.

At the convict settlement there used to be a box to hold mails fixed on the top of a pole. The letters were taken on board the next ship passing homeward bound. I posted a letter addressed to my mother, who received it in due time.

We dropped anchor off Port Mercy. It came on to blow a hurricane. We had two anchors down ahead, struck lower yards and topmast, and kept the screw moving to ease the cables. Without the aid of steam, we should have been blown away. Even so, the captain became anxious and decided to put out to sea. We battened down and went out under trysails and forestaysail. Instantly we were plunged into a mountainous sea, and the wind whipped the canvas out of us. We set close-reefed foretopsail. A tremendous squall struck us, we shipped water and were blown upon our beam ends. So strong was the wind that each successive blast listed the ship right over. The captain then determined to run back to Port Mercy. The master set the course, as he thought, to clear the headland; and we steamed at full speed. I was standing half-way up the bridge ladder holding on to the man-rope in a violent squall of hail and snow, the hail cutting my cheeks open, when I saw land right ahead. The fact was that the master had mistaken his course, and the ship was driving straight on shore, where every man would have perished. I reported my observation to the first lieutenant, who merely remarked that it was probable that the master knew better than I did. But presently he too saw the high rocks looming ahead through the smother of snow and spray, and the course was altered just in time. The wind was on the port beam; we edged into it out to sea; and so were able to clear the headland and get under the lee of the land. The first lieutenant afterwards handsomely admitted that it was a good job I was standing where I was "with my eyes open" at the critical moment. It was in the height of this emergency, that I first heard the pipe go "Save ship."

We proceeded to Valparaiso, where the ship put in to refit. At Valparaiso, we were able to get horses, and we organised paper-chases.

It was about this time that the incident of the Impresario occurred. He was conducting the orchestra from the stage itself, being seated in a hole cut in the stage, so that his legs

rested upon a little platform below. The refreshment room was underneath the stage, and the Impresario's legs projected downwards from the ceiling into the room, where were two or three midshipmen and myself. The temptation was irresistible. We grasped the legs; hauled on them; and down came the Impresario. Overhead, the music faltered and died away.

From Valparaiso we proceeded to the Sandwich Islands, whence we were ordered to take Queen Emma to Panama, on her way to England to see Queen Victoria. Queen Emma was born Miss Emma Booker. She married Kamehameha IV in 1856. We took the Queen on board with one native lady as her attendant. The natives were devoted to their queen, and they insisted on loading the ship with presents for her. They brought pigs, masses of yams, sweet potatoes, water-melons and other fruit. The pigs were housed forward on the main deck, and the other offerings were piled on the rigging and hammock nettings and about the davit guys, so that the ship looked like an agricultural show when we sailed for Panama.

We sighted a schooner flying signals of distress. The life-boat was called away to go to her assistance. I was in charge of the life-boat. When a boat is called away at sea, the crew of course take their places in her before she is lowered. The whole operation, from the sound of the pipe to the moment the boat touches the water, occupies no more than a few seconds in a smart ship. There was a little sea-way on, and the movement of the boat caused a jerk to the falls, unhooking the safety catch, and dislodging an enormous water-melon, which fell through about eighteen feet upon the top of my head. I was knocked nearly senseless. It was the melon that split upon the impact, deluging me with red pulp; but I thought that it was my skull which had cracked, and that they were my brains which were spoiling my uniform, and I remember wondering that my brains should be so queerly and vividly coloured.

But I recovered from the shock in a few minutes.

Boarding the schooner, I found she was short of water. But the remarkable thing about that schooner was that although she carried a cargo of six thousand pounds in Mexican dollars, they had only four men on board, all told —an easy prize for a pirate.

After touching at Acapulco, which was all heat and flies, we landed the Queen of the Sandwich Islands at Panama.

Some years afterwards, I went to call upon her Majesty. In all my voyages, I carried with me a set of tandem harness; and on this occasion, I hired a light cart and a couple of ponies, and drove them tandem. Approaching the royal residence, I took a corner too sharply, the cart capsized, I was flung out, and found myself sitting on the ground in the Queen's presence.

But before we quitted the Sandwich Islands, an event occurred (of which I was the humble and unwitting instrument) which nearly brought about what are called international complications. I should explain that feeling ran pretty high between the English and the Americans in the Sandwich Islands with regard to the American Civil War, which was then waging. It was none of our business, but we of the *Clio* chose to sympathise with the South. Now that these unhappy differences have been so long composed, there can be no harm in referring to them. But it was not resentment against the North which inspired my indiscretion. It was the natural desire to win a bet. A certain lady—her name does not matter—bet me that I would not ride down a steep pass in the hills, down which no horse had yet been ridden. I took the bet and I won it. Then the same fair lady bet me—it was at a ball—that I would not pull down the American flag. That emblem was painted on wood upon an escutcheon fixed over the entrance to the garden of the Consulate. I took that bet, too, and won it.

Having induced two other midshipmen to come with me, we went under cover of night to the Consulate. I climbed upon the backs of my accomplices, leaped up, caught hold of the escutcheon, and brought the whole thing down upon

us. Then we carried the trophy on board in a shore-boat. Unfortunately the boatman recognised what it was, and basely told the American consul, who was naturally indignant, and who insisted that the flag should be nailed up again in its place. I had no intention of inflicting annoyance, and had never considered how serious might be the consequences of a boyish impulse. My captain very justly said that as I had pulled down the flag I must put it up again, and sent me with a couple of carpenters on shore. We replaced the insulted emblem of national honour, to the deep delight of an admiring crowd. The *Clio* put to sea. We heard afterwards that the American Government dispatched a couple of ships of war to capture me, but I do not think the report was true.

Having landed the Queen of the Sandwich Islands at Panama, as I have said, about the middle of June, 1865, we left the Bay early in July, and proceeded to Vancouver, arriving there in the middle of August. There we remained until early in December.

I was placed in charge of a working party from the *Clio*, to cut a trail through the virgin forest of magnificent timber with which the island was then covered. I was pleased enough to receive an extra shilling a day check-money. Where the flourishing town of Victoria now stands, there were a few log huts, closed in by gigantic woods. When I revisited the country recently, I found a tramway running along what was once my trail, and I met several persons who remembered my having helped to cut it, nearly fifty years before.

I believe that Canada will eventually become the centre of the British Empire; for the Canadians are a splendid nation, gifted with pluck, enterprise and energy.

The free forest life was bliss to a boy of my age. To tell the truth, we were allowed to do pretty well what we liked in the *Clio*, which was so easy-going a ship that she was nicknamed "the Privateer." We used to go out fishing for salmon with the Indians, in their canoes, using the

Indian hook made of shell. To this day the Indians fish for salmon in canoes, using shell hooks. I made a trot, a night-line with a hundred hooks, and hauled up a goodly quantity of fish every morning. I remember that a party of midshipmen (of whom I was not one) from another ship were playing cricket on the island, when a bear suddenly walked out of the forest. The boys instantly ran for a gun and found one in an adjacent cabin, but there were no bullets or caps. So they filled up the weapon with stones from the beach. In the meantime the bear had climbed a tree. The midshipmen levelled the gun at him and fired it with a lucifer match.

We used to go away into the forest deer-shooting, and on one occasion we were lost for a day and a night. It was at this time that I made the acquaintance of the celebrated Mr. Dunsmuir, who became a mayor and a millionaire, simply because he slept one night in the forest —for the sake of coolness. When he awoke in the morning, he found that he had pillowed his head upon a lump of coal. He subsequently obtained an enormous concession of land from the Government and amassed a huge fortune in coal Two of our lieutenants put money in the scheme. I wrote at the time to my father, asking him to let me have a thousand pounds to invest in the coal business. But he replied affectionately but firmly that, until I ceased to exceed my allowance, he did not think it right that I should embark in a gambling project. The two lucky lieutenants were eventually bought out by Mr. Dunsmuir for a very large sum of money.

I was very happy in the *Clio*; but, for reasons, it was considered expedient that I should be transferred to the *Tribune*. Accordingly, I turned over to the *Tribune* early in December, by the orders of my constant friend, Admiral Charles Eden. He said it would do me good to serve under Captain Lord Gillford. He was right. It did.

CHAPTER VI

STRICT SERVICE

CAPTAIN Lord Gillford, afterwards Lord Clanwilliam, was one of the finest seamen, and his ship was one of the smartest ships, in the Service. The *Tribune* was what we used to call a jackass frigate. She was pierced for 31 guns, was of 1570 tons burthen, and 300 h.p.—not that anything could ever induce the captain to use steam.

Before I joined the *Tribune*, she had sprung her foremast, so she went up the Fraser River to cut a new spar out of the forest. Such things were done in those days. But on the way up she grounded on the bar. Everything—guns, coal, stores—was taken out of her; anchors were got out; and every effort was made to warp her off. Still she would not move. In this desperate pass, when every man in the ship, except one, was hauling on the purchases, it is on record that when the chaplain put his weight on the rope, away she came. The power of the man of God is remembered even unto this day. Then the *Tribune* sailed up the river, and they cut a new spar, set it up and rigged it, and she came home with it.

Captain Lord Gillford prided himself on the speed of his ship under sail. He had fitted her with all sorts of extra gear, such as they had in the famous tea-clippers. His tacks and sheets were much thicker than was usual; strengthening pieces were fitted to the sails; there were gaffs for topgallant backstays, and extra braces. His order book was a curiosity. Day after day it bore the same entry: "The course. Carry sail." Sailing from Vancouver to Valparaiso, the *Tribune*

beat the *Sutlej*, another fine sailing ship commanded by another first-class seaman, by two days.

Captain Lord Gillford's orders were that sail should never be shortened without his permission. One night when it was blowing hard I went down to the captain's cabin to ask him if we might take in the topmast studding-sail. The ship was then heeling over. The captain stuck one leg out of his cot and put his foot against the side of the ship. "I don't feel any water here yet," says he, and sent me on deck again. The next moment the sail blew away.

I can never be too grateful for the seamanship I learned on board the *Tribune*. The captain lost no opportunity of teaching us. On one occasion, for instance, we carried away the starboard foremast swifter, in the fore rigging — the *Tribune* had rope lower rigging. Captain Lord Gillford, instead of splicing the shroud to the masthead pennants, chose, in order to educate us, to strip the whole foremast to a gantline. We got the whole of the lower rigging over the masthead again. I was in the sailmaker's crew; and another midshipman and myself, together with the forecastle men, fitted in the new shroud, turned it in, wormed, parcelled, and served it; put it over the masthead, and got the fore rigging all a-taunto again. I also helped to make a new foresail and jib out of number one canvas, roped them, put the clews in, and completed the job. Lord Gillford's object was to teach those under him to carry out the work in the proper ship-shape manner. The sailmaker's crew, among whom was another midshipman, named Morrison, and myself, numbered 15 or 20 men, including able seamen, and we were all as happy as possible. We were taught by one of the best sail-makers in the Service, who was named Flood. We always worked in a sailmaker's canvas jumper and trousers made by ourselves. I could cut out and make a seaman's canvas working suit, jumper and trousers, in 30 minutes, using the sailmaker's stitch of four stitches to the inch.

I had a complete sailmaker's bag with every sailmaker's tool necessary—serving and roping mallets, jiggers, seaming

and roping palms, all-sized marling-spikes, fids, seam-rubbers, sail-hooks, grease-pot, seaming and roping twine, etc. etc.

Morrison and I worked together at everything. We turned in new boats' falls, replaced lanyards in wash-deck buckets, as well as taking our turn at all tricks sailmaker's crew. We put in new clews to a topsail and course. We roped a jib and other fore-and-aft sails. Both of these jobs require great care and practice, and both of them we had to do two or three times before we got them right. A sailmaker knows how difficult it is to keep the lay of the rope right in roping a sail. We used also to go aloft and repair sick seams in the sails to avoid unbending.

Captain Lord Gillford himself could cut out a sail, whether fore-and-aft or square. I have heard him argue with Flood as to the amount of goring to be allowed, and Lord Gillford was always right. It was he who put it into my head to try to teach myself all that I could, by saying, "If a man is a lubber over a job, you ought to be able to *show* him how to do it, not *tell* him how to do it."

We were never so proud as when Lord Gillford sent for us and told us that we had made a good job of roping the new jib. Among other things, I learned from the "snob," as the shoemaker was called, to welt and repair boots. In after years, I made a portmanteau, which lasted for a long time, for my old friend, Chief Engineer Roffey; and I made many shooting and fishing bags for my brother officers.

Merely for the sake of knowing how to do and how not to do a thing, in later years I have chipped a boiler (a devil of a job), filled coal-sacks, trimmed bunkers, stoked fires and driven engines.

We used up all our spare canvas in the *Tribune*; and I remember that on one occasion we were obliged to patch the main-royal with a mail-bag, so that the main-royal bore the legend "Letters for England" on it thereafter.

While in the *Tribune*, two misfortunes occurred to me on the same day. As we all know, misfortunes never come singly. The sailmaker had reported me for skylarking; and it

the hawse-pipe. It was the delight of this queer old admiral to beat the drum for night-quarters himself. He used to steal the drum, and trot away with it, rub-a-dub all along the lower deck, bending double beneath the hammocks of the sleeping seamen. On one of these occasions—so runs the yarn—a burly able seaman thrust his bare legs over the edge of his hammock, clipped the admiral under the shoulders, swung him to and fro, and, with an appropriate but unquotable objurgation, dispatched him forward with a kick.

Such (in a word) was the condition of the flagship to which Rear-Admiral the Honourable Joseph Denman succeeded, after the enjoyment of twenty-five years' profound peace in the command of the Queen's yacht.

The captain, Trevenen P. Coode, was tall and thin, hooked-nosed and elderly, much bent about the shoulders, with a habit of crossing his arms and folding his hands inside his sleeves. He was a taut hand and a fine seaman. He nearly broke my heart, old martinet that he was; for I was mate of the upper deck and the hull, and took an immense pride in keeping them immaculately clean; but they were never clean enough for Captain Trevenen P. Coode. In those days we had little bright-work, but plenty of white-wash and blacking. The test of a smart ship was that the lines of white or black should meet with absolute accuracy; and a fraction of error would be visited with the captain's severe displeasure. For he employed condemnation instead of commendation.

There was an old yarn about a mate of the main deck, who boasted that he had got to windward of his captain. We used to take live stock, poultry and sheep to sea in those days. The captain found fault with the mate because the fowls and coops were dirty. The mate whitewashed the chickens and blacked their legs and beaks. Now the poultry in question belonged to the captain. Thereafter the fowls died.

It was the custom for the admiral to take a cow or two

to sea, and the officers took sheep and fowls. There is a tradition in the Navy that the cow used to be milked in the middle watch for the benefit of the officer on watch; and that, in order that the admiral should get his allowance of milk, the cow was filled up with water and made to leap backwards and forwards across the hatchways. Another tradition ordains that when the forage for the sheep ran short, the innocent animals were fitted with green spectacles, and thus equipped, they were fed on shavings.

When we put into Valparaiso the Spanish fleet was threatening to bombard the town. Rather more than a year previously, in 1864, Spain had quarrelled with Chile, alleging that Chile had violated neutrality, and had committed other offences. In March, 1864, Spain began the diplomatic correspondence with Chile in which she demanded reparation, which was refused. Chile sent artillery and troops to Valparaiso. The Spanish admiral, Pareja, then proclaimed a blockade of the Chilian ports, and Chile declared war.

The European residents in Valparaiso, who owned an immense amount of valuable property stored in the custom-houses, were terrified at the prospect of a bombardment, and petitioned Admiral Denman to prevent it. An American fleet of warships was also lying in the Bay. Among them was the *Miantonomoh*, the second screw ironclad that ever came through the Straits of Magellan, the first being the Spanish ironclad *Numancia*.

When the *Miantonomoh* crossed the Atlantic in 1866, *The Times* kindly remarked that the existing British Navy was henceforth useless, and that most of its vessels "were only fit to be laid up and 'painted that dirty yellow which is universally adopted to mark treachery, failure, and crime.'"

The British and American admirals consulted together as to the advisability of preventing the bombardment. The prospect of a fight cheered us all; and we entered into elaborate calculations of the relative strength of the Spanish fleet and the British-American force. As a matter of fact, they were about equal. The Spanish admiral, Nunez, who

had succeeded Pareja, visited the *Sutlej* and conversed with Admiral Denman. It was reported by the midshipman who was A.D.C. to the admiral that, upon his departure, the Spaniard had said: "Very well, Admiral Denman, you know your duty and I know mine." The information raised our hopes; but at the critical moment a telegram forbidding the British admiral to take action was received from the British Minister at Santiago.

So the British and American fleets steamed out to sea, while the Spaniards fired upon Valparaiso from eight in the morning until four in the afternoon, setting the place on fire, and then retired to their anchorage outside. The British and American fleets then returned to the Bay, and I accompanied a landing-party to help to extinguish the conflagration.

Five of us were standing on the top of the high wall of a building whose roof had fallen in, so that the whole interior was a mass of burning wreckage, upon which we were directing the hose, when the men below shouted that the wall was falling. We slid down the ladder, and no sooner had we touched the ground than the whole wall tottered and fell inwards.

We put the fires out, but the inhabitants were so angry with us because we had not prevented the bombardment, that they requested that the landing-party should be sent back to their ships. Then the flames broke out afresh. For years the resentment of the Valparaisians remained so hot that it was inadvisable to land in the town men from British ships.

The meeting of the British and American seamen gave rise to much discussion concerning the respective merits of the British and American theories of gunnery. The Americans advocated the use of round shot to deliver a "racking blow"; the British preferred firing a pointed projectile which would penetrate the target instead of merely striking it. When an American bluejacket asked his British friend to explain the new English system of

shell-fire, the British bluejacket said: "We casts our shot for the new gun so many fathoms long, and then, d'ye see, we cuts off a length at a time, regulatin' the length required according to the ship we uses it against. For *your* ship, I reckon we should cut off about three and a half inches."

The Spanish fleet was afflicted with scurvy; and we used to pull over to the Spanish ships in the evenings, bringing the officers presents of chicken, fresh meat and fruit.

Having done with Valparaiso, the Spaniards went to Callao; but there they had a more difficult job; for Callao was fortified, and the Spaniards were considerably damaged by the gun-fire from the forts.

During the progress of hostilities between the Chilians and the Spaniards, the Chilians constructed one of the first submarines. It was an American invention worked by hand and ballasted with water. The Chilians intended, or hoped, to sink the Spanish fleet with it. The submarine started from the beach on this enterprise; but it was never seen again. It simply plunged into the sea, and in the sea it remains to this day.

We left Valparaiso about the middle of April, 1866, and proceeded to Vancouver. On the way, the *Sutlej* ran into a French barque, taking her foremast and bowsprit out of her. Captain Coode stood by the rail, his arms crossed, his hands folded in his sleeves, looking down upon the wreck with a sardonic grin, while the French captain, gesticulating below, shouted, "O you goddam Englishman for you it is all-a-right, but for it it is not so nice!"

But we repaired all damages so that at the latter end he was better off than when he started.

We arrived at Vancouver early in June, and left a few days later, to encounter a terrific hurricane. It blew from the 18th June to the 22nd June; and the track of the ship on the chart during those four days looks like a diagram of cat's-cradle. The ship was much battered, and her boats were lost. On this occasion, I heard the pipe go "Save ship" for the second time in my life.

We put into San Francisco to refit. Here many of our men deserted. In those days, it was impossible to prevent desertions on these coasts, although the sentries on board had their rifles loaded with ball cartridge. Once the men had landed we could not touch them. I used to meet the deserters on shore, and they used to chaff me. As we had lost our boats, the American dockyard supplied us with some. One day the officer of the watch noticed fourteen men getting into the cutter, which was lying at the boom. He hailed them from the deck. The men, returning no answer, promptly pushed off for the shore. The officer of the watch instantly called away the whaler, the only other boat available, intending to send a party in pursuit. But the deserters had foreseen that contingency, and had cut the falls just inside the lowering cleat, so that the whaler could not be lowered.

While I was at San Francisco, I had my first experience of the American practical view of a situation. Bound upon a shooting excursion, I had taken the train to Benicia, and alighted with a small bag, gun and cartridges. I asked a railway man to carry my bag for me to a hack (cab). He looked at me, and said,

"Say, is it heavy?"

"No," I said, "it is quite light."

"Waal then," said he, "I guess you can carry it yourself." I had to, so I did.

Benicia is celebrated as the birthplace of John Heenan, the "Benicia Boy," the famous American boxer. The great fight between Heenan and Tom Sayers was fought at Farnborough on the 17th April, 1860. Heenan was a huge man, six feet and an inch in height; Sayers, Champion of England, five feet eight inches. The fight was interrupted. Both men received a silver belt. I remember well the event of the fight, though I was not present at it. More than three years afterwards, in December, 1863, Tom King beat Heenan.

From San Francisco we proceeded to Cape Horn, home-

ward bound. On these long sailing passages we used to amuse ourselves by spearing fish. Sitting on the dolphin-striker (the spar below the bowsprit) we harpooned albacore and bonito and dolphin, which is not the dolphin proper but the coryphee.

We rounded the Horn, buffeted by the huge seas of that tempestuous promontory. On that occasion, I actually saw the Horn, which is an inconspicuous island beaten upon by the great waves, standing amid a colony of little black islands. And off Buenos Aires we were caught in a pampero, the hurricane of South American waters. It blew from the land; and although we were three or four hundred miles out at sea, the master smelt it coming. Indeed, the whole air was odorous with the fragrance of new-mown hay; and then, down came the wind.

We were bound for Portsmouth. And when we rounded the Isle of Wight, and came into view of Spithead, lo! the anchorage was filled with great ships all stationed in review order. They were assembled for a review to be held for the Sultan of Turkey.

We took in the signal containing our instructions, and fired a salute; and then, standing in under all plain sail and starboard studdingsails, we sailed right through the Fleet, and all the men of the Fleet crowded rails and yards to look at us, and cheered us down the lines. For the days of sails were passing even then; we had come home from the ends of the world; and the splendid apparition of a full-rigged man-of-war standing into the anchorage moved every sailor's heart; so that many officers and men have since told me that the *Sutlej* sailing into Spithead through the lines of the Fleet was the finest sight it was ever their fortune to behold.

In the *Tribune* and in the *Sutlej* it was my luck to serve under two of the strictest and best captains in the Service, Captain Lord Gillford and Captain Trevenen P. Coode. I may be forgiven for recalling that both these officers added a special commendation to my certificates: an exceedingly

rare action on their part, and in the case of Captain Coode, I think the first instance on record.

Part of the test for passing for sub-lieutenant was bends and hitches. Captain Lord Gillford was highly pleased with a white line which I had spliced an eye in and grafted myself. Knowing that I was a good sailmaker, he once made me fetch palm and canvas and sew an exhibition seam in public.

From the *Sutlej* I passed into the H.M.S. *Excellent*, in order to prepare for the examinations in gunnery. In those days, the *Excellent* was a gunnery school ship of 2311 tons, moored in the upper part of Portsmouth Harbour. The *Excellent* gunnery school is now Whale Island.

While in the *Excellent* I had the misfortune, in dismounting a gun, to break a bone in my foot; and although the injury seemed to heal very quickly under the application of arnica, I have felt its effects ever since.

In 1867 I was appointed to the *Research*, which was stationed at Holyhead, and in which I served for a few months. There was a good deal of alarm felt with regard to the Fenians, who were active at the time, and the *Research* was ordered to look out for them. With my messmates, Cæsar Hawkins, Lascelles, and Forbes, I hunted a good deal from Holyhead with Mr. Panton's hounds. I also hunted with the Ward Union in Ireland. I used to cross from Holyhead at night, hunt during the day, and return that night.

Among other memories of those old days, I remember that my brother and myself, being delayed at Limerick Junction, occupied the time in performing a work of charity upon the porter, whose hair was of an immoderate luxuriance. He was—so far as we could discover—neither poet nor musician, and was therefore without excuse. Nevertheless, he refused the proffered kindness. Perceiving that he was thus blinded to his own interest, we gently bound him hand and foot and lashed him to a railway truck. I possessed a knife, but we found it an unsuitable weapon: my brother searched the station and found a pair of snuffers, used for trimming the station lamps. With this rude but practicable

instrument we shore the locks of the porter, and his hair blew all about the empty station like the wool of a sheep at shearing-time. When it was done we made him suitable compensation.

"Sure," said the porter, "I'll grow my hair again as quick as I can the way you'll be giving me another tip."

We had an old Irish keeper at home, whose rule in life was to agree with everything that was said to him. Upon a day when it was blowing a full gale of wind, I said to myself that I would get to windward of him to-day anyhow.

"Well, Harney," said I. "It is a fine calm day to-day."

"You may say that, Lord Char-less, but what little wind there is, is terrible strong," says Harney.

A lady once said to him, "How old are you, Harney?"

"Och, shure, it's very ould and jaded I am, it's not long I'll be for this worrld," said he.

"Oh," said she, "but I'm old, too. How old do you think I am?"

"Sure, how would I know that? But whatever age ye are, ye don't look it, Milady."

CHAPTER VII

THE CRUISE OF H.M.S. *GALATEA*

I. To the Antipodes

AFTER a brief spell in the royal yacht, I was promoted out of her to lieutenant, and was appointed to the *Galatea*, Captain H.R.H. Alfred Ernest Albert, Duke of Edinburgh, K.G., K.T.

H.M.S. *Galatea* had four months previously returned from the long cruise of seventeen months, 24th January, 1867, to 26th June, 1868, during which the Duke visited South Africa and Australasia. While he was in Australia, an attempt had been made to assassinate his Royal Highness, who had a very narrow escape. The pistol was fired at the range of a few feet, and the bullet, entering the Duke's back, struck a rib and ran round the bone, inflicting a superficial wound. A full account of the voyage is contained in *The Cruise of H.M.S. Galatea*, by the Rev. John Milner and Oswald W. Brierley (London, 1869; W. H. Allen). The *Galatea* frigate was built at Woolwich and launched in 1859. She was of 3227 tons burthen, 800 h.p.; she was pierced for 26 guns; maindeck, 18 guns, 10-inch, 86 cwt., and 4 guns, 10-inch, 6½ tons; on the quarterdeck, 2 guns, rifled, 64-pounders; in the forecastle, 2 guns, rifled, 64-pounders. The 6½-ton guns threw a shot of 115 lb., and a large double-shell weighing 156 lb. She stowed 700 tons of coal and 72 tons of water. Previously the *Galatea*, commanded by Captain Rochfort Maguire, had been employed from 1862 to 1866 in the Baltic, and on the Mediterranean and West Indian stations. She

took part in the suppression of the insurrection at Jamaica, and, after the loss of H.M.S. *Bulldog*, destroyed the batteries on Cape Haitien. Her sister ship was the *Ariadne*, and Admiral Penrose Fitzgerald, who served in the *Ariadne*, in 1861, writes: "It would not be too much to say that she and her sister ship, the *Galatea*, were the two finest wooden frigates ever built in this or any other country" (*Memories of the Sea*). Personally, I am inclined to consider, that fine sailor as the *Galatea* was, the *Sutlej* was finer still.

The Duke of Edinburgh was an admirable seaman. He had a great natural ability for handling a fleet, and he would have made a first-class fighting admiral. The Duke's urbanity and kindness won the affection of all who knew him. I am indebted to him for many acts of kindness, and I was quite devoted to him.

The voyage of the *Galatea* lasted for two years and a half. We visited Cape Town, Australia, New Zealand, Tahiti, the Sandwich Islands, Japan, China, India, and the Falkland Islands. It is not my purpose to describe that long cruise in detail; but rather to record those incidents which emerge from the capricious haze of memory. In many respects, the second long voyage of the *Galatea* was a repetition of her first voyage, so elaborately chronicled by the Rev. John Milner and Mr. Brierley. In every part of the Queen's dominions visited by her son, the Duke was invariably received with the greatest loyalty and enthusiasm. It should be understood throughout that, when his ship was not in company, or was in company with a ship commanded by an officer junior to his Royal Highness, he was received as the Queen's son; but when a senior officer was present, the Duke ranked in the order of his seniority in the Service.

We left Plymouth early in November, 1868, and once more I was afloat in a crack sailing ship, smart and well found in every detail, and once more I entered into the charm of the life in which above all I delighted. We touched at Madeira, where I grieve to say some of the junior officers captured a goat and some other matters during

H.R.H. ALFRED ERNEST ALBERT, DUKE OF EDINBURGH, K.G., K.T.

a night on shore; touched at St. Vincent; and arrived at Cape Town on Christmas Day.

At Cape Town, my set of tandem harness came again into requisition. From the Cape we proceeded to Perth. The fact that an attempt upon his life had been made in Australia, was one of the reasons why the Duke chose to pay the Colony another visit.

Upon a part of our voyage to Australia we were accompanied by my old ship, the *Clio*, and so admirably handled was she, that she sometimes beat the *Galatea* in sailing. In every place to which we went in Australia and New Zealand, we received the most unbounded hospitality, of which I shall always retain the most pleasant recollections. We were asked everywhere; livery stables were put at the disposal of the officers; we went to shooting parties, and to every kind of festivity.

At Perth I visited the convict settlement; and there I found a relative or connection of the Beresford family, who had been so unfortunate as to be transported for forgery. He appeared to be a most respectable old gentleman, and (with the permission of the governor) I presented him with a small cheque. Alas! incredible as it may seem, the sight of my signature awoke the ruling passion; and my gentleman promptly forged a bill of exchange for £50, and (as I found when I came home) got it cashed.

It was in Perth, too, that I visited a prisoner, a fellow-Irishman, who had been convicted of murder. He had been a soldier, and had slain his corporal and his sergeant. This man inspired me with some ideas with regard to criminals which later in life I tried to put into practice; and also aroused in me an interest in prisons and prison discipline which I have always retained. He was a gigantic person, of immense physical strength, with receding forehead and a huge projecting jaw. He was considered to be dangerous; five or six warders accompanied me into his cell; and they spoke to him as though he were a dog. I looked at the man's eyes; and I was convinced then, as I am convinced

now, that his intellect was impaired. Criminal psychology then hardly existed; and although it is now recognised as a science, it must be said that existing penal conditions are still in many respects awaiting reform. Subsequent experience has proved to me that I was right in believing that many crimes of violence are due to a lesion of the brain, and cannot therefore be treated as moral offences. I heard some time subsequently that the Irishman had been shot for the attempted murder of a warder. Perth and New South Wales were the only places in the British Dominions in which there was a death penalty for attempted murder.

I may here mention that in after years I was appointed, together with the (late) Duke of Fife, as civil inspector of prisons; an office which I held for a year or two. I was able to institute a reform in the system then in force of mulcting prisoners of good conduct marks. These were deducted in advance, before the man had earned them, if he gave trouble. A prisoner sentenced to a long term—who usually gives trouble during his first two years—found, when he began to run straight, that good marks he earned had been deducted in advance. I was able to change the system, so that no marks should be deducted before they were earned.

It was after I had been placed in command of the police at Alexandria, in 1882, that I was offered the post of chief commissioner of police in the Metropolis; and I was honoured by a gracious message from a very distinguished personage, expressing a hope that I would accept the appointment; but, as I wished to remain in the Navy, I declined it.

We returned to Australia on our homeward voyage, but for the sake of convenience I may here deal with the two visits as one. At Sydney, I purchased a pair of horses. They were reputed to be runaways, and I bought them for £9 a pair, and I drove them tandem with ring snaffle bits. They never ran away with me—except once. When they came into my possession, I found that their mouths were

sore, and I did what I could to cure them. Many a drive I had, and all went well. Then one day we all drove to a picnic. The Duke, who was very fond of coaching, drove a coach. I drove my tandem, taking with me the commander, Adeane. On the way home, the road was down a steep hill. We were beginning to descend, when one of the Duke's mounted orderlies mixed himself up with the traces between the leader and the wheeler. The leader, taking fright, bolted, and the sudden tightening of the traces jerked the orderly head over heels into the bush. Away we went down the hill as hard as the horses could gallop. The next thing I saw was a train of carts laden with mineral waters coming up the hill and blocking the whole road. The only way to avoid disaster was to steer between a telegraph pole and the wall. It was a near thing, but we did it. I gave the reins of one horse to the commander and held on to the reins of the other.

Then I was aware, in that furious rush, of a melancholy voice, speaking close beside me. It was the voice of the commander, speaking, unknown to himself, the thoughts of his heart, reckoning the chances of mishap and how long they would take to repair. It said: "An arm, an arm, an arm—a month. A leg, a leg, a leg—six weeks. A neck, a neck, a neck—O! my God!" And so on, over and over, saying the same words. Thus did Jerry Adeane, the commander, think aloud according to his habit. He continued his refrain until we pulled up on the next rise.

"Thank God, that's over," said Jerry Adeane.

Before leaving Australia, I sold my pair of horses for more than I gave for them.

When the *Galatea* was in New Zealand, Sir George Grey, who owned an island called the Kanwah, gave me permission to shoot there. He had stocked it for years with every sort of wild bird and beast. Indigenous to the island were wild boar and wild cattle, which were supposed to have been turned down there by the buccaneers. I landed early one morning to stalk the wild cattle, with my servant, a pulpy

bulbous sort of rotten fellow who hated walking. He carried my second rifle. We climbed to the top of a hill with the wind against us, to get a spy round. When I came near the top, I perceived the unmistakable smell of cattle; and, on reaching the top, there, within thirty yards of me, were a great black bull and two cows.

The bull saw me. He shook his head savagely, bellowed, pawed the ground, put his head about, and charged straight for me. I was standing in a thick sort of tea scrub which was level with my shoulders, so that I could see only the beast's back as he charged. I thought it was of no use to fire at his back; and, remembering that the scrub was thin, having only stems underneath, I dropped on my knee, hoping to see his head. Fortunately, I was able to see it plainly. I fired, and he dropped within about five yards of me.

I said to my man:

"Well, that was lucky; he might have got us."

As there was no reply, I turned round, and saw my trusty second gun half-way down the hill, running like a hare. I was so angry that I felt inclined to give him my second barrel. On returning on board I dispensed with his services, and engaged a good old trusty Marine to look after me.

I killed six of these wild cattle altogether, and a landing party bringing them off to the ship, there was beef enough for the whole ship's company.

There was a number of sheep on the island, under the care of a shepherd named Raynes, who was a sort of keeper in Sir George's service. He said to me, "You have not killed a boar yet. Come with me to-morrow, and I will take you where we can find one." I said, "All right, I will come at four o'clock to-morrow and bring my rifle." "No," said he, "don't bring a rifle, bring a knife. I always kill them with a knife."

I thought he was chaffing, but I said, "All right, I will bring a knife, but I shall bring my rifle as well."

In the morning he met me at the landing-stage with three dogs, one a small collie, and two heavy dogs like half-bred mastiffs, held in a leash. We walked about three miles to a thick swampy place, with rushes and tussocks. He chased the collie into the bush, and in about twenty minutes we heard the collie barking furiously. Raynes told me to follow him close, and not on any account to get in front of him. The heavy dogs fairly pulled him through the bush. We soon came up to the collie, and found him with an immense boar in a small open space.

Raynes slipped the heavy dogs, who went straight for the boar, and seized him, one by the ear and the other by the throat. The boar cut both the dogs, one badly. When they had a firm hold, Raynes ran in from behind, seized one of the boar's hind legs, and passing it in front of the other hind leg, gave a violent pull, and the boar fell on its side. Raynes immediately killed it with his knife, by stabbing it behind the shoulder. I never saw a quicker or a more skilful performance.

I suggested to Raynes that I should like to try it.

"Well," he said, "we will try and find a light sow to-morrow. A boar would cut you if you were not quick."

On the following day, we got a sow, but I made an awful mess of it, and if it had not been for the heavy dogs, she would have cut me badly; as it was, she bowled me over in the mud before I killed her.

In New Zealand, we went up to the White Springs and we all bathed with the Maories. You stand in the water warm as milk, close beside springs of boiling water, and occasionally a jet of steam makes you jump. The person of one of the guests, a very portly gentleman, suggested a practical joke to the Maori boys and girls, who dived in and swam up to him under water, pinched him and swam away with yells of laughter. The old boy, determined to preserve harmony, endured the torment with an agonised pretence of enjoyment. "Very playful, very playful!" he kept miserably

repeating. "Oh, very playful indeed. *Tanaqui* (how do you do), *Tanaqui*."

We had an excellent lunch, of pig, fowls, and yams, all boiled on the spot in the hot springs. I saw a live pig chased by some Maori children into a hot spring, and it was boiled in a moment.

In this region I rode over soil which was exactly like dust-shot; the whole ground apparently consisting of ore. We visited the White Terraces, where, if you wrote your name in pencil upon the cliffs, the silicate would preserve the legend as if it were raised or embroidered. Some of the signatures had been there for years. I have since heard that the place was destroyed by volcanic eruption.

We witnessed the weird and magnificent war dances of the Maoris. Never have I seen finer specimens of humanity than these men. When, after leaping simultaneously into the air, they all came to the ground together, the impact sounded like the report of a gun. A party of the Chiefs came to pay a ceremonial visit to the Duke. It struck me that they looked hungry, and I said so. They want cheering up, I said. I went to forage for them. I took a huge silver bowl, and filled it with chicken, whisky, lobster, beef, champagne, biscuits and everything else I could find, and presented it to them. You never saw warriors more delighted. They ate the whole, using their fingers, and were greatly cheered.

It was in New Zealand that I had an interesting conversation with a cannibal—or rather, an ex-cannibal. I asked him if he ever craved for human flesh, and he said no, not now—unless he happened to see a plump woman. In that case, he said he lusted for the flesh of the ball of the thumb, which (he gave me to understand) was the prime delicacy.

Some of the half-caste women were of great beauty. Their savage blood endowed them with something of the untamed, implacable aspect of their ancestry. I heard of one such woman, who, outwardly attuned to every tenet of white civilisation, and received everywhere in white society,

suddenly reverted. A native rebellion breaking out, she rejoined her tribe and slew a missionary with her *meri*—the native chief's badge of office. She cut off the top of the missionary's skull, and used it thereafter as a drinking-vessel. Poor lady, she was (I heard) eventually captured and was executed.

CHAPTER VIII

THE CRUISE OF H.M.S. *GALATEA* (*Continued*)

II. My Two Faithful Servants

THEY came to me first in the *Galatea*, so that their story may fitly be related in this place. Tom Fat the China boy came to me at Kowloon. He was brought to me by his uncle, who desired to dispose of his nephew, for a consideration. The consideration was £5. Lest I should be accused of Chinese slavery—and anything is possible in these days—I should explain that the fiver was not the price of Tom Fat, but was in the nature of a delicate compliment paid to his uncle. Tom was a free boy; he was entered in the ship's books as my servant, at so much wages per month. Not that he valued his wages particularly; he had wider views. He was an invaluable servant, clever, orderly, indefatigable and devoted. I attired him in gorgeous silks, and he bore my crest with perfect unassuming dignity. He kept my purse, and expended my money with prudence, even with generosity. When I wanted money, Tom Fat had plenty of ready cash. I sometimes wondered how it was that he always seemed to be provided with a margin, for I was not conscious of practising economy. The fact was, I was careless in those days, and kept no accounts. It was not until he had been in my service for some years, that I discovered the secret of his wealth. It was simple enough. He was in the habit of forging cheques. Altogether, he forged cheques for nearly twelve hundred pounds. How much of that amount he kept for himself I

never knew; but it is certain that a great deal of it he spent upon me. Nor do I know why he did not ask for a cheque instead of forging it. Apparently it was a point of honour with Tom not to ask for money. When I asked him if he wanted a cheque to defray expenses, he usually replied cheerfully that he had no need of it. Certainly he acquired a reputation for economy by these means.

His methods were subtle. He was well aware that I kept no private account book of my own, and that my bankers did not enter the names of payees in my pass-book, but only the numbers of the cheques cashed, and also that the bank returned cashed cheques from time to time. On these occasions, Tom, finding pass-book and cashed cheques among my papers, would abstract both the counterfoils and the cheques which he had forged, knowing that as I should not take the trouble to compare the numbers of the cheques with the numbers in the pass-book, I should not notice that some cheques were missing. He was always careful to arrange that the last counterfoil filled up—at which one naturally looks—should be that of my cheque and not that of his; and he never drew large sums, varying his amounts between £5 and £20, except on one occasion, when he forged a cheque for £50. The Oriental mind is inscrutable; but whether or no Tom considered that he was robbing me; whether, if he considered that he was robbing me, he believed he was justified in so doing; he took the most sedulous care that no one else should enjoy that privilege.

Tom was universally popular. I took him everywhere with me. In his way, he was a sportsman. One day, hunting with the Duke of Beaufort's hounds, I mounted him on a skewbald pony. We came to a nasty slippery place, a bad take-off, a wall to jump, and the road beyond. Tom's pony took it safely. A big, hard-riding guardsman who was coming up behind us, not liking the look of the place, shouted to me, "Is it all right?"

"That hideous Chinaman has just done it!" I shouted back. Not to be outdone by a Chinaman, the guardsman

rode at the fence, his horse went down, and he got a dreadful toss. When he got up, he was furiously angry with *me*.

When Tom had been with me for some years, he came to me and said, "Master, you never give me leave! You give others leave but not me leave. I want leave."

The request was reasonable enough, and I sent Tom to my house in town, there to amuse himself for a week. At the end of the week he did not return. He was reported missing. I advertised for him, offering a reward. The next day he was arrested at the Criterion Restaurant, being one of a party of thirteen (of whom twelve were ladies) to whom Tom was about to play the host.

It turned out that during his week in town, my faithful servant had spent £70. He had also raised money at one of my clubs.

"Lord Charles want twenty-five pounds," he said to the porter, who took him to the cashier.

"His lordship must give me his I.O.U.," says the cashier.

"What thing that?" says Tom.

The cashier explained.

"All-light," says the man of resource, and promptly forged my I.O.U. for thirty-five pounds.

"You said twenty-five," remarked the cashier.

"I tink Lord Charles like little more," Tom replied.

Of course, the cashier sent me the document. When I investigated Tom's transactions, I found a few of his forged cheques in the bank, and I could hardly tell the difference between my signature and his forgeries. The cheque-books were compared with the pass-book, and counterfoils were found to be missing. I took legal action against him, and he was sentenced to five years. Shortly afterwards, when I was in Scotland, I received a letter from the hapless Tom, saying he was dying, and asking me to come and see him. I went at once. I found him in the infirmary, a dying man indeed, with his face to the wall. A Chinaman dies at will. He simply lies down and dies; but by the same

token, he can continue to live. So I determined to rouse him. I hailed him in a loud and cheerful voice.

"Tom! Cheer up, Tom! What's the matter? You're not ill. Rouse up."

"Me die, master," said Tom.

"Not you," I said. "Come! Cheer up, and I'll try to get you out of this."

And sure enough, he turned back, became quite well, and I secured his release after he had served a short term. I found him a place in China, sent him East, and never saw him again. When I went to China subsequently, I failed to find him. After his interval of Western service, China took him and swallowed him up. And that was the end of Tom Fat.

He was in my service when, upon the return voyage to Australia of the *Galatea*, we touched at Mauritius. In that strange island I came across a youthful negro savage. I learned his history from his master, an amiable French gentleman. Punch, as I named him, had been brought to Mauritius by a British cruiser. The warship had chased a slaver, whose crew jettisoned the slaves. They were fettered in chains and hove over the side. When the British seamen boarded the vessel they found her holds empty, except for the odour. In a dark corner was stowed a bundle of rags, into which a bluejacket thrust his cutlass. The rags sprang to life with a yell, and there was Punch with a wound in his thigh, of which he carried the scar to his end.

It occurred to me that Punch would serve me for a groom, and I said so to his master.

"*Tiens!*" said that gentleman pleasantly. "You shall have him for five shilling."

"Done!" said I, and paid him the money. He did not think I was serious; but he made no bones about ridding himself of his garden-boy.

Punch was the most hideous savage I have ever viewed. He was black as a boot; even his lips were black; his face was seamed with the cicatrices which were the totem marks

of his tribe, whatever that may have been ; and his countenance was exactly like the countenance of a bull-dog. The scars wrinkled his cheeks, like a bull-dog's jowl. He was densely stupid, and wild of temper. He attacked one of the men on board with his teeth. But he was utterly fearless, and although he knew nothing about horses, he was never afraid of them. He was apparently constructed of india-rubber. Nothing hurt him. When I drove a tandem, it was his duty as tiger to spring up behind as we started. But as my horses started at speed, Punch had not always time to run from their heads to the back of the vehicle. I have known him catch a spoke of the wheel and be whirled into the air, and the wheel to pass over him, without harming him in the least.

At a race meeting in Australia, Punch begged for a mount, and I borrowed a horse, which galloped away down the course, Punch clinging to him with arms and legs exactly like a monkey. He took two big fences like a bird ; but at the third, the horse breasted it, fell backwards and rolled over upon his rider. I thought he was killed, but he wasn't. He was not even damaged.

When I went on half-pay, I placed Punch in the stables. The women servants took a fancy to him ; but Punch, whatever he may have thought of the women, had no love for the head groom, in whose arm he made his teeth meet. So I found him a billet in a hairdresser's shop, which bore the legend, "Hairbrushing by machinery." Punch was the machinery. I saw him at it, turning a wheel in the window. I never saw him again, and know not what became of him.

CHAPTER IX

THE CRUISE OF H.M.S. *GALATEA* (*Continued*)

III. TAHITI AND THE SANDWICH ISLANDS

WE arrived at Tahiti in June, 1869. Here is the most lovely climate in the world. The inhabitants never seemed to do any work, with the single exception of carrying bananas. In this exercise they were extraordinarily expert, bearing enormous weights upon the shoulders, the skin of which becomes hard like leather. I considered myself to be fairly strong; but when I tried to carry one of the masses of bananas under which the natives march swiftly all day long, up hill and down, I found that I was able to carry it only for a short distance, and with difficulty, on level ground. The people were perfectly delightful. We went ashore and lived among them; and it was then that I understood how it was that the men of the *Bounty* mutinied. The fact was that those discontented mariners could not bear to leave islands so delectable. I do not, of course, desire to justify their very reprehensible conduct. All I say is that I can understand the strength of its motive. It was simply the desire to remain in an earthly paradise which inspired the men of the *Bounty* when they left Otaheite in April, 1789, to set Captain Bligh adrift in an open boat, with the nineteen men who stayed by him, and a small stock of provisions. The captain and his men made an astonishing voyage of nearly 4000 miles, and fetched up at the island of Timor, south of the Malaccas, in the following June. Some of the mutineers were subsequently

brought to justice in the year 1792. Six of them were condemned and three were executed. In 1814 it was discovered that ten among the mutineers had colonised Pitcairn Island.

We in the *Galatea* stayed at Tahiti as long as we possibly could, and enjoyed every moment of the time. One of our amusements was to float down a narrow and swift stream and shoot the waterfall. At a point some little distance from the coast, the stream ran deep and rapid between banks which were about three feet apart. The natives, boys and girls, used to drop into the stream and let themselves be carried down feet foremost to a waterfall, which descended some 40 or 50 feet in a wide pool; and it occurred to me that what they could do, I could accomplish. I watched these intrepid children very carefully, and I observed that they always came to the surface some distance away from the fall. In spite of some dissuasion, I determined to attempt the enterprise. I floated down the stream feet foremost, shot the fall, and the moment I reached the foot of it I struck out under water. I was amazed to find that the water was just like air, or an enormous cauldron of soda water, buoying one up, and I came to the surface without the slightest difficulty. Afterwards I went down head first. The only thing to remember was not to come up under the fall itself. Shooting the waterfall became a popular amusement.

Another of our diversions was surf-playing. This enchanting exercise is performed with the aid of a long board shaped like a wedge. The swimmer takes his board, pushes it before him over the breakers, while he dives through them, then turns, and, leaning on the board, rides back on the crest of the surf. The speed, whatever it may be, feels like sixty miles an hour. It is one of the most exhilarating pastimes in the world.

I remember that we all went to church on Sunday. During the service, the Queen of Tahiti suddenly clapped her hands, whereupon the clergyman desisted from his

ministrations, while her Majesty distributed tobacco among the congregation. When it was well alight the Queen again clapped her hands, and the clergyman went on with the service.

We left Tahiti with profound regret, receiving and giving many presents on parting. From Tahiti we proceeded to the Sandwich Islands, where I met many old friends, made during my sojourn four years previously. The American population had quite forgiven and forgotten my boyish freak, which had so agitated them at the time. Our old friend Queen Emma, whom we had taken to Panama on her way to England to see the Queen, had returned. I went to call upon her, driving tandem, as already related. Turning in at the gate, I took the corner too sharply, the wheels locked, and the buggy capsized. In the meantime the Queen, having heard the jingling of the Canadian sleigh bells attached to the harness, came out to find her visitor sitting on the grass at her feet. The horses galloped on and wrecked the vehicle and also themselves. Altogether it was a very expensive drive.

CHAPTER X

THE CRUISE OF H.M.S. *GALATEA*

IV. Old Japan

Note

WHEN Lord Charles Beresford visited Nippon (from the Chinese Jih Pun, the place or rising of the sun, changed by English pronunciation to Japan), it was the old Japan that he saw; the Japan of centuries of isolation, inviolate save for the intrusion of the Jesuit missionaries in the sixteenth century, and the little wedge of Dutch traders. It had been the Japan of the Mikado, who was as a god; of the Tycoon, his temporal representative, who, like a man walking the tight-rope above a wood of transfixing swords, maintained a delicate equipoise of power among the feudal seigneuralty, the great Daimios, each lord of his domain and master of life and death over thousands of retainers. It was the Japan of the Samurai, the two-sworded rufflers; of the Ronins, the masterless men, the outlaws, who roved the country in bands, patriotic, ferocious and pitiless. It was still the Japan in which the common people, men and women and maidens, walked naked and unashamed; in which the warriors went to battle clad in armour wrought of tortoise-shell and silk, girt with swords and carrying bows and arrows; in which the life of a barbarian foreigner was never safe from hour to hour, so that he must be guarded by the two-sworded Yaconins, the Government officers, who, knowing the hatred of the Government towards their charges, seldom drew sword in

their defence until it was just one blood-stained second too late; in which a fault in honour was instantly expiated by hara-kiri, the fatal cross-cut upon the belly, performed in the public eye, which was justly offended if the incision were so clumsily executed that the entrails protruded. Such, at least, is the ceremonial theory. In practice, the dagger is driven in below the ribs, drawn horizontally across the belly, and up the other side; an operation requiring inconceivable courage.

It is the land of tea-houses and temples, of running footmen and palanquins; where houses and string and handkerchiefs are made of paper; where the people wash themselves every day and their clothes never; where the oldest profession in the world is counted honourable service, and the pictures of courtesans adorn the temples in which the bonzes intone prayers in the midst of games and dances; where the writing is done from top to bottom, from right to left, and keys are turned from left to right, and carpenters draw their planes towards them, and the houses are built from the roof downwards, and horses are mounted on the off-side, and ladies black their teeth. It was a land of immense processional pageants: the processions of the high Daimios, who once a year quitted their ancestral homes with a great train to dwell in Yedo, the capital of the Tycoon, for six months; and returned again, leaving as hostages for their loyalty their wives and children for another six months. The two-sworded Samurai march in front, crying "Shitanirio!" and all the spectators drop upon their knees and hide behind their legs while the long procession ambles by, spearmen and banners and baggage-carriers and palanquins: the norimons, which are the palanquins of the notable, and the cangos, which are the palanquins of the humble.

When the foreigner rode abroad in state, he was attended by the Ward-guards, who marched in front, striking the earth at every step with their long staves whereon loose iron rings were strung, so that their jingling warned the populace to make way.

At night, festivals were celebrated by immense processions filling the streets, in which everyone carried a lighted lantern swaying upon the end of a flexible bamboo, and the lanterns were painted with bats and dragons, and the people wore horrible masks, distended with the monstrous rictus of the devil-gods. In the Yoshiwara, where the women, painted and gilded, sashed and bedecked, sit in a double row, each with her price placarded upon her knee, there were the great priapic processions, concerning which the English works upon Japan preserve a shocked reticence.

In old Japan, the common ideal of the ruling classes was that their country should maintain for ever intact its immemorial laws, traditions and customs; an ideal whose attainment the entrance of the foreigner would render impossible. As for the common people, they had no aspirations beyond the day's work. Japan, in her own view, was complete, self-sufficient and wholly satisfied with a civilisation compared with which the politics of the Occident were of yesterday. The Islands of Nippon were ensphered in holy crystal, whose flawless preservation was the highest duty of a patriot.

Into that rare atmosphere, surcharged with perilous elements, sailed Commodore Perry of the United States Navy in the year 1853. Some fifty years later, Pierre Loti entered Japanese waters in a French warship. "Et nous entrions maintenant dans une espèce de couloir ombreux, entre deux rangées de très hautes montagnes, qui se succédaient avec une bizarrerie symétrique—comme les 'portants' d'un décor tout en profondeur, extrêmement beau, mais pas assez naturel—on eut dit que ce Japon s'ouvrait devant nous, en une déchirure enchantée, pour nous laisser pénétrer dans son cœur même" (*Madame Chrysanthème*).

It was Commodore Perry who rent open the heart of Old Japan, and her blood flowed. The gallant commodore, anchoring off Cape Idzu on 8th July, 1853, with two steam frigates and two sloops of war, demanded no more than a treaty securing help and proper treatment to sailors ship-

wrecked on the coasts of Japan. The Japanese Government said neither yes nor no; whereupon Perry gave them a year to consider the matter, promising to return at the end of it with a "larger fleet." And on 12th February, 1854, there was Commodore Perry in the Bay of Yedo with three steam frigates and four sloops of war. After long negotiations, a treaty of amity was signed, including a promise to succour ships in distress, and (above all) opening two new ports. From that moment the isolation of Japan was ended. The door opened but a crack; but into that crack the wedge of commerce, driven by the lust of gain, was thrust by America (1854), Russia (1857), England and France (1858).

In 1859, Mr. (afterwards Sir) Rutherford Alcock, British representative of H.B.M. Government in China, was appointed her Majesty's Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary in Japan. His book, *The Capital of the Tycoon* (London, 1863. Longman, 2 vols.), gives one of the first authoritative accounts of Old Japan presented to the British public. During his three years in that country he was constantly in peril of assassination. In August, 1859, an officer and a sailor from one of the Russian ships lying in the harbour were cut down and slashed to pieces in the streets of Yedo, and a steward was severely wounded.

In the following year the Japanese linguist attached to the British Legation was stabbed to death, and two Dutch ship-captains were cut to pieces in Yokohama. The next demonstration of the hatred of foreigners was the murder of the Gotairo, the Regent, Iko-mono-no-kami. His escort was suddenly attacked as it was leaving his castle by some twenty swordsmen, wielding the terrible Japanese two-handed weapon. The hands of the bearers of his norimon were severed on the pole and the Regent himself was decapitated, his head being carried away as a trophy.

In 1861, Mr. Heuskin, attached to the American Legation, was murdered. Soon afterwards, one of the Governors (or Under-Secretaries) of Foreign Affairs,

Oribeno-no-Kami, who had been especially friendly in his intercourse with the Legations, "died," in the Japanese phrase, "without the effects of medicine." To be more precise, he had committed hara-kiri.

In July, 1861, the British Legation at Yedo was attacked at night by a band of swordsmen, who passed the guards and rushed the building. Mr. Oliphant, who had recently been appointed Secretary to the Legation, was severely wounded. One of the guards, a porter, and a groom, and two of the assailants, were killed outright. One of the assailants was severely wounded, to six of the Legation party who were severely wounded and eleven slightly wounded.

Such were the beginnings of Western influence in Japan. Sir Rutherford Alcock's voluminous account of his three years' ministry reveals a gallant, honest, kindly gentleman sorely perplexed by the ethical problems involved in the forcible interference of one powerful nation in the affairs of a weaker nation, whose sole ambition was to be let alone. Hampered, on the one hand, by the greed and discourtesy of the European traders, and on the other, by the immitigable duplicity and the furtive and implacable enmity of the Japanese, yet singly determined to do his duty to his Queen and country, Sir Rutherford Alcock honourably fulfilled a task of extreme danger and incredible difficulty.

Thenceforward, until the year 1869, the duel between East and West continued with increasing ardour. The whole polity of old Japan was shaken as by the earthquakes which agitate and rend its soil. There were frequent assassinations of the foreign barbarians; the governing classes, which consisted wholly of the military caste, employed every invidious method to restrict trade with Europeans; while the Western nations, on their side, brought their armed strength to bear in the enforcement of treaty rights, which by the same means had originally been wrung from the Tycoon's government. And here it falls to distinguish between the divine prestige of the Mikado,

descendant of the sun-goddess, and the temporal administration of the Tycoon, or Shogun. In that dual administration resided a main factor of the extraordinary difficulty of the situation. Both the spiritual and temporal rulers, the Imperial Court and the Bakufu, or Tycoon's Government, were equally inspired by hatred of the foreigner. But whereas the Mikado, dwelling majestically apart, could avoid all contact with the barbarians, the Tycoon was compelled by superior force to negotiate with them. He was thus placed between two fires; on the one side, the Mikado ordered him to expel the foreigner; on the other, the foreigner threatened him with war unless the treaties were carried into execution.

For long the Tycoon, or his advisers, maintained his position with singular address. But no man born of woman could have solved its complications. For the great Daimios, the feudal nobility, held allegiance primarily to the Mikado. The Tycoon could and did detach some of the clans to his side; but the great body of the western clans defied him. The influence of the Tycoon began swiftly to decline. At the same time the Imperial party began to perceive that the expulsion of foreigners had become impossible. The immediate result was the revolt of some of their adherents. Inspired as it was by hatred of the foreigner, it was directed equally against Mikado and Tycoon, and accompanied by expressions of loyalty to both parties.

In 1864 the troops of the Choshiu clan attempted to capture Kioto and to obtain possession of the person of the Mikado. They were defeated after heavy fighting. In June of the previous year, the Choshiu men had fired upon the American ship *Pembroke* while she was passing through the Inland Sea, and also upon the Dutch corvette *Medusa*. The French commander-in-chief of the station, Admiral Jaurès, proceeded to Shimoseki and destroyed the batteries. In August a British naval force under the command of Vice-Admiral Kuper proceeded to Kagoshima in order to enforce

the payment of the indemnity due for the murder of Mr. Richardson, bombarded the town and destroyed the batteries. It was these two actions which for the first time really convinced the ruling classes in Japan that it was hopeless any longer to endeavour to prevent the intrusion of foreign influence.

In 1866 the Tycoon Iyemochi died. In the same year a new and enlarged Convention was concluded with Great Britain, France, America and Holland. In the following year Keiki, very unwillingly, became Tycoon, an office which by this time had become exceedingly insecure. In the same year the Mikado, Komei, died and was succeeded by his son Mutsuhito, a minor. In the following year the Mikado assumed the whole administrative power hitherto vested in the Tycoon, and a new system of Government was promulgated. Followed, civil war and the defeat of the Tycoon, who retired into seclusion. In the meantime the Mikado had invited the Representatives of Foreign Powers to visit him at Kioto.

"That the Mikado of Japan, who claims to be descended from the sun-goddess, and in whose person a peculiar odour of sanctity was considered to exist, should voluntarily invite to his palace at Kioto the Envoys of nations who had hitherto been looked upon as outer barbarians, and intercourse with whom was a profane thing, was indeed a great step in advance. No foreigner had ever yet crossed the Imperial threshold, or looked upon the face of the sacred Emperor of Japan. It was a proof that a new order of things was inaugurated, and gave good hopes for the future" (Adams, *History of Japan*. Lond., 1875).

But although the Imperial Government perceived the wisdom of accepting the inevitable, the hatred of the foreigner, bred in the blood of the military caste, could neither be dissembled nor controlled; and the attack made upon the British Envoy, Sir Harry Parkes, while actually on his way to the Imperial Palace on 23rd March, 1868, illustrates the condition of affairs. On the road to Kioto

and in the sacred city itself, the Europeans had been regarded by the people with a polite and respectful curiosity, nor was there any sign of hostility.

Sir Harry Parkes left the temple of Chi-on-in, where he lodged, to proceed to the audience, with a mounted escort of twelve ex-Metropolitan mounted police, under the command of Inspector Peacock, with whom rode a Japanese officer, Nakai Kozo. Behind these massive veterans rode Sir Harry himself, accompanied by Goto Shojiro, of the Japanese Foreign Department, and followed by Mr. Mitford, Mr. Satow, Dr. Willis, and other members of the Legation. Then came a guard of forty men of H.M.'s 9th Regiment under the command of Lieutenant Bradshaw and Lieutenant Bruce. A native guard preceded the train, and another guard followed it. Just as the policemen were turning the corner of a narrow street, Sir Harry observed signs of confusion, and the next moment a Japanese, his great sword flashing and hewing, dashed round the corner, closely pursued by two policemen. Sir Harry cried out to the soldiers behind him to stop the Samurai. Turning his head, he saw his companion, Goto Shojiro, on foot, sword in hand, rushing forward to attack a second Samurai, who was already fighting hand to hand with Nakai Kozo, the Japanese officer who had been riding alongside Inspector Peacock at the head of the policemen. Behind Sir Harry, shots rang out, as the soldiers fired at the first assassin. Sir Harry Parkes was suddenly aware of the wild figure of a Japanese warrior, advancing towards him through the press. His face was a mask of blood; in one hand shone a long sword, dripping red from hilt to point; in the other, the victor lifted the bloody head, shorn clean from the shoulders, of his countryman. It was Nakai Kozo. Nakai gave the following ingenuous account of his deed of arms to Mr. Adams, secretary of the Legation, who quotes it in his *History*, as follows:—

"I saw a man running down the line cutting at one man after another. I jumped off my horse, drew my sword, and

rushed after him; he turned and we engaged; he cut me on the head. Then Goto came up and dealt him a blow which felled him to the ground. Unfortunately Goto's sword-hilt, which was of lacquer, slipped from his hands, and I had to cope with the fellow alone. I could only see out of one eye, the other being covered with blood, but I kept chopping at him, and after about ten blows I managed to cut his head off. I then took the head and showed it to Sir H. Parkes."

The soldiers bayoneted the first Samurai, who was still alive when he was finally secured by Mr. Mitford. He was afterwards beheaded by the Imperial Government. But those two desperate enemies of the foreigner wounded thirteen men and five horses ere they were cut down. One of the wounded was a soldier, another a native groom; the remaining nine, of whom two were so seriously hurt that they were invalided home, were ex-Metropolitan policeman, to whom the methods of the Samurai must have been startling. These trained fighters wield their two-handed swords, heavy, perfectly balanced, razor-sharp weapons, with an appalling swiftness and dexterity. At a single blow they can cleave a man to the chin, or cut off his head, or lop off a limb.

In May, 1868, Sir Harry Parkes presented his credentials, which had hitherto been addressed to the Tycoon, to the Emperor. On the 23rd was celebrated the Queen's birthday, when many Japanese of high rank, some of whom had never before made acquaintance with a foreigner, were entertained by Vice-Admiral Sir Henry Keppel, commander-in-chief of the China Station, on board H.M.S. *Rodney*. It was not until November that the civil war was ended by the submission of the rebels. The Emperor then took up his residence for a time in Yedo—now called Tokio—which had been the capital of the Tycoon, and which was henceforth to be the eastern metropolis of the Emperor, as Kioto was the western capital. In the following year, after another insurrection had been suppressed, the great Daimios made their memorable sacrifice, offering their lands and servants to the Emperor; thereby deliberately exchanging their

almost independent state for a condition of subservience to the central Government.

Such, in brief, was the beginning of the New Japan; and it was at this stage in its development that, for the first time in history, a foreign prince, in the person of H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh, visited the Mikado.

CHAPTER XI

THE CRUISE OF H.M.S. *GALATEA* (*Continued*)

V. With the Duke in Japan

THE *Galatea* arrived at Yokohama on the 29th August, 1869. The Duke with his suite, including myself, went up to Tokio (the old Yedo), and took up his quarters at Hama-go-ten, which had been the summer residence of the Tycoon. The estate marched with a piece of water opening into the bay; here were many summer-houses; and a commodious building equipped for the Duke by the orders of the Mikado. The name was changed to Yen-Rio-Kan, signifying a place set apart for distinguished foreigners.

We were entertained with the most delicate and sumptuous hospitality by this charming people, whose courtesy greatly impressed us. Conjurers, acrobats and wrestlers performed for the entertainment of his Royal Highness; whenever we went abroad, thirty two-sworded Yaconins attended us.

The Duke went in state to visit the Mikado in his palace. All along the route the upper windows of the houses were sealed with paper, so that none should look down upon the royal visitor; a precaution only taken in the case of the highest nobility. The Duke, attended only by Sir Harry Parkes, Admiral Sir Harry Keppel, and Mr. Mitford (afterwards Lord Redesdale and author of the delightful *Tales of Old Japan*), had a private audience of the Emperor, who was presented by his Royal Highness with a diamond snuff-box.

Six of us were afterwards admitted to the presence. I remember the dim figure of a young man seated behind a screen at the end of the audience chamber. Many years afterwards, when I again visited Japan, the Mikado, who remembered my former visit, graciously invited me to lunch, and entertained me with the royal sport of catching ducks in a hand-net. The ducks are preserved in the royal gardens, which are charmingly diversified with lawns and running water, and flowering shrubs. As you enter, the ducks rise suddenly, and the sport was to net them as they rose.

As we remained no longer than a week in Tokio, my recollections are few. I was tattooed by the native artificers, to the astonishment of the Japanese officials and nobles; for in Japan none save the common people is tattooed. The Japanese artist designs in white upon dark, working upon the skin round the chief ornament in his scheme; whereas the English tattooer designs dark upon white, using the natural skin as a background. Both methods are beautifully illustrated upon my person.

I witnessed the decapitation of six criminals. The victims stand in a row, their hands bound behind them: each in turn is tapped on the shoulder, when he kneels down, and bows his head. With a single half-arm stroke, the executioner slices through the neck. I also saw a crucifixion. The man's hands and feet are extended and tied to cross-bars, so that he makes a figure like an hour-glass. Then he is transfixed with a spear.

On the 8th September, the Duke returned to Yokohama by sea, taking with him as his guest in the *Galatea*, Hiobukio-no-Miya, Prince of the Blood, Minister of War, and other high dignitaries, who attended a ball given at the British Legation. On the 16th, the *Galatea* sailed for China.

CHAPTER XII

THE CRUISE OF H.M.S. *GALATEA* (*Continued*)

VI. The Homeward Voyage

FROM Japan we proceeded to China, touching at Chefoo, Shanghai and Hongkong. Nothing could exceed the princely hospitality of the great British mercantile firms in China. It was then that I learned, what subsequent experience confirmed, the remarkable integrity of the business dealings of the Chinese. The head of the Chinese Bank told me that he never had a bad account with a Chinaman. The Chinese keeps agreements to the letter, quite irrespective of documentary contracts.

From China we proceeded to Manila, then a Spanish possession. My principal recollection of Manila is the extraordinary prevalence of cock-fighting. There was a cockpit in every street; and the sole occupation of the inhabitants appeared to consist of betting upon their birds. One used constantly to meet men walking in the street with their birds under their arms. The cocks were armed with steel spurs shaped like a scythe, and sharpened to a razor edge. I have seen a bird spring up and slice the head of its adversary clean off, and I have seen the chest of a bird slashed open, almost cutting its body in two. The use of the artificial spurs affected the betting, making the fight very much more uncertain and therefore more exciting. For, whereas if a cock uses its natural spurs, the best bird probably wins, an inferior bird armed artificially might gain the victory.

From Manila we proceeded to Calcutta. Upon landing, I met my brother, Lord Marcus, and with him I rode up, together with the staff, to Government House. It is a singular coincidence that when I landed at Calcutta, six years afterwards, on the corresponding date, when I was a member of the staff of the Prince of Wales (afterwards King Edward VII), I met my other brother, Lord William, and rode up with him to Government House.

The *Galatea* lay alongside the wharf. It was necessary to take the most stringent precautions against cholera. Only one boy in the ship's company was taken ill during our stay. He died inside an hour. But in the merchant ships lying in the port there were many deaths. Men were employed in working parties to push off with long bamboos the corpses that were continually floating down from the Hooghli, lest they should foul the moorings. The bodies used to come floating down with the birds perching and feeding upon them.

We went up country, and enjoyed a great deal of excellent sport. We went out pig-sticking, which is the finest sport in the world; we went out tiger-shooting upon elephants; and riding upon elephants, we shot partridges—a form of sport by no means easy. I remember an irascible old colonel of artillery, who became very hot, and who missed a good many partridges, saying indignantly to the Duke:

"This is all d——d rot. I could shoot more partridges on Woolwich Common."

It was the same peppery soldier who, when one of the members of the staff had fallen ill, went with me upon a visitation to the sick. We found the invalid in a state of extreme agitation, and surrounded with books of a religious nature.

"I think—I hope—" he kept saying, "that I shall be forgiven. I think I shall—I hope so."

"What's he saying? What's he saying?" cried the colonel, who, as often happens to people in hot weather, had become rather deaf.

"He thinks he's dying," I shouted.

Whereupon the colonel, turning angrily to the invalid, shouted,

"You d——d fool, you have only over-eaten yourself!"

The sick man was so infuriated that he hurled his books of religion at the colonel, and sprang out of bed. Next day he was quite well.

Another member of the staff was mounted one day upon a red horse (they paint their horses in India), a wild, half-broken Arab steed, which was giving its rider a deal of trouble. I advised my friend to dismount, and left him. Presently I rode back to find him on foot and alone. I asked him, where was his horse?

"Gone," said he. "Whenever that d——d horse saw a mosquito, it sat down and cried like a child. So I kicked it in the belly and it ran away into the jungle."

We visited Trincomalee, where the elephants built the dockyard. They carried the timber and they carried the stones, and they lifted the stones into position and adjusted them with their feet. The remarkable thing about the climate of Ceylon is its intermittent showers of tropical violence, followed by bursts of sunshine. In the result, you actually see the foliage growing. I remember the extraordinary beauty of the native decorations, which are fabricated of palms and leaves and flowers.

From Colombo we went to Mauritius, arriving there in May, 1870. Here I climbed the famous mountain called Pieter Botte, or, more correctly, Pieter Both.

The mountain is so named after Pieter Both, Governor-General of the Dutch East Indies in the early part of the seventeenth century, and the founder of Dutch power in that region. On his homeward voyage he was wrecked in the bay overlooked by the mountain, which thereafter bore his name. Previous ascents are recorded in the archives at Mauritius, from which it appears that mine was the fourteenth. Admiral Sir William Kennedy ascended Pieter Botte in 1861; he gives an account of his climb in his

PIETER BOTH MOUNTAIN, MAURITIUS

interesting book, *Hurrah for the Life of a Sailor* (London, Nash). Kennedy started with a party of fourteen persons, of whom five reached the summit.

At nine o'clock in the morning I started, together with the captain of the maintop, Edward Hele. We took with us ropes, a rope ladder, cod-line, and a small lead. These were all our appliances. We drove to the foot of the mountain and began the ascent at 11.5 a.m. Now the mountain of Pieter Botte is shaped like a church with a steep roof, from one end of which rises a spire. This pinnacle of rock is crowned with a huge, rounded, overhanging boulder.

Part of the ridge was so sharp that we were forced to sit on it and to proceed astride. Then we came to the pinnacle. The ascent was so sharp and difficult that we were obliged to take off both shoes and socks. At one point, I lost my balance, and was only saved from falling backwards by Hele's ready hand. Climbing the pinnacle was far more difficult than scaling the overhanging boulder at the top. At the top of the pinnacle there was just room to stand beneath the overhanging boulder. The only possible method of climbing the boulder was to get the rope ladder over the top of it. Accordingly, one end of the rope ladder was attached to the lead-line. In order to swing the lead, one of us was roped with a round turn round his body, while the other, lying on his back, held the rope while the leadsman, leaning right backwards and outwards over the sheer precipice of some 3000 feet fall, swung the lead. We took it in turns to swing the lead; as we leaned outwards, the rock spread over our heads like an umbrella; and it was an hour and a half before we succeeded in casting it over the boulder. Then we hauled the rope ladder over and made all fast. It was too short, and the last few yards we hauled ourselves up hand over hand. So we climbed to the top, which is a platform of about 20 feet square. It was then 1.59 p.m. We took off our shirts, and waved them to the warships lying far below in the bay, from which we were

plainly to be distinguished with the aid of a telescope. The ships each saluted us with one gun. We planted on the summit a flag upon whose staff were carved our names and the names of our ships. When we returned, my brother officers gave us a dinner to celebrate the event.

Hele was eventually promoted to warrant officer. When Hele died, I was able to help his son to gain his education, and he did very well. It was in Mauritius that we went out shooting with the native population; one of the most dangerous amusements in which I have ever taken part, for the bullets used to whistle in the air all round us.

From Mauritius we proceeded to Cape Town. Here, on the 12th July, 1870, the Duke inaugurated the new harbour, breakwater and docks. I kept a team on shore, and used to drive up from Simon's Bay to Cape Town. Every now and then we stuck in a quicksand. On one such occasion I had a brother officer with me; and as he was afflicted with a cold, I took him on my back to save him from wet feet. But I fell with him, and we were both soaked to the skin. Upon another day, when we stuck, I put two of my messmates on the leaders, and they pulled the coach right through. If you want horses to pull a weight out of a tight place, put weight on their backs.

The Colonial Secretary at Cape Town was Mr. Southey. He was a most delightful and sagacious person, and became a great friend of mine. He prophesied in a most wonderful way what would be the future of South Africa.

"If," said he, "we could only get a big man, a master-mind, to come out here, all that I foresee would come true."

The right man presently arrived in the person of the late Cecil John Rhodes, and my friend's prophecies have been most singularly fulfilled.

While at the Cape, we went up country, shooting. Both Dutch and English families were most kind and hospitable to us. Upon one of these expeditions, a member of the staff went out by himself very early in the morning to shoot. Observing some ostriches in the distance, he stalked

them with immense labour and patience, and presently succeeded in shooting a couple of birds. When he returned, he complained that it had been very difficult to get his sights on, owing to some high rails which were between himself and the birds. It had not occurred to him that he had been stalking tame ostriches on a farm.

I once rode from Cape Town to Simon's Town and back, between lunch and dinner, galloping the whole distance, with four changes of horses. The distance between the two places is about 35 miles as the crow flies. My errand was merely to postpone the arrival of a visitor who was to come to the *Galatea*.

The ride, however, showed that I was in good condition. I have always tried to keep myself fit, holding that condition of body regulates condition of mind. Cheery people deserve small credit, because their frame of mind is due to their being right inside. Quarrelsome people are wrong inside.

On our way to England we touched at the Falkland Islands, where I visited a relative of mine who kept a ranch. He used bull-dogs to catch his bulls, when he required them for branding. The dogs seized the bulls by the nose and held them while they were lassoed by the guachos.

When we touched at Montevideo, I remember conversing with various persons, who foretold the immense profit which must eventually accrue if the land there was purchased at that time. Their opinion has since proved true. But I had no money to invest; so that the opportunity was only another instance of what might have been.

The *Galatea* was badly strained in a gale of wind, her deck-seams opening so that the water streamed into the cabins beneath. One lieutenant used to say to another:

"How did you sleep last night? It was pretty rough."

"Woke at one o'clock and saw them reefing tops'ls"—meaning that, lying in bed, he could see clear through the seams.

I used my sail-making ability to make a canvas awning

for my bed; fitted it with a ridge rope, laced it down and hauled it taut, led a trough from it to take the water into the slop-pail; and slept dry under it.

It was during the visit of the *Galatea* to Australia that I was made a Freemason; and I have always regretted that I have never been able to devote as much time to Masonry as I should have liked to give to the Craft. The Australian Lodge into which I was admitted was under the impression that I was the most timid neophyte who had ever joined it.

When the ceremony was ended, one of the members of the Lodge said to me:

"You are safely through it. But do you know that of all the men we have had through this lodge, we never had one so paralysed with fear as yourself. You were shivering like an aspen!"

The fact was that during the initiatory ceremonies something unaccountably struck me as extraordinarily funny. The effort to subdue my emotions caused me to tremble all over.

One of our diversions in the *Galatea* when she was at sea, was to listen to the conversations which used repeatedly to occur between a certain worthy member of the Duke's suite and the old quartermaster. The member of the staff in question had endeared himself to us by his high seriousness. He dealt with the most trifling incidents of life in a spirit of preternatural and wholly sincere solemnity. Supposing that you told him that a common friend had fallen off his horse and bruised his leg, our member of staff would instantly ship a countenance of intense concern.

"Bruised his leg? You don't say so! Good God! Has he indeed?"

"Yes—he's bruised his leg!"

"Has he now? Well, well. Bruised his leg! I hope it's not serious. I do hope it's not serious. Tut-tut! Bruised his leg, you say?"

"It's not serious. But he's bruised his leg."

"I'm delighted to hear it's not serious. But—bruised his leg. I am really distressed."

And so on.

Among other matters, our friend took his family very seriously. One of his ancestors had been an admiral; and it was this distinguished officer who made the link between the member of staff and the quartermaster. The member of staff used to stroll on the quarterdeck in the evening, and fall into talk with the seamen.

"Well, Jones. Good evening, Jones. I suppose, now, you've heard of my uncle, the admiral?"

"Heard of 'im, sir? I should think I 'ad heard of 'im. Ah, he was a *man*, he was. He could handle a ship, he could—ah, and handle the men, too!"

"Why, where did you serve with him, Jones?"

"Where, sir? Where not? All over the world, sir. Ah, he *was* a man!"

"I'm delighted to meet anyone who knew a member of my family so well, Jones—delighted, I assure you."

"Knew 'im? Why, sir, to know 'im was to admire 'im, as the saying is. Many a time I've seen the men turn out *for* to admire 'im, sir.

"Have you indeed, Jones—have you indeed! Dear me. Most interesting, I am sure. I daresay a glass of grog would not come amiss to you, Jones?"

"Wery kind of you, I'm sure, sir. It 'ud be a pleasure to drink your health, and the admiral's too, sir. Ah, he *was* a man!"

Mr Jones, afterwards, forward on the lower deck, to envious friends:

"Pretty sweet conversation that, mates. I wonder 'oo the b——y h—l 'is uncle might 'a been!"

There was another member of the suite who surely deserves record—the elephant. He was really a member of the ship's company, for he could do, and did, the work of twenty men. He joined the ship in India, when he was quite small, and he grew enormously on board. He lived in

a house built aft, and fed upon branches of trees and bran and biscuits and anything he could get. I trained him myself. I taught him to obey the words of command, and he would do anything for me. He would hoist me upon his shoulders with a fore foot, or upon his back with a hind foot. In the dinner hour, when most of the men were below, he used to take his share in working the ship. We slung the rope in a bowline round his neck, and he would clew up the mainsail by walking on till he was told to stop. He was never seasick. He used to balance himself, swaying to and fro as the ship rolled. One night when the midshipmen and I, having supper on deck aft, were called forward to trim sails, the elephant finished the meal for us. He ate everything on the table, put his foot on the plates and smashed them, and squashed the big coffee-tin quite flat. Then he looked at us like a naughty child.

I was the only person who could persuade him to leave the ship or to come on board again when he had been ashore. When we reached home, he was put in a railway truck and directed to the Zoological Gardens. His keeper, a marine artilleryman, went with him in the truck. Elephants have a habit of rolling on their feet and squirming their vast bulk. When the marine was trying to pass the elephant, the great beast unconsciously pinned his keeper against the side of the truck, and against a projecting bolt, which broke the man's rib, forcing it into his heart. He was taken out dead.

CHAPTER XIII

FLAG-LIEUTENANT AT PLYMOUTH

IN 1871, I was appointed flag-lieutenant to Admiral (afterwards Admiral of the Fleet) the Hon. Sir Henry Keppel, commander-in-chief at Plymouth. His flag was flown in the *Royal Adelaide*. Sir Harry, as already recorded, had been commander-in-chief upon the China station when the Duke of Edinburgh visited Japan, and had accompanied his Royal Highness upon his visit to the Mikado. It was at Plymouth that I first had the honour of serving under Sir Harry Keppel: a splendid seaman, a most distinguished officer, a fine sportsman, one of the best and kindest of men.

Admiral the Hon. Victor Montagu, who served as a midshipman under Sir Harry, relates in his *Reminiscences* some interesting actions of his old captain, which I may be permitted to quote. Commodore Keppel distinguished himself by his personal gallantry and skilful leadership in the battle of Fatshan Creek, 1st June, 1857; of which a full account is given in Laird Clowes' *The Royal Navy*; and Admiral Montagu records his own recollections of the affair:

"During the many years in which I knew him I never once saw Sir Harry lose his temper, except when the Chinese war-junks beat us back on the first attack we had made on them. . . . John Chinaman, seeing us retire, took the hint, and began making off himself, which so infuriated Harry Keppel that he jumped up on our paddle-box, shook his fist at the war-junks, some 500 or 600 yards away, and shouted out: 'You d——d rascals! I'll pay you out for this! Man the boats, boys—man the boats at once! The beggars are

trying to escape!' I never saw such a rush. At no regatta could men have rowed faster."

Commodore Keppel commissioned the *Raleigh* frigate, 50 guns, for the China station. Admiral Montagu states that she was "the last man-of-war that ever *sailed* out of Portsmouth Harbour." Keppel would have none of your steam-tugs. "We ran out with a fair wind with studding-sails set on both sides." Alas! the *Raleigh* never came back any more. On 14th April, 1857, she struck a sunken rock in the China Seas, near Macao. Keppel's indomitable conduct turned a disaster into an achievement.

"Shortly afterwards," writes Admiral Montagu, who was a midshipman on board at the time, "we descried a French squadron lying at anchor in Macao Roads, with an admiral's flag flying, and, though we were firing minute guns of distress as the water gained on our pumps, Keppel, nothing daunted, called out: 'Up with the French flag. Give him his salute. Sinking or not, let the Frenchmen hear us.'"

A French frigate coming to the assistance of the *Raleigh*, her captain asked permission "to go below to see how high the water had risen in the ship. 'Oh,' said Keppel, 'don't go below; look down the hatchway.' 'Ah! mon Dieu!' exclaimed the captain." . . .

Keppel kept the pumps going, crowded sail on the ship, and finally beached her off Macao, just in time. He landed the ship's company, but himself stayed aboard the vessel, sleeping on the bridge. The stores and guns were saved. Keppel was deeply distressed at the loss of his fine ship, "which," he wrote, "brings my career as a captain to an end." Fortunately he was mistaken. In after years, when I told him that the Admiralty were about to build a second *Raleigh*, Keppel replied, "Very glad to hear it, my dear boy. I had the honour of losing the first one."

Admiral Montagu records that Keppel, while in command of the *Raleigh*, challenged an American clipper ship to race from Penang to Singapore. "We were constantly going at a speed of thirteen knots, during heavy squalls, close-hauled,

and trailing the muzzles of our main-deck guns through the water on the lee side, and I sometimes used to turn into my hammock in abject terror, fearing that at any moment we might capsize."

Sir Harry Keppel was famous throughout the Service when I was appointed his flag-lieutenant. One of my first recollections of that office concerned an old-fashioned "Eighteen-hundred-and-war-time," peppery, strict-service captain, who, having just come home from the West Coast of Africa, asked to see the commander-in-chief. It happened that Sir Harry and myself were on the point of going out hunting when the old captain called, and the admiral was attired in hunting kit.

"Tell him I'll see him to-morrow," said Sir Harry.

But that wouldn't do at all, nor would any other excuse serve.

"I insist on seeing the admiral," said the captain. "I have just come home and it is my duty to see him at once."

"Bring him in, then," said Sir Harry impatiently. "Now, sir," said he, "my flag-lieutenant informed you that I was engaged. Why couldn't you see the secretary?"

"The secretary, sir? The secretary!" says the old captain, wrathfully staring at Sir Harry's informal attire. "Indeed, I am told, sir, that the secretary *is* the commander-in-chief here. That's what they say, sir—that's what they say!"

"Do they?" returned Sir Harry placidly. "And a d——d good commander-in-chief too!" says he.

When, in later years, I became commander-in-chief, I made it a rule that all admirals and captains should have direct access to myself, no matter how trifling the occasion.

In those days, there was a turnpike-gate outside the town. I was driving a brother officer home late one night, after dining at a house some distance away, and when we came to the toll-gate, the keeper was in bed, and all my knocking and shouting failed to wake him up. So I pro-

ceeded to heave a large stone through his window. That fetched him; and down he came, grumbling and swearing. I thrust a sovereign—the only coin I had—into his hand to pay for his broken window and the toll. It was bad tactics, for he promptly retreated into his house (with my sovereign) leaving us still on the wrong side of the gate. There was nothing for it but to break the rest of his windows, but still he wouldn't come out. Evidently a surly fellow, unfit to take charge of turnpike gates, an office demanding tact and courtesy; and we thought it well to remove his temptation. So my companion and I wrenched the gate from its hinges and lashed it to the cart, vertically, so that it projected over our heads like a kind of ornamental roof, its weight nearly lifting the mare between the shafts off her legs and making her kick like blazes. Then we drove into Plymouth, gate and all. The gate was reduced to firewood before sunrise. Next day, the town was placarded with vain offers of reward for information concerning "some evil-disposed person or persons unknown who," etc.

At that time, I used to ride steeple-chases whenever I had an opportunity, and kept myself in regular training by hard exercise; a habit which on one occasion involved the commander-in-chief in an alarming rumour. It arose from the trifling circumstance that I had borrowed his overcoat. The Fleet was at Holyhead, to celebrate the opening of the new breakwater by the Prince of Wales; I was just going for a training run up and down that breakwater, when, finding I had no coat, I took Sir Harry Keppel's uniform overcoat. I took it, without thinking, merely because I wanted it. The next thing that happened was that the signalmen in the Fleet reported that the Admiral must have gone mad on the breakwater, seeing that he was racing up and down it clad in a shooting-cap, grey trousers, muffler and uniform overcoat. As my face was almost hidden by cap and muffler, the signalmen were deceived by the gold lace, took me for the admiral, and thought that poor Sir Harry was smitten with insanity.

THE AUTHOR AS LIEUTENANT

We used to hunt a good deal with the Dartmoor hounds; and upon a day when there was no run, and everyone was bored, one of the ladies present begged me to provide some kind of sport, kindly suggesting that I should personate the fox, a part I declined.

"You *must* do something to amuse us," she said.

"Very well, I will," said I.

Among the officers there were an elderly admiral and an elderly general, and I pointed them out to the lady.

"I will get up a race between the two of them," said I.

She bet me I would not, and I took it. I began with the soldier.

Ambling alongside the general, I asked him casually if he had ridden much in his life.

"Of course I have," says he irritably. "What do you mean, sir?"

"Nothing at all," says I. "I thought I would ask. The admiral——"

"What about the admiral?" cries the general, staring suspiciously at the distant and unconscious officer.

"He was saying he didn't think you knew very much about a horse."

The general lost his temper. He swore. He said he would show the admiral what he knew about a horse.

"You can easily prove it," said I; and before he understood what was happening, he had agreed to ride a race. Then I went over to the admiral.

"Do you know what the general says? He says you look like a monkey on a horse," said I; and it was the admiral's turn to swear.

"D——d impertinence!" says he. "I'll race him, and beat him any day in the week." And he continued to use forcible language.

"You can do that," I said, for the admiral was riding one of my best horses.

"If you really want a race, I'll arrange the whole thing," said I. And I brought the two wrathful old gentlemen

together, rode with them to the starting-point, gave the word, and off they went as hard as they could pelt. I followed, cheering them on. The general began to draw ahead, when his horse baulked at a soft place. The admiral's horse did the same, throwing his rider upon his neck.

"Get back into the saddle and he'll go through," I shouted, for I knew the horse. The admiral hove himself into his seat, and won the race. He wouldn't have won, if his adversary hadn't baulked.

The members of the Board of Admiralty came down to Plymouth to witness the autumn military manœuvres. I offered to drive them all in my coach; and they were settled in their places—Mr. Goschen the First Lord, Admiral Sir Alexander Milne, the Earl of Camperdown and Mr. Shaw-Lefevre—when out of the house came Rear-Admiral Beauchamp Seymour.

"Get down!" he shouted. "Gentlemen, you must get down."

They asked him why.

"You don't know that boy," said Seymour. "He's not safe. He'll upset you on purpose, just to say he's upset the whole Board of Admiralty!"

And he actually ordered my guests off my coach, so that they had to go in barouches.

Sir Harry Keppel often came sailing with me in my little yacht. We were out together, when I said to him,

"I cannot weather that ironclad, sir."

"Then run into her, my dear boy," said Keppel placidly.

"All right, sir—obey orders."

I held on, and we cleared the jib-boom of the ironclad by an inch.

Sir Harry had an old friend of his to stay with him, Captain Clifton, a most remarkable and interesting man. In the old days, the passage for the opium trade existing between China and India was taken only once a year—the opium ships running up to China with one monsoon and down to India with the other. Clifton went to the Govern-

ment of India and undertook, if the Government would permit him to build vessels to his own design, to build clippers to thrash up against the monsoon as well as run before it, and so double the income accruing from the opium trade. The Government consenting, Clifton designed the *Blue Jacket* and the *Red Jacket* and vessels of that class, which were the famous opium clippers of the "roaring forties" and fifties.

The Indian Government gave Captain Clifton a lakh of rupees. On his way home, Clifton, touching at what is now the city of Melbourne in Australia, but which was then a small assemblage of wooden shanties, noticed the possibilities of the magnificent harbour. He told me that he could have bought the whole site of Melbourne for a lakh; but on consideration, he decided against the project.

One of my great friends, Sir Allan Young, a brilliant seaman of the old school, commanded, at the age of twenty-four, one of Clifton's opium clippers.

Upon the occasion of the Prince of Wales's opening the new breakwater at Holyhead, in 1873, his Royal Highness was entertained together with a large party at a country house in the neighbourhood. The Prince called to me, and said:

"This is very slow. You really must do something to enliven the proceedings."

"Well, sir," said I, "I will run a hundred yards race with Lord ———. As he is Irish, he is sure to take me up if I challenge him."

Sure enough, Lord ——— accepted the challenge, but on conditions. These were: that I should race in full uniform, excepting my sword, while himself should "take his wardrobe from off himself." Lord ——— then proceeded to divest himself there and then of his Patrick ribbon, coat, waistcoat, and boots, which he confided to the care of the wife of a certain distinguished Liberal statesman. He dropped his Patrick ribbon into her lap, saying:

"Madam, will ye have a care now of me Jewel, for glory

be to God there's no saying what twist this mad one might give me!"

Entirely at ease, with the seat of his breeches patched with stuff of another colour from the rest, and his toes sticking from his stockings, he was wholly unperturbed by the laughter of the assemblage.

Although attired in cocked hat, frock coat, and epaulettes, I had the speed of him, and waited on him. Then the devil entered into me; and when Lord ——— drew abreast of a big plant of pampas grass, I cannoned into him, pitching him head first into the grass, not, of course, intending to harm him. But to my consternation and sorrow, Lord ———'s leg was broken below the knee. I put the poor lord into his coach—he had a coach and four-in-hand—and drove him back to his hotel. That excellent and magnanimous sportsman was perfectly unconcerned.

"You hit me a bad skelp, and I am destroyed," said he. "Never mind, they all laughed, annyway."

It was about this period of my life, when, returning from a ball in London in the early morning, I came upon a person selling whelks. He invited me to sup—or breakfast—upon a plate of these delicacies.

"How much do you charge for a plateful?"

"Threepence," said he.

"I'll give you sixpence for every plateful you eat yourself."

"Done," said he.

He finished two platefuls, and had begun a third, when he was overtaken by rebellion from within, swiftly followed by catastrophe.

"That's not fair," I said. "You can't count those two platefuls."

"O my Gawd," he said. "'Ave I got to begin again?"

To this time, too, belong my memories of a certain famous naval captain, who was extraordinarily particular both as to his own dress and the wearing of proper uniform by others. His regard for appearances, however,

did not prevent his diving overboard in full and immaculate uniform, including white gloves, to save a seaman. Exceedingly precise in his speech, he owned the singular trait of becoming deprived of utterance when he was angry; and few things made him more angry than faulty attire in the Service.

He was driving with me in a cab towards Plymouth, when we met an old warrant officer, who was wearing a purple woollen waistcoat and green gloves. My friend, stopping the cab so suddenly that the horse slithered along on its haunches, leaped from the vehicle. The old warrant officer, his attention arrested, had halted and turned round. My friend went up to him. Then I perceived that he was stricken speechless with wrath; for, continuing to swallow nothing, as his habit was in these crises of emotion, he tapped the warrant officer's waistcoat and gloves. Glaring at him and still silently swallowing, he turned about and got into the cab. The old warrant officer stood staring with dropped jaw, like a man petrified.

It was my friend who, being asked at a court-martial what he would have done in certain difficult circumstances, replied deliberately:

"If I was where I was not I might have done something I did not do."

In after years, when he was commander-in-chief at the Nore, he was walking along the road to Sheerness, dressed in plain clothes, when a bluejacket, who was slightly intoxicated, lurched against him.

"Man, man," said my friend, with his picked elocution, "do you know what you are doing? Man, you are colliding with the commander-in-chief."

"Ho," returned the seaman, totally unimpressed. "Har you, indeed? Then all I've got to say, is to say you've got a ruddy good billet—an' wha's more, you take care you don't lose it by getting drunk."

Despite of my diversions, I did a good deal of hard work. As flag-lieutenant I was in charge of the signalling, a

science which, as it was understood in those days, I mastered completely.

My first independent command was the *Goshawk* gunboat, to which I was appointed as lieutenant-commander for the manœuvres and for review in 1873, while I was still flag-lieutenant to Sir Harry Keppel. I had a narrow escape from disaster at the very beginning. Fortunately I noticed that the navigator was going the wrong side of the buoy off Drake's Island, and I was just in time to point out his mistake. I remember my feeling of horror at the prospect of running on a rock in Plymouth Sound in my first command.

The first thing I did in the *Goshawk* was to get from the flagship a big working party of a hundred men to work at holystoning our decks until they were as clean as a hound's tooth. From that day onwards I set myself steadily against bright-work and spit-and-polish. My objection to bright-work is that you have first to dirty it with brick and oil in order to clean it afterwards. There are certain things in a ship which must be kept bright, and these I would burnish; but everything that could be painted I would paint, and then scrub the paint with soap and water. I remember the shock it was to the commander when I told him to cover the brass rails with canvas and paint it. Under the spit-and-polish system no doubt the men take a pride in keeping the ship bright, but such a process involves perpetual extra bother and worry and black-list, which are quite unnecessary. Cleaning bright-work makes the men's hands filthy at divisions; and after ten minutes of bad weather, the copper turns blue and the brass green, and the whole of the work must be done over again.

At one time the bright-work system was carried to absurd extremes. I have known a ship actually to have a bright cable. I have known another ship with bright hammock hooks. The hatchways of some vessels were polished and decorated with inlay and all kinds of ocean ornament until the ship looked like a lady's boudoir or a transatlantic liner.

The custom came in as the old sailing ships gave place to steam ships, when the time hitherto devoted to making a vessel all a-taunto, ropes taut, sail furling and mending and so forth, was given instead to polishing, burnishing and making bright-work shine, until the present system of gunnery and gymnastic training was introduced. Captains and officers used to spend on their ships large sums out of their private income, which very often they could ill afford. "Promotion by paint" was not unknown. A ship ought to be scrupulously clean, but she should have paint wherever possible, and soap and water should replace spit-and-polish.

CHAPTER XIV

POLITICAL EVENTS OF 1873–80 AND POSTSCRIPT

NOTE

THE following brief summary of political and international affairs is introduced for convenience of reference. It may be skipped by the reader, should he disdain politics.

The Government of Mr. Gladstone, returned to power in 1868, began to disintegrate in 1873. The proximate cause was the Irish University Education Bill, announced in the Speech from the Throne at the opening of the session on 6th February, 1873. Irish affairs have always been the curse of the Liberal Party. But a popular Government would have survived even the Irish University Education Bill, which, designed to please all parties, failed of course to please any. The truth is that, as people soon or late weary of all administrations, so they turned from the Liberal Government. Mr. Disraeli summarised the history of the Government in a piece of invective which has become classic: "You have had four years of it. You have despoiled churches. You have threatened every corporation and every endowment in the country. You have examined into everybody's affairs. You have criticised every profession and vexed every trade. No one is certain of his property, and no one knows what duties he may have to perform to-morrow. I believe that the people of this country have had enough of the policy of confiscation."

The Government were beaten on the Irish University Education Bill; Mr. Gladstone resigned; but Mr. Disraeli declined to take office. Mr. Gladstone was therefore compelled to carry on the Government. Early in 1874 he suddenly appealed to the electorate; which, however, chose to give his opponents a majority. Mr. Gladstone resigned, or partly resigned, his leadership, and plunged into the esoteric joys of a controversy dealing with the doctrine of Papal infallibility. It would seem that a great ecclesiastic was sacrificed, when the young Gladstone chose to give to politics talents which would have won him the Archbishopric of Canterbury.

In Mr. Disraeli's Cabinet Lord Cairns was Lord Chancellor; Lord Derby, Foreign Secretary; Lord Salisbury, Secretary of State for India; Lord Carnarvon, Colonial Secretary; Mr. Cross, Home Secretary; Mr. Gathorne Hardy, Secretary of State for War; Mr. Ward Hunt, First Lord of the Admiralty; Sir Stafford Northcote, Chancellor of the Exchequer. The Duke of Richmond, as Lord President of the Council, led the Conservative party in the House of Lords. The Liberal leader, walking in the Gladstonian shadow, was Lord Hartington.

In 1874 the Bill for the Regulation of Public Worship was passed. In the following year Mr. Plimsoll, by the exercise of that dogged determination and gallant defiance of Parliamentary conventions, by means of which Parliament can sometimes be goaded into acts of justice, forced the Government to pass the Merchant Shipping Bill. Mr. Cross, the Home Secretary, introduced the useful Artisans' Dwellings Bill, which was passed. Upon 25th November, 1875, the Government, at the suggestion of Mr. Frederic Greenwood, purchased from the Khedive of Egypt, 176,000 Suez Canal shares for the sum of £4,000,000.

In the same year, the Prince of Wales, afterwards King Edward VII, went to India, whither he was accompanied by Commander Lord Charles Beresford, M.P., as A.D.C. (Lord Charles was promoted to the rank of commander on 2nd

November, 1875.) The Prince received a telegram informing him of the purchase of the Suez Canal shares when his ship was passing through the Canal on the way to India. Lord Lytton was appointed Viceroy of India. In 1876 it was announced that the Queen was to assume the additional title of "Empress of India."

In July, 1875, there was trouble in the Near East, which, nearly two years later, in April, 1877, resulted in the declaration by Russia of war against Turkey. The Mediterranean Fleet was ordered to pass the Dardanelles. In March, 1878, Lord Derby resigned, and Lord Salisbury succeeded him at the Foreign Office. Mr. Gathorne Hardy went to the India Office, Colonel Stanley to the War Office, and Mr. James Lowther became Chief Secretary for Ireland. Sir Michael Hicks-Beach had already succeeded Lord Carnarvon at the Colonial Office.

In the Parliament of 1875–80, young Mr. Parnell began his career. Indomitable, subtle, cold and inscrutable, he speedily became a power. A Protestant in faith, he had his foot on the necks of the Irish Roman Catholic Nationalist members; half an Englishman by birth, he was an implacable enemy of England. Utilising the tactics of obstruction, he succeeded in bringing discredit upon a Government which was powerless to control him and his led captains. He forced the Government to pass a Bill for University Education in Ireland; and as the measure was no better, if no worse, than the Gladstonian scheme which had been rejected, so the result upon the Conservative administration was equally injurious.

Mr. Gladstone emerged from his studies in Papal infallibility to denounce Bulgarian atrocities and the like. But the country declined to become excited on the subject. In the meantime the Russian army was approaching Constantinople. The British Government took public measures of military and naval precaution clearly implying that Russia would not be permitted to occupy Constantinople. Prince Bismarck thereupon intervened, and invited the nations concerned to discuss matters at Berlin. Lord Beaconsfield (he

had received his peerage in 1876) and Prince Bismarck were the two most powerful men in Europe. Beaconsfield chose himself to represent Great Britain at the Congress, which opened at Berlin on 13th June, 1878. Lord Beaconsfield returned in triumph, bearing with him "Peace with Honour."

The advance of Russian influence in Afghanistan induced the British Government, in 1878, to dispatch an expedition to Cabul, which was occupied by British troops, and from which the Amir, Shere Ali, fled. Followed, the signature of the treaty of Gandamak by Yakoob Khan, son and successor of Shere Ali; the treacherous murder of Sir Louis Cavagnari, British Envoy, and the greater number of his staff; and the recapture of Cabul by British troops. The true history of the whole affair, much distorted at the time (and since) by political malice, is lucidly set forth in Lord Roberts's *Forty-one Years in India*, by the great soldier who took so distinguished a part in it.

Another frontier war broke out in 1879. In South Africa, Sir Theophilus Shepstone had annexed the Transvaal; Sir Bartle Frere, Lord High Commissioner, announcing to the Zulu king, Cetewayo, that Cetewayo was entitled to a strip of territory claimed both by Cetewayo and the Transvaal Republic, ordered him to disband his army. The advance of British troops was checked by their total defeat by the Zulus on 22nd January, 1879, at Isandhlwana. Lord Chelmsford, the commander-in-chief, prosecuted the campaign, defeated Cetewayo and took him prisoner. During the war the young Prince Louis Napoleon, son of the Empress Eugenie, lost his life.

In the meantime, the trade of the country had been profoundly depressed, with the natural result that there was much discontent. On 24th March, 1880, Parliament was dissolved; and the Liberal party were returned with a majority of some hundred and twenty. The Queen sent for Lord Hartington; sent for Lord Granville; and finally, for Mr. Gladstone.

The Russo-Turkish war of 1877 had brought Russia into opposition to Austria-Hungary, thus destroying the alliance of the three Emperors; and although Bismarck made peace between the two Powers at the Congress of Berlin, Russia became estranged from Germany. In order to restore her security, Germany concluded an alliance with Austria-Hungary and shortly afterwards with Italy, which had quarrelled with France concerning her occupation of Tunis. Thus was formed the Triple Alliance. Its counterpoise was the drawing together of France and Russia, in view of whose possibilities Prince Bismarck in 1887 increased the German Army. In 1900 Germany passed the Navy Law, which ordained that the German Fleet should be so strong that any attack upon it would be dangerous to the attacking party.

Nothing but the strength of the British Fleet, which had been largely increased by the action of Lord Charles Beresford in 1888, and again by the naval programme of 1893, and whose organisation had been brought to a high state of efficiency by Admiral Sir Frederick Richards (afterwards admiral of the Fleet), prevented the outbreak of war between England and France at the time of the Fashoda incident in 1897.

The affair caused both nations to reconsider the situation; with the result that they settled all outstanding difficulties; and the Triple Entente of Great Britain, France and Russia balanced the Triple Alliance. Germany, in 1912, added some 70,000 men to her army, while Austria and Italy increased their fleets. By the time the Allied nations of the Near East had declared war upon the Turkish Empire, in 1912, Russia had recovered from the disastrous results of her war with Japan, so that the Triple Entente once more balanced the Triple Alliance. But the war in the Near East, with the heavy losses it inflicted upon Turkey, had opened anew the whole Eastern question. The settlement concluded

at the Berlin Conference thirty-four years previously was abolished in a moment.

It has been thought worth while to trace the main developments of European politics from 1873 to the present time; as it happened to Lord Charles Beresford to be a member of that Parliament which saw the triumph of the Beaconsfield policy in foreign affairs, and to be a member of subsequent Parliaments confronted with the emergence of new and sinister international conditions.

CHAPTER XV

AN IRISH ELECTION AND IRISH POLITICS

THE political situation in Ireland at the time when I entered politics was characteristically exemplified in the Kerry election of 1872, in which I took part. It was fought entirely on the Home Rule issue, which had been revived by Isaac Butt when, in 1870, he formed his Home Government Association.

In the Kerry election of 1872, the Roman Catholic hierarchy was opposed to Home Rule. The anti-Home Rule candidate, Mr. Deas, was a Roman Catholic, a local landlord and extremely popular. His opponent, Mr. Blennerhasset, was a Protestant and a stranger to the locality. But because he was a Home Ruler, he was elected in spite of the priests and of the personal claims of Mr. Deas, winning by 839 votes. I may add that he won in spite also of my exertions, which were considerable. I started at two o'clock in the morning with Mr. Harry Herbert of Muckross, and led a band of 350 tenants to the poll. (The Ballot Act was not passed until 18th July of the same year, 1872.)

Having polled the tenants, I was strolling in the street, when I was stopped by one of my grand fellow-countrymen, a huge man of about six feet five.

"Are ye for Home Rule?" says he.

"To hell with your Home Rule!" said I. Whereupon he hit me on the point of the nose, knocking me over backwards, and effectually silencing my arguments for the space of an hour and a half.

The nature of the problem of the land in Ireland may be exemplified from my own experience as a landlord. I came into my property in 1866, and when I returned from the sea two years later, being in need of money, I wrote to my agent, telling him that I intended to inspect the estate. He replied asking me to come as soon as I could, and adding that I should be able to raise the rents all round. I told him to do nothing until my arrival. When I went over, I drove to one of my farms upon which it was proposed to raise the rent. The farm was about 48 acres in extent, situated in the middle of a bog. Here I was entertained by one of the finest old Irishmen I have ever seen, and his three sons. Said I to him:

"I want to talk to you about the rent. I hear that you are paying me only 2s. 6d. an acre, whereas I can get 18s. an acre in the market."

I shall never forget how the poor old man's face fell as he said:

"For the love of God, do not turn me out, Lord Charles. I will give you 12s. an acre sooner than you should turn me out."

And then he told me that he had occupied the farm during 48 years; and in that time he and his sons had raised the original value to 18s. an acre. Of course I told him to stay where he was at the old rent. But by the law of the land I could have turned him out and put in a new tenant who would have paid me 18s. an acre, the increased value being solely due to the exertions of the old man and his sons. Had I been an absentee landlord, it would have been an ordinary matter of business to have instructed my agent to turn the man out and to raise the rent; and that very course was taken in thousands of cases. There was no compensation for tenants' improvements before 1870; and a farmer who did his best for the land, and to whose exertions alone increased value was due, must pay the increased rent or go.

The monstrous land system in Ireland naturally caused

the tenants to feel distrust and enmity towards the landlords; for, although not many landlords abused their powers, the knowledge that they *could* abuse them was alone sufficient to create suspicion and hostility. Again, the great companies which bought land on speculation, exacted rents at the outside market value. A company cannot be expected to make allowances. Nor did the companies know the tenants or care for them. But under the Irish custom they were the tenants who had themselves by their improvements raised the value of the land.

In fairness to the landlords, it should be understood that the tenants objected to the improvement of property by the landlord. "If you, the landlord," the tenant argued, "improve the land, you will be raising the rent on me. I would rather make my own improvements."

The terms of tenure in Ireland were quite different from the terms of tenancy in England, except in the north of Ireland, where was the custom of tenant-right. In the south and west, the majority of tenants had a yearly tenancy, and were liable to six months' notice, known as "the hanging gale." When a landlord desired to get rid of a tenant, he "called in the hanging gale." And a tenant habitually owed six months' rent.

I stood for Waterford at the request of my brother, Lord Waterford. That I was elected was due to his great personal popularity as a landlord and as a sportsman, and also to the powerful influence of a certain prominent supporter of Home Rule, which he exercised on my behalf, because, although I was opposed to Home Rule, I supported denominational education. I believed then, as I believe now, that a man's religion is his own affair, and whatever it may be, it should be respected by those who own another form of faith. I have always held (in a word) that the particular form of a man's religion is necessarily due to his early education and surroundings.

But when in the House of Commons I publicly declared that conviction, I received about four hundred letters of a

THE AUTHOR, ÆT. 27

most violent character, most of which were written by clergymen of my own persuasion. I have never asked a man for his vote in my life. When I stood for Marylebone, in 1885, there was a controversy concerning the Sunday opening of museums and picture galleries. I was in favour of opening them, upon the ground that people who were hard at work all the week might have opportunities for recreation, which I would have extended beyond museums and galleries. But I was waited upon by a solemn deputation of clerical gentlemen of various denominations, who desired to make their support of me conditional upon my acceptance of their views.

"Gentlemen," I said, "has it ever occurred to you that I have never asked you for your vote? Let me tell you that if you disapprove of my opinions, your only honest course is to vote for my opponent."

They were so astonished that they withdrew in shocked silence.

When I was in Parliament, Isaac Butt, who was failing in his endeavour to promote an agitation, begun in 1870, in favour of Home Government, or Home Rule, did his best to persuade me to join the Irish party, and to obtain for it Lord Waterford's influence, because, he said, Lord Waterford was so universally popular and so just. Although I was unable to join the Irish party, I was much impressed with Butt's arguments in so far as the land question was concerned; and I discussed the whole matter with Lord Waterford. I suggested to him that he should form a league of landlords pledged not to rack-rent their tenants; pointing out that if the Irish landlords failed to take the initiative in reform, it was certain that the people would eventually prevail against them, and that the reforms which would be enforced by law would bear hardly upon the good landlords.

Lord Waterford sympathised with my view of the matter; but after long consideration he came to the conclusion that the course I proposed might do more harm than

good. The question was inextricably complicated by the fact that many of the landlords who had raised their rents, had been compelled to raise them by force of circumstances; as, for instance, when they had been obliged to pay very high charges upon succeeding to their estates. In his position, Lord Waterford shrank from associating himself with a scheme which must inflict hardship upon landlords poorer than himself. Events took their course, with the result I had foreseen. My proposal was inspired by that sympathy with the demands of the Irish people, and that recognition of their justice, which had been accorded by both great political parties in turn, and which ultimately found expression in the Wyndham Land Purchase Act.

Not long ago I asked one of my tenants, who had bought his holding under the Wyndham Act, and who was a strong Home Ruler:

"Now you own the farm, are you still for Home Rule?"

"Faith, Lord Char-less," said he, "now I have the land behind me, shure if it was a choice I could be given between Home Rule and a bullock, I'd take the bullock."

In recording the beginning of my Parliamentary career, I may say at once that I have always disliked politics, as such. I entered Parliament with the desire to promote the interests of the Service; and in so far as I have been successful, I have not regretted the sacrifices involved.

But in 1874 my approval of denominational education—in other words, my support of the right of every parent to have his child educated in his own religion—outweighed my opposition to Home Rule. One of my principal supporters, himself a Home Ruler, suggested as an ingenious compromise that I should so print my election address that the words Home Rule should appear large and prominent, and the qualification "an inquiry into," very small: a proposal I declined.

My opponents were Mr. J. Esmonde and Mr. Longbottom, who was celebrated for his achievements in finance. He stood for Home Rule. Concerning Mr. Longbottom, a

certain parish priest, who was also a Home Ruler, addressed his congregation one Sunday morning as follows:—

"Now, boys," says he, "a few words about th' Election that's pending. First of all, if ye have a vote ye'd give ut to a genuine Home Ruler, if ye had one standing. Ye have not. Secondly, ye'd give it to a good Conservative, if ye had one standing. Well, ye have one in Lord Char-less Beresford, the gr-reat say-captain. And thirdly, ye'd vote for the Divil, but ye'd never vote for a Whig. But as for this Mr. Long-what's-'is-name, I wudn't be dhirtying me mouth by mentioning the latter end of him."

One of my opponent's supporters retorted by urging the boys to "Kape th' bloody Beresford out, for the Beresfords were never known to shmile except when they saw their victims writhin' on th' gibbet": an amiable reference to John Beresford, First Commissioner of Revenue at the period of the passing of the Act of Union, and *de facto* ruler of Ireland.

Other incidents of that cheery time occur to my recollection. There was the farmer who, ploughing his field, cried to me as I rode by, "Hurroo for Lord Char-less."

I went up to him and asked him whether he really meant anything, and if so, what.

"Will you *do* anything?" said I.

Said he, "Lord Char-less, if 'tis votes you want me to collect, begob I'll quit th' plough an' travel for a fortnight."

There was the car-boys' race I arranged on Waterford quay. Ten of them started, and I won, because I had taken the precaution to stuff some hay under the pad, which I lit with a match. The horse was stimulated but quite uninjured.

Then there was the affair of the bill-poster. I had been driving round the country all day in a side-car, seeing the boys, and late at night we stopped at a small inn. I was standing in the doorway smoking a pipe, and feeling cold and rather jaded, when I noticed a bill-poster hard at

work, pasting placards upon the wall of an adjacent building. I could see that they were the green placards of my opponent, my own colours being blue and white.

I strolled across, and sure enough, there was my bill-poster sticking up "Vote for Longbottom, the Friend of the People."

"And what are ye doing, my fine peacock?" said I.

"Sure I'm posting the bills of Misther Longbottom, the Friend of the People," said he.

"'Tis a grand occupation," said I. "Vote for Longbottom, the Friend of the People, and to hell with Lord Char-less," said I.

"To hell with Lord Char-less," says he.

"Come," says I, "let me show ye the way to paste bills, ye omadhaun."

"And what do ye know about pasting bills?"

"Haven't I been a billposter all me life, then?" says I. "Here, let me get at it, and I'll shew ye the right way to paste the bills of Longbottom, the Friend of the People."

He handed me his long hairy brush, and a pailful of a horrible stinking compound, and I pasted up a bill the way I was born to it.

"Sure," says he, "ye can paste bills with anny man that God ever put two legs under. 'Tis clear ye're a grand bill-poster," says he.

"Didn't I tell ye?" says I.

And with that I caught him a lick with the full brush across the face, so that the hairs flicked all round his head, and with a loud cry he turned and fled away. Armed with the pail and the brush, away I started after him, but my foot caught in the lap of the long coat I had on, and down I came, and knocked my nose on the ground, so that it bled all over me, and I had to go back to the inn. I took the rest of the placards, and the pail and the brush, and drove home, arriving very late. My brother Bill was in bed and sound asleep. Without waking him, I pasted the whole of his room with bills, "Vote for Long-

bottom, the Friend of the People." I pasted them on the walls, and on the door, and on his bed, and on his towels, and on his trousers, and on the floor. Then I went to bed.

In the morning he awakened me, wearing a pale and solemn countenance.

"Charlie," said he, "there's some bold men among the enemy."

"What do you mean?" said I.

"They are great boys," says he. "Why, one of them got into my room last night."

"Impossible," said I.

"Come and see," said he. "When I woke this morning I thought I had gone mad."

Upon the eve of the election, a man whom I knew to be a Fenian, came up to me and said, "I shall vote for ye, Lord Char-less. I don't agree with your politics, but I shall vote for ye."

"And why would you?" I said. "You that's a Fenian, you should be voting for Mr. Longbottom, the Friend of the People, like an honest man."

"Not at all," says he. "When ye go to the market to buy a horse, or a cow, or a pig, what is it ye look for in 'um? Blood," says he. "An' it's the same in an iliction. Ye are well-bred, annyway," says he, "but as for this Mr. Long-what's-'is-name, he's cross-bred."

When I was holding a meeting, one of the audience kept interrupting me; so I invited him to come up on the platform and have it out.

"Now what is it, ye old blackguard," I said. "Speak out."

"Lord Char-less," says he, "ye're no man."

"We'll see about that," says I. "Why do you say so?"

"Lord Char-less," he said solemnly, "I remimber the time one of your family stood for th' county of Waterford, I was up to the knees in blood and whisky for a month, and at this iliction, begob, devil a drop of eyther have I seen."

The old man referred to the election of 1826, in which

Lord George Beresford was beaten by Lord Stewart de Decies, an event which was partially instrumental in bringing about the emancipation of the Roman Catholics in 1829.

I have always preferred a hostile political meeting to a peaceable assembly; nor have I ever failed to hold a hostile audience except upon one occasion, during the York election. I had sent a speaker to occupy the attention of an audience, largely composed of my own countrymen, till I came, and by the time I arrived he had succeeded in irritating them beyond the power of pacification.

But one can hardly save oneself from one's friends. During the Waterford election I came one evening to Youghal and went to the hotel. I was peacefully smoking outside the inn, when a party of the boys came along, hooting me, and presently they began to throw stones. When I advanced upon them they ran away and were lost in the darkness. As I turned to go back to the hotel, a large missile caught me behind the ear, knocking me over.

Next morning I related the incident to one of my most enthusiastic supporters in the place.

"'Tis a disgrace," said I, "throwing stones in the dark. And as for that boy who made a good shot, if I could get hold of him I would scatter his features."

"Ye would not," said he.

"And why wouldn't I?" said I.

"Because," says he, "it was myself that threw that brick. An' didn't I get ye grand!" says he. "But ye're not hurted. Sure ye're not hurted, or I wudn't have told ye annything about it."

It wasn't disloyalty on his part. It was simply that he couldn't resist what he considered a joke.

The result of the polling was: Beresford, 1767; Esmonde, 1390; Longbottom, 446.

A salient characteristic of the Irish race is that they will not endure condescension towards them. They admire resolution and determination, and will submit to the sternest discipline if it is enforced upon them by a man who under-

stands them and whom they respect. Conversely, they will yield nothing to weakness, and will return any assumption of superiority with hatred and contempt. Hence it is that the English have so often failed in their dealings with the Irish. In spite of the violence the Irish often exhibit in politics, their pride of race and pride in one another remain their notable characteristics.

I recently overheard a remark which illustrates the Irish master sentiment. During the debates upon the Home Rule Bill which took place in the House of Commons in 1912, one of his Majesty's Ministers, having made a long and an eloquent speech in support of that measure, punctuated by enthusiastic cheers by the Nationalist members, had it knocked to smithereens by Sir Edward Carson. Afterwards, I heard one Nationalist member say to another, "Wasn't that grand, now, to see the Irishman knocking spots out of the Saxon!" Yet it was the Saxon who was fighting for the Nationalist cause, which the Irishman, Sir Edward Carson, was strenuously opposing.

CHAPTER XVI

MEMBER FOR WATERFORD, AND COMMANDER, ROYAL NAVY

I SHALL never forget my first impressions, when, in 1874, I entered Parliament. There was a discussion upon a matter of Local Government. I listened to the speeches made on both sides of the House, each speaker taking a different point of view, and I became more and more doubtful concerning the solution of the problem in hand. At last a Radical member, whose name I forget, drew all the yarns into one rope, making what appeared to me to be a clear, concise and reasonable proposal.

Sitting among my friends, several of whom had been at school with me, I said:

"That is the only man who has solved the difficulty, and if he divides I shall vote with him."

My innocent remark was received with a volley of expostulations. I was told that I had only just joined political life, and that I did not understand it; that the Radical speaker's plan was excellent, but that the other side could not be allowed to take the credit of producing a good scheme, because it would do our side harm in the country; that the scheme would be thrown out for the time, in order that our side might be able later on to bring in the same scheme and reap the credit of it, and so forth.

"Well," I said, "if this kind of tactics is required in politics, it is no place for me. I had better go back to sea."

Whereupon I was told that I should shake down to political methods when I had been a year or two in the

House. But I have spent years in politics and I have never shaken down to political methods. A thing is either right or wrong. I have never scrupled to vote against my own party when I thought they were in the wrong.

Upon one occasion, someone told Disraeli that I was intending to vote against the party. He put his arm on my shoulder, and said in his orotund, deliberate enunciation:

"My boy, don't you know that it's your first duty to vote with your party? If everyone voted according to his convictions, there would be no party system. And without a party system the Government could not be carried on, as you will discover in time."

I have also discovered that when politicians think only of issues as affecting themselves and not as affecting the State, party politics fall to a very low level, and those who believe in great national and Imperial ideas are regarded as freaks and faddists.

Disraeli was very friendly both to my brother Waterford and myself. Upon the first occasion of a division in which I took part, he walked through the lobby with his arm on my shoulder, rather to the surprise of the old members.

"Who the devil is that young man to whom Dizzy is talking?" I heard them murmur.

I sat immediately behind Disraeli; and one night, Lord Barrington, a great friend of his, hurried into the House, and squeezing himself in between me and the next man, leaned over and said to Disraeli in a whisper:

"Poor Whyte-Melville has been killed!"

Disraeli turned slowly round, fitting his glass into his eye.

"Dear, dear," said he deliberately; "and pray, how did *that* happen?"

"Killed in the hunting-field!"

"How very dramatic!" said Disraeli solemnly.

We stayed at Sandringham, and went for long walks together, during which Disraeli talked and laughed with the greatest enjoyment. But I remember how, in the pauses of

the conversation, he would stand still, and, glass in eye, dreamily surveying the landscape, would make some such observation as "The air is balmy . . . and serene!" or "The foliage is stunted . . . but productive!" with the most weighty and measured emphasis, as though these were prophetic utterances. I was quite bewildered; for I did not then know whether he were serious, or were indulging a recondite wit. He was a visionary, dwelling much in a world of his own; and I know now that he was perfectly natural and serious on these occasions.

He and his wife were devotedly attached to each other. Having taken Lady Beaconsfield in to dinner one evening, I noticed some red marks upon her arm and her napkin. She was wearing red roses, and at first I thought some petals had fallen from them. Then I saw that she was wearing a bandage on her arm, and that blood was oozing from under it. I told her that her arm was bleeding.

"Please don't say a word, Lord Charles," she said hastily, "it would distress Dizzy so much." And she furtively twisted her napkin about her arm. Lord Beaconsfield, who was sitting opposite to us, stuck his glass in his eye and stared across the table—I was afraid for a moment that he had overheard what his wife had said. Poor lady, she died shortly afterwards.

When I entered Parliament in 1874 it was still the day of the great orators: of Disraeli, Gladstone, Bright, David Plunkett, O'Connor Power; whose like, perhaps, we shall not see again. There was a tradition of eloquence in the House of Commons of that time; members declined to listen to a bore; and debate was conducted almost entirely by the two Front Benches. It was in my first Parliament that Disraeli touched the zenith of his extraordinary and splendid career; during which he formulated the principles of a national policy, a part of which himself carried into execution, but whose complete fulfilment remains to be achieved. Disraeli established a tradition; and like all those who have a great ideal—whether right or wrong is

not here the question—he still lives in the minds of men, and his name still carries inspiration. His great rival, who wore him down at last, bequeathed no such national inheritance.

It was in this my first Parliament that Mr. Parnell emerged as the leader of the Irish party. He was a cold, unapproachable person; he kept his party under the most rigid control, with a tight hold upon the purse. He had great ability. I have often seen him stalk into the House in the middle of a debate, receive a sheaf of notes from his secretary, Mr. O'Brien, with whom he would hold a whispered consultation, then rise and deliver a masterly speech. He sat with me on the committee of the Army Discipline Bill; speaking seldom, but always to the point.

Lord Randolph Churchill entered Parliament at the same time as myself; and he was always a great personal friend of mine.

Although we were opposed in politics, the other four Waterford members were on excellent terms with the only anti-Home Ruler in the five. There were Dick Power, F. H. O'Donnell, J. Delahunty, and Purcell O'Gorman, who weighed twenty-eight stone or so; and they all came to my wedding. Another Waterford man was Mr. Sexton. As a boy, he manifested so brilliant a talent for oratory, that he was sent into Parliament, where, as everyone knows, he speedily made his mark. I remember, too, The O'Gorman Mahon, who, if I am not mistaken, fought the last formal duel in this country.

When I entered Parliament the automobile torpedo was a comparatively recent invention. Mr Whitehead had begun his experiments in 1864; after four years' work and at the cost of £40,000, he produced the formidable engine of war known as the Whitehead torpedo, the type from which all subsequent improvements have been evolved. I have heard it stated that the British Government could have bought the invention right out for £60,000. Whitehead invented the device of using hydrostatic pressure to regulate the depth of the immersion of the torpedo, and employed compressed air

as its motive power. The new weapon was adopted by the British Navy and by other naval powers. In the year 1876 the type in use was the 14-in., length 14 ft. 6 in., weight 525 lbs.

In my view, the capabilities of the new weapon had not been fully appreciated; that opinion may or may not have been justified; but I considered it to be my duty publicly to insist upon the importance of the torpedo in naval warfare. I spoke on the subject both inside the House of Commons and on the platform, and was so fortunate as to win the approval of *The Times*.

The Admiralty, however, were deeply affronted. The First Lord, Mr. George Ward Hunt, informed me that the Board took great exception to my speaking in the House upon naval subjects, and desired me to understand that I must choose between the career of a sailor and that of a politician. My reply was that I considered the request to be a breach of privilege. Mr. Ward Hunt admitted the point; but argued that the employment in the House of Commons of my knowledge of the Service was prejudicial to discipline. He was of course right in so far as the conditions did undoubtedly afford opportunities for prejudicing discipline; but as there was no regulation forbidding a naval officer to sit in Parliament, a dual position which had been frequently held by members of the Board of Admiralty, the responsibility rested upon the individual.

However, it was not a case for argument; and I appealed directly to Mr. Disraeli, telling him that I regarded the request of the Admiralty as a breach of privilege; that I had no intention of relinquishing my naval career; and that I had entered Parliament solely in the interests of the Service. Disraeli listened with his customary sardonic gravity.

"What," he asked, "do you intend to do?"

I said that if the matter were pressed to a conclusion, I should resign my seat, in which event Waterford would very probably be captured by a hot Home Ruler.

"My dear boy," said Disraeli, in his deliberate way, "I

am quite sure that you will do nothing heroic. I," he added, —"I will see the Secretariat."

And that was the last I heard of the affair.

Among other Service matters in which I did what I could in the House of Commons to obtain reforms, were the training of the personnel, the more rapid promotion of officers, promotion from the lower deck to officers' rank, and the necessity for building fast cruisers to protect the trade routes. I advocated more time being spent by the men upon gunnery training, and less upon polishing bright-work; and brought forward a motion to stop the men of the Fleet "doing 'orses" (as they called hauling carts laden with stores about the dockyard), instead of being trained in their proper work. These subjects no longer possess any interest save in so far as the circumstances resemble those of the present day. But I find recurring to-day many of the difficulties of thirty or forty years ago.

At that time the Admiralty had abolished the short service system under which highly efficient seamen were recruited direct from the mercantile marine, and the Board had become responsible for the whole supply and training of men for the Fleet. But the Admiralty had neglected to constitute an efficient system of training. A very large proportion of men were employed at sea upon duties which precluded them from receiving war training of any kind; another large contingent was kept idle in hulks and receiving ships while waiting to be drafted into sea-going vessels. The suggestion was that barracks should be erected for their accommodation and provided with attached vessels; and that a complete system of training should be organised; so that every man upon going to sea in a ship of war should be acquainted with his duties. Commander Noel (now Admiral of the Fleet Sir Gerard H. U. Noel, K.C.B., K.C.M.G.) kindly sent to me a most valuable memorandum upon the subject, in which he presented an admirable scheme of organisation, the principles of which were afterwards carried into execution. Of late years those principles have been

infringed; but the exigencies of the Service will compel the authorities to return to the essential conditions laid down by Sir Gerard Noel, whose authority is entitled to the greatest respect. I also received a sagacious letter on the same subject from Commodore John Wilson, under whom I afterwards served as commander in the *Thunderer*, indicating the necessity of framing a scheme of organisation to come into force as soon as the barracks were completed.

With regard to the promotion of officers and men, the state of things nearly forty years ago finds a parallel to-day. Then, as now, a very large proportion of officers, from the rank of commander downwards, cannot hope to be promoted. It was then suggested that the retiring allowance should be increased. It is true that in 1873 Mr. Goschen, by granting an increased retiring allowance for a limited period, had done his best to effect a temporary relief. But the permanent reform, which is more necessary now than ever before, still awaits achievement. In the meantime the discontent to which I drew attention in 1875, is by no means less detrimental than it was. The whole difficulty, as usual, is financial. Government after Government, of what political complexion soever, refuse to pay the Services properly. The condition of affairs is a national disgrace.

At that time, too, the Fleet was highly deficient in cruisers; and, in consequence, the sea-borne trade of the country was exposed to great danger in the event of war, as I explained to the House of Commons. In later years the requisite ships were provided; only, in a moment of retrograde impulse, to be abolished. After a period of insecurity and uneasiness, the cruiser force is once more being slowly increased.

In later years my political opponents found great solace at elections in saying that I had objected to the abolition of flogging in the Navy. The question arose in my first Parliament. What I actually did—as a reference to Hansard will confirm—was to point out that in many cases they were the best men, the men who had the pluck to get

into a row. High-tempered, full of exuberance, they were flogged for offences against discipline, and whereas a flogging was soon over and done with, the alternative proposed would break a man's heart in prison and deprive the Navy of valuable services. Which, then, was the more humane course? To-day, the circumstances and conditions have changed. Discipline is better, and flogging, thank goodness, is abolished.

But when the matter was under discussion, a certain ex-naval officer assembled a public meeting, at which he attacked me with great vehemence and impassioned eloquence. He was interrupted by an old fellow at the back of the hall, who, refusing to be silenced, was asked to speak from the platform. He did. He gave the meeting a dose of lower-deck phraseology, hot and strong; and told the audience they were not to believe a word they had heard concerning myself; that he had been shipmates both with the speaker of the evening and with myself. He devoted some complimentary remarks to me, "but," says he, "as for the other, he flogged every man in the ship three or four times." Whereupon the audience rose in its wrath and drove my opponent from the platform.

Mr. Disraeli asked me to survey the three battleships building for Turkey and the one battleship building for Chile, and to give him my opinion as to whether or not they were worth buying. Disraeli said he preferred to ask me rather than the Admiralty, as I could, if necessary, speak on the matter in Parliament. "And," said Disraeli, in his pontifical way, "I like young brains." I advised the purchase of the ships; and purchased they were, being added to the British Navy under the names of *Superb*, *Belleisle*, *Orion* and *Neptune*.

In those days I owned a bull-dog of marked personality. He never fought unless he were attacked; but his favourite recreation was to rush at full speed, head down, at every dog bigger than himself. The instant he caught sight of a big dog, he shot away like a projectile discharged from a gun; nothing stopped or turned him; and the unsuspecting object

of the manifestation would go down like a ninepin. Then, unless he were detained by reprisals, Butcher would return to his master with the air of a dog who knew his duty and who had done it. At that time the streets of London were haunted by Italian image-venders, who carried the Twelve Apostles and other sacred statuettes neatly arranged upon a board, which the merchant balanced on his head. One of those pious venders was walking directly in the headlong path of Butcher, who flashed between his legs. Down came the Apostles, who were dashed to fragments, for which I had to pay about £12 to the pedlar of saints.

When my dog thought I wanted a hansom, he used to scramble into it, jump upon the seat, and sit there panting with his tongue hanging out. He performed this feat one day when an old gentleman, without noticing him, had hailed a hansom. The old gentleman, climbing slowly into the cab, suddenly saw the dog on the seat, and was so startled that he tumbled backwards and knocked his head on the pavement.

In 1876, having passed in torpedo work in the *Vernon*, I applied for the appointment of second in command in a big ship, holding then, as I hold now, that every officer who hopes to obtain flag rank should gain experience in detailed routine work and in handling and organising men, which can only be acquired as first lieutenant or commander. The second in command of a man-of-war gains invaluable experience. He must always look ahead in order to *prevent* things occurring which would cause confusion or discomfort. He has literally not one minute to himself in the day; thinking ahead, waylaying the wishes of his captain, and providing not only for what *will* occur but for what *may* occur, and being ready to encounter the constant unforeseen emergencies inseparable from life at sea in a man-of-war.

I was accordingly appointed to the *Thunderer* as commander. Her captain was John Crawford Wilson (afterwards Rear-Admiral). The Navy lost one of the best officers that ever sailed the seas when he died in 1885. He

was mentioned in the Admiral's dispatch for gallant conduct in the affair of the Peiho Forts in 1859, served on the Pacific Station, and was commodore of the Australian station. He was commander of the *Bombay* screw wooden first-rate, when she was burned off Montevideo on the 14th December, 1864, and when 97 officers and men perished. Many of those who were lost had climbed out on the bowsprit, and when they were forced overboard by the heat, the melting lead of the gammoning (the lead covering to the chain gammoning securing the bowsprit) dropped on them and killed them. It was largely due to the splendid discipline maintained by Wilson that the loss was not far greater. The men held their posts although the flames were licking up through the skids, so that the falls of the last boat, lowered from the yard-arm, were actually burned through. It should be added that in this disaster the Royal Marines enhanced their unrivalled reputation, 34 out of 97 lost belonging to the corps, the sentries dying at their posts.

The *Thunderer* was of 9190 (4407) tons, 6270 (800) h.p., and belonged to the Channel Squadron. She was an improved central battery twin-screw ironclad, designed, with the vessels of a similar type, *Devastation* and *Dreadnought*, by Mr. E. T. Reed, C.B. In these ships there was no propulsion by mast and sail power. They also embodied the idea of limiting the armament to heavy guns, the secondary armament of lighter guns being omitted. This arrangement, after having been wisely abandoned for many years, was repeated in the *Dreadnought* of the year 1906, only to be once more recognised as a mistake. One of many reasons why a secondary armament was essential, particularly with muzzle-loading guns, was that, lacking it, the men might have been exposed to the enemy's fire for some time before they could reply, a most demoralising position. These considerations were constantly represented by Captain Wilson to the Admiralty. While the science of gunnery progressed, the element of time has remained a

factor in the problem, though under different circumstances. The *Thunderer* carried two pairs of muzzle-loading guns in two turrets; the foremost pair being 38-ton guns, hydraulic loading, the after pair 35-ton guns, hand-loading. She was belted with 14-inch armour along the water line; and the armour projecting squarely from the hull, its edge struck the water so hard when the ship rolled, that she was shaken throughout her structure. To remedy this defect, wedge-shaped pieces were fitted along the lower edge of the armour.

Before I joined the ship she had burst a boiler, the escaping steam causing great loss of life. Captain Wilson, who was in the engine-room at the time, was saved by his stature; although he was scalded, his face was above the level of the steam, being between the deck-beams where there was an air cushion.

That the boiler exploded was due to the remarkable coincidence of two factors. The box safety-valve jammed, owing to the two different metals of which it was constructed expanding in different degrees. And the pressure-gauge tell-tale, which was fitted in a cogged circle, had the needle forced right round the circle twice or more, so that it showed a normal pressure. The actual pressure must have been terrific.

And after I left the ship one of her guns burst. This accident contributed another instance in favour of breech-loading as opposed to muzzle-loading guns.

The accident occurred during practice at quarters in the Gulf of Ismid, on 2nd January, 1879, in the fore-turret. Captain Alfred John Chatfield had succeeded Captain Wilson in command. Two officers and nine men were killed, and thirty-five persons injured. The muzzle was blown off from about two feet in front of the trunnions. There was much discussion then and subsequently concerning the cause of the accident. The probability is that the bursting of the gun was due to its having been double-loaded, after a previous miss-fire, which, in the simultaneous discharge of the rest of the guns, had not been noticed. The committee

which reported on the matter on 1st March, 1879, adopted this hypothesis, in preference to the theory that there had been a flaw in the material.

Captain Edward Seymour (afterwards Admiral of the Fleet the Right Hon. Sir E. H. Seymour), who was then in command of the troopship *Orontes*, in his book, *My Naval Career and Travels*, thus refers to the incident:—

"From Malta I brought home the main part of the ship's company of H.M.S. *Thunderer*, on board which ship the terrible explosion of the 38-ton muzzle-loading gun had lately occurred in her foremost turret. Both turret guns were being fired simultaneously, but evidently one did not go off. It may seem hard to believe such a thing could happen and not be noticed, but from my own experience I understand it. The men in the turret often stopped their ears, and perhaps shut their eyes, at the moment of firing, and then instantly worked the run-in levers, and did not notice how much the guns had recoiled. This no doubt occurred. Both guns were then at once reloaded, and the rammer's indicator, working by machinery, set fast and failed to show how far home the new charge had gone. This, too, may seem unlikely, but no doubt it happened; and the gun on being then fired burst, killing two officers and several men, and wrecking the turret. Experiments made with a similar gun double-loaded, burst it in exactly the same way."

I agree. I have frequently been in the turret during practice, and I have myself fired several rounds and I can testify that the concussion was so tremendous that it was impossible to hear whether one gun was fired or both guns were fired. Without insisting upon details, it was also the fact that the men in the turret could not tell by the position of the hydraulic rammer whether or not the gun had already been charged, as the rammer was three-jointed and telescopic: the indicator which was designed to show the position of the rammer was totally unreliable; while the actual loading of the gun was done upon the battery deck below the turret.

Hence the loading crew must also have been unaware that there had been a misfire. The system in use in the *Thunderer* was experimental, and after the accident its defects were remedied. I then wrote to *The Times* explaining what the system had been and how it had been improved, in order both to remove any misapprehension there might have been with regard to the efficiency of the officers and men who perished in the disaster, and with regard to the future safety of guns' crews. I was reprimanded by the Admiralty for having published the letter while on full pay in the command of the *Osborne*; but the reprimand was (like the Bishop's apron) a mere form, for I also received a private letter of thanks.

After the bursting of the boiler, but before the gun accident, the Prince of Wales at my suggestion very kindly came on board, in order that the men's belief that the *Thunderer* was an unlucky ship should be removed. The Prince fired the fore turret guns at a target from the captain of the guns' firing position, and made a rattling good shot.

The *Thunderer* was employed in experimental work, such as measuring her turning-circle (the diameter of which is the smallest distance the ship can set between the point at which she begins to describe a semi-circle and the point at which she ends it), and noting her behaviour under various circumstances and stresses of weather. I gained much valuable experience in her, and I shall always remember Captain Wilson as one of those officers from whose skill and experience I learned the most.

While I was in the *Thunderer* (1876–7) I made one of the first working models of the telephone used in this country, and had the honour of presenting it to H.R.H. the Princess of Wales. The invention was first exhibited before the British Association by Mr. W. H. Preece on 23rd August, 1877; and it was shown to Queen Victoria at Osborne on 15th January, 1878. The Telephone Company was established during the same year.

The *Thunderer* was sent to blow up a vessel which had

LADY CHARLES BERESFORD

capsized and which was floating in the Channel, a danger to mariners. Explosives attached to her side tore pieces out of her, but the wreck continued to float. In these cases it is necessary to disintegrate the vessel, whether sunk or floating, into fragments. I suggested that the hull should be girdled with an iron hoop to which explosives were attached at intervals, and the device was successful. The explosion cut her into holes like the perforations of a sheet of postage stamps and she broke up.

The *Thunderer* was lying off Queenstown, and I was watching a cutter which was running out of the harbour. On the deck was a group of Irish farmers. The cutter suddenly gybed, the boom knocking down the farmers. Getting up, they instantly fell upon one another with sticks; and they were hard at it when over came the boom again, and again felled them all to the deck. It could be they had had a drop of liquor taken, which confused their intellects.

In the year 1878 I married Miss Jeromina Gardner, daughter of the late Richard Gardner, M.P. for Leicester, and of Lucy Countess Mandelsloh, whose father, Count Mandelsloh, was for some years Minister in London, representing Würtemberg.

Shortly afterwards I was appointed to command the royal yacht *Osborne*. The *Osborne* was used by the Prince of Wales (afterwards King Edward VII). In those days she was not kept in commission for more than a few months in each year.

Several cruises were made to Denmark, and there were many shooting expeditions. On one such occasion I was the only person present who was not either a king actual or a king prospective. There were the King of Denmark, the King of Norway and Sweden, and the King of Greece, the Prince of Wales, the Cesarewitch, the Crown Princes of Denmark, of Norway and Sweden, and of Greece. We shot foxes, hares, deer, and anything that came along; and I was laughed at when my instincts forbade me to shoot a fox.

Upon a return voyage, when all the Royal children were on board, a gale sprang up just off the Skaw. The starboard paddle-wheel was smashed upon some wreckage; and the next thing I saw was a small craft being driven on a lee shore. The *Osborne* dropped anchor, in order both that the paddle-wheel should be repaired and that the crew of the driving vessel might be assisted. The only way to rescue them was to veer a boat astern with a hawser. Just as the arrangement was ready, to my delight I perceived the crew—there were four—embarking in their own boats. They reached the shore in safety, but their ship was wrecked.

It was then the system in the royal yachts to retain the officers in her for long periods. One officer had been in the *Osborne* for fourteen years. I ventured to suggest to the Prince of Wales that under these conditions his acquaintance with the officers of the Fleet was necessarily limited, and that by means of restricting the time of service in the *Osborne* to two years, he might become acquainted with a succession of officers. With his habitual courtesy and address, the Prince adopted the suggestion.

Queen Victoria was, however, a little perturbed by the change. Her Majesty said to me that she hoped I should not endeavour to change the officers in the royal yacht.

"No, ma'am," I replied. "I have no such power. I only made a suggestion to the Prince."

"You may be right," said the Queen, "but I am an old woman now, and I like to see faces I know about me, and not have to begin again with new faces."

We had some excellent boat-racing in the *Osborne*. One famous race was rowed at Cowes between the officers of the royal yachts *Victoria and Albert* and *Osborne*, in six-oared galleys. Her Majesty Queen Victoria came down to the jetty to witness the contest. The stroke of the *Victoria and Albert* was my old comrade in the *Marlborough* and *Bellerophon*, Swinton Holland. I was stroke of the *Osborne's* crew. At first the *Osborne* drew ahead—rather, I think, to

the Queen's dismay—but eventually the *Victoria and Albert* won the race, to the delight of Her Majesty.

Another great race was rowed between the *Osborne* six-oared galley and the Dockyard boat. It took place off Southsea, the whole of the foreshore being lined with people. The *Osborne* won. Her boat was manned by Irish blue-jackets whom I had trained myself.

While I was commanding the *Osborne* one of the crew met with a singular accident. We were shooting the seine off Calshot, and, as it fouled, I sent a man down to clear it. When he came up, he said that he had been stabbed through the hand "by some beast." I examined the wound and found that his hand had been pierced right through, and I thought that he must have come upon a nail or a splinter in a piece of wreckage. But when we hauled up the seine, there was a huge sting-ray. I cut out the sting and gave it to the Princess. There is no doubt that the fish had transfixed the man's hand. The sailor is still alive, and is well known in Portsmouth for his political enthusiasms. It was in the same haul that we caught a red mullet weighing about six pounds, the biggest I have ever seen.

I ought here to record the very great interest taken by the Royal Family in all matters connected with the Navy. While I was in command of the *Osborne*, the Prince of Wales graciously consented to attend one of the gatherings of members of Parliament who came at my invitation to see something of the Navy. On this occasion they visited Portsmouth Dockyard, where they were shown everything of interest.

One of the experiments performed for the entertainment and the instruction of the party was firing at a floating cask with bombs thrown by hand, a method of warfare since discontinued owing to the danger it involves to the person bombarding. When the cask exploded, a stave flew between the Prince and the general commanding at Portsmouth, Sir Hastings Doyle. Had it struck either of them he must have been killed.

The general's brother, Percy Doyle, a dear old gentleman well known in society, had very bad sight. I once saw him trying to eat a red mullet done up in paper. After a good deal of harpooning, he got it out, but put the paper in his mouth. We always told him he had swallowed the births, deaths, and marriages column of *The Times*.

On Sunday the 24th of March, 1878 (the date of my engagement to Miss Gardner), the *Eurydice*, training frigate, capsized off the Isle of Wight in a sudden squall and sank. The total loss of life was about 300, only two being saved. She was on her way home from the West Indies. Coming under the Isle of Wight, she hauled her wind for Spithead, thus closing the land, so that it was impossible for the watch to see a squall coming up from windward. The captain, the Hon. Marcus A. S. Hare, was anxious to reach the harbour as soon as possible in order to give the men Sunday leisure. It was about four o'clock in the afternoon when a sudden squall struck the ship, and she heeled over; the lee main-deck ports being open, according to custom, she took in a good deal of water, depressing her bows; so that instead of capsizing, she simply sailed straight to the bottom, her fore-foot being broken off with the force of the impact, and her topgallant masts remaining above the surface. There was no time to shorten sail. When she was raised it was found that only one rope, the mainroyal sheet, had carried away.

Rear-Admiral Foley, admiral-superintendent of Portsmouth Dockyard, kindly invited me to be his guest to take part in the salvage operations arranged for the raising of the *Eurydice*. That occasion was, I think, the first upon which the newly invented wire hawsers were actually tested in practical work. When they were introduced it was thought that they would not be flexible enough for their purpose. They were, however, used with great success in raising the *Eurydice*. The hawsers were passed under the hull of the sunken ship and secured to lighters moored on either side of her. As the tide went down, the hawsers were hove taut, and water was

let into the lighters so that they should be brought as low in the water as possible. The water was then pumped out of the lighters, thus putting the utmost strain upon the hawsers. Then, as the rising of the tide exerted a powerful lift upon lighters and hawsers, the lighters were towed towards the shore, in order to drag the wreck upon the beach. As soon as she grounded, the hawsers were fleeted and the whole process gone through again until at low tide she was nearly high and dry.

My old ship, the *Thunderer*, which took a hawser to her after capstan to tow the *Eurydice*, had the solid iron spindle of the capstan pulled right out of her, as a long nail is bent and dragged out of a piece of timber. I well remember the intense excitement when the wreck first shifted from her bed. Eventually we hauled her up the beach. I was just then taking a bearing for Admiral Foley, and could not have given a better holloa if I had viewed a fox.

Before the water was pumped out of her, and as she lay on her side on the beach, I climbed in at a porthole, and sat there waiting till I could enter. As the water fell, I saw emerge the sentry's clock on the main-deck. The hands had stopped at 4.5. The bodies lay in heaps, tangled amid ropes; some had lost a head and some a limb. Black mud had filtered in everywhere, even (as Sir Edward Seymour remarks) into the closed drawers of the chests in the cabins.

When, as a cadet, I was learning to heave the lead from the chains of the *Eurydice*, which, as I have already related, was then moored off Haslar Creek in Portsmouth Harbour, I little thought I should one day help to raise her from the bottom of the sea.

Dr. Boyd Carpenter (late Bishop of Ripon), in his charming volume of recollections, *Some Pages of my Life*, narrates a remarkable story concerning the *Eurydice*, as it was told to him. Sir John MacNeill was the Bishop's cousin, and, like other members of his family, had the gift of second sight.

"Sir John MacNeill," writes the Bishop, "was looking out of the window in Sir John Cowell's room at Windsor, when suddenly he exclaimed: 'Good Heavens! Why don't they close the portholes and reef the topsails!' Sir John Cowell looked up and asked him what he meant. He said, in reply, that he hardly knew; but that he had seen a ship coming up Channel in full sail, with open portholes, while a heavy squall was descending upon her. At the very time this conversation was taking place the fatal storm fell upon the *Eurydice*, and she foundered as she was coming in sight of home."

In 1880, while I was still in command of the *Osborne*, I lost my seat at Waterford. In the following year, desiring to hold another independent command before my promotion to captain, I applied to go to sea again, and was appointed to command H.M.S. *Condor*.

CHAPTER XVII

WITH THE PRINCE IN INDIA

IN September, 1875, I was appointed A.D.C. to the Prince of Wales (our late King) to accompany his Royal Highness upon his visit to India. The complete list of the suite was as follows: The Duke of Sutherland, K.G.; Sir Bartle Frere; Lord Suffield, Head of the Prince's Household; Major-General Lord Alfred Paget, Clerk-Marshal to H.M. the Queen; Lord Aylesford; Major-General Probyn, V.C., Equerry to the Prince, in charge of the transport and sporting arrangements; Colonel Arthur Ellis, Grenadier Guards, Equerry to the Prince; Mr. Francis Knollys (afterwards Lord Knollys), the Prince's private secretary; Surgeon-General Fayrer, Physician to the Prince; Captain H. Carr Glyn, Royal Navy, A.D.C. to H.M. the Queen, commanding H.M.S. *Serapis*; Colonel Owen Williams; Lieutenant Lord Charles Beresford, Royal Navy, A.D.C. to the Prince; Lord Carington, A.D.C. to the Prince; the Rev. Canon Duckworth, Chaplain; Lieutenant (afterwards Colonel) Augustus FitzGeorge, Rifle Brigade, extra A.D.C. to the Prince; Commander Durrant, Royal Navy, commanding royal yacht *Osborne*; Dr. W. H. Russell, hon. private secretary to the Prince, chronicler of the voyage; Mr. Albert Grey (afterwards Lord Grey), private secretary to Sir Bartle Frere; Mr. Sydney Hall, artist.

The Indian officers, who joined the suite at Bombay, and whose energy and ability were beyond all praise, were Major-General Sam Browne, V.C., in charge of transport; Major Williams, in charge of horses and grooms; Major

Bradford, head of the police and responsible for the safety of the person of the Prince; Major Sartorius, V.C., in charge of tents and servants; and Major Henderson, linguist.

The first announcement of the intention of the Prince to visit the Indian Empire was made by Lord Salisbury to the Council of India on 16th March, 1875. The matter was subsequently discussed at length both in Parliament and in the Press. The condition of affairs in India, where the mass of the ruling princes and chieftains had still to realise that the rule of the Honourable East India Company had given place to a greater governance, rendered the visit of the future Sovereign of paramount importance; and the Prince's sagacity was seldom more admirably exemplified than in his determination to visit India as the Heir-Apparent of the Crown. That the scheme was entirely and supremely successful in achieving the object for which it was designed, was due to the Prince's zeal, ability, tact and indomitable vigour. He gave his whole mind to the enterprise; thought of everything in advance; and set aside his personal comfort and convenience from first to last. Only one regret was present in the minds of all: the regret for the unavoidable absence of the Princess.

The whole history of the episode has been so excellently well told by the late Dr. William Howard Russell, the famous war correspondent, who was a member of the suite, in his *The Prince of Wales's Tour* (London, 1877; Sampson Low) that any detailed account of it on my part would be superfluous.

The Prince left England on 11th October, 1875, and embarked in H.M.S. *Serapis* at Brindisi on the 16th. In the Suez Canal we heard of the purchase of Suez Canal shares by the British Government. The *Serapis* arrived at Bombay on 8th November.

Thenceforward the Prince's tour was an unresting progress of Durbars, receptions, dinners, visits, processions, ceremonies, speeches, addresses, fireworks, entertainments, investitures, reviews, varied only by intervals of sport. From Bombay,

the Prince went to Goa, and thence to Ceylon, visiting Colombo, Kandy, where he viewed the sacred tooth of Gotama Buddha, and Ruanwalla, where there was an elephant hunt. Then he went to Tuticorin, Madura, Trichinopoly, Madras, Calcutta, Bankipoor, Benares, Lucknow, Cawnpore, Delhi, Lahore, Cashmir, Umritsar, Agra, Gwalior, and Jeypoor. From Jeypoor he went into camp in the Terai and enjoyed excellent sport. Then, in Nepal, under the auspices of Sir Jung Bahadur, there was the great elephant hunt. From Nepal the Prince went to Allahabad, then to Bombay, whence he sailed on 11th March, 1876, having been in India seventeen weeks exactly. "The Prince," wrote Dr. Russell on that date, "has travelled nearly 7600 miles by land and 2300 by sea, knows more Chiefs than all the Viceroys and Governors together, and seen more of the country in the time than any other living man."

On the outward voyage his Royal Highness visited the King of Greece. When the King and Queen were leaving the *Serapis* after dining on board, we showed them compliment and honour by setting them alight. The blue lights burning at the main-yard being exactly above the boat in which their Majesties were going ashore, dropped flakes of fire upon them. The Prince also visited the Khedive. On the return voyage, the Prince met at Suez Lord Lytton, who was on his way to India to succeed Lord Northbrook as Viceroy; was again entertained by the Khedive; visited Malta; called at Gibraltar; and visited the King of Spain and the King of Portugal. The *Serapis* was accompanied by the royal yacht *Osborne*, Commander Durrant, and H.M.S. *Raleigh*, Captain Tryon. The Prince landed in England on 11th May, 1876.

It is worth noting that Lord Lytton went out in the *Orontes*, one of the Imperial Service troopships, as they were called. The troopship service was then at times conducted by the Royal Navy, a practice since discontinued. The *Orontes* was commanded by Captain E. H. Seymour (afterwards Admiral of the Fleet the Right Hon. Sir Edward

Seymour, G.C.B., O.M., G.C.V.O., LL.D.) In his very interesting book, *My Naval Career and Travels*, Sir Edward Seymour writes: "At Suez, by arrangement, we met H.R.H. the Prince of Wales (our late King) on his way home in the *Serapis*. At Aden Lord Lytton landed in state, it being the first point reached of his new dominions." The point illustrates the working in detail of the great scheme of Imperial organisation which was conceived by the master-mind of Disraeli, and which he continued to carry into execution so long as he was in power.

Upon landing at Bombay, I rode up to Government House with my brother, Lord William, precisely as I had ridden up with another brother, Lord Marcus, exactly six years previously, on the same day of the year. Lord William was then extra A.D.C. to the Viceroy, Lord Northbrook, having been appointed to that post as a subaltern in the 9th Lancers. He was subsequently appointed A.D.C. to Lord Lytton, in which capacity he attended the Viceroy at the Durbar at which Queen Victoria was proclaimed Empress of India. He was afterwards military secretary to three successive viceroys, Lords Ripon, Dufferin and Lansdowne; altogether he served on the personal staff of five viceroys. From 1877 to 1879, while nominally in attendance upon the Viceroy, Lord William fought in the Jowaki expedition of 1877–78, the Afghan war, during which he was present at the capture of Ali Musjid, and the Zulu war of 1879. "In the latter," wrote a military correspondent of *The Times* (31st December, 1900), "he served as a staff officer during the reconnaissance across the White Umvolusi River and at the battle of Ulundi. It was in Zululand, in July, 1879, that Beresford won the V.C. for halting, when closely pursued by the enemy, to take a wounded non-commissioned officer on his horse. When the soldier at first declined to risk the officer's life by giving the latter's horse a double burden, Beresford is understood to have hotly declared that unless the man immediately got up on the saddle he would himself dismount and 'punch his head.'"

For his services in the Burmese expedition of 1886, he received a brevet-colonelcy; and in 1891 he was promoted full colonel; in 1894 he received the K.C.S.I.; and thereafter remained on the active list of the Army, but unemployed. Of his exploits on the turf it is not here the place to speak; but I may be pardoned if I have placed on record in this place some account of Lord William's Indian service, which extended over nearly twenty years. Few men have earned so universal an affection as that which Lord William inspired, alike in European and native. His ability in matters of administration was remarkable, and he acquired an extraordinary influence over the natives of India. The correspondent of *The Times*, already quoted, observes that Lord William might have had a distinguished career in any profession; that he might have been a great soldier, a great diplomat, a great political officer, had not his passion for the turf diverted a part of his energies. It may be so; but perhaps one may be allowed to say that one liked him for what he was and not for what he might have been; and also that he did not do so badly. The warmest affection existed between my brother and myself; and his death, which occurred in 1900, was a great grief to me. But that was in the far future when I landed from the *Serapis* and we rode up to Government House together.

Of the other members of the Prince's suite I retain the most pleasant recollections. Among them I especially recall Major-General Probyn (afterwards General the Right Hon. Sir Dighton Macnaghten Probyn, V.C., etc. etc.); Major-General Sam Browne, V.C. (afterwards General Sir Samuel James Browne, V.C., K.C.S.I., etc.); Major Bradford (afterwards Sir Edward Ridley Colborne Bradford, Bart., K.C.S.I., G.C.V.O.); Surgeon-General Fayrer (afterwards Sir Joseph Fayrer, Bart.); and Dr. Russell (afterwards Sir William Howard Russell, C.V.O., LL.D.).

Major-General Probyn, of magnificent presence, black-bearded, hawk-eyed, a hero of the Mutiny, was universally respected and beloved by the native population, over

whom he owned a great influence. He was one of the finest soldiers and most delightful companions it has been my fortune to know. In 1876, he already had twenty-five years' service, including the Trans-Indus frontier affair of 1852–57, the Mutiny (in which his name was a terror), in China in 1860, in the Umbeyla campaign of 1863. He was Colonel of Probyn's Horse, 11th King Edward's Own Lancers; afterwards Keeper of the Privy Purse, Comptroller and Treasurer of the Household of the present King when he was Prince of Wales; and since 1901, extra Equerry to the King.

Probyn and I assisted at a surgical operation. A mahout had his hand smashed; and we held him while the surgeon amputated his finger and thumb.

Major-General Sam Browne, V.C., had served in the second Sikh war with distinction, and during the Mutiny led the surprise attack upon the rebels at Sirpura, at dawn upon 31st August, 1858. Almost single-handed, he charged the guns, receiving the wound resulting in the loss of his arm. For this service, he was awarded the V.C. During the Prince's tour he represented the Indian Army; nor could a finer or more efficient representative have been selected.

Major Bradford had performed gallant and distinguished service in the Mutiny. He had lost an arm, under circumstances which may be worth repetition. Together with a brother officer, Captain Curtis, and a trooper, Bradford was tiger-shooting. Seated in a *mechan* (tree-shelter), he wounded a tiger, breaking its back; his second barrel missed fire; and Bradford fell from the *mechan* on the top of the tiger, which seized him. Bradford thrust his fist down the beast's throat; and while Curtis was trying to get another shot, the tiger mangled Bradford's arm up to the shoulder. Curtis eventually killed the animal. The party had a long and painful distance to traverse before they reached help. Bradford's arm was amputated without chloroform. In 1890, Bradford was appointed commissioner of police in the Metropolis, at a time when there was a good deal of dis-

content in the Force, and speedily proved the worth of his unrivalled experience and ability.

Surgeon-General Fayrer, I remember, had a remarkable way with snakes. He kept a selection of the most deadly reptiles in a wheelbarrow, nestled in straw. With his naked hands he would uncover them, and, deftly catching them by the neck, force them to exhibit their fangs.

Someone composed a set of irreverent verses dedicated to the surgeon-general:

"Little Joe Fayrer
Sent for his bearer
And asked for his Christmas pie.
He put in his thumb,
And pulled out a plum,
And found it a K.C.S.I."

Dr. W. H. Russell, the famous war correspondent, who in his letters to *The Times* during the Crimean war did so much good service, was a most delightful companion. He is remembered by all who knew him, both for his talents and for his sympathetic and affectionate disposition and his unfailing sense of humour. He was one of my greatest friends. During the voyage, he occupied the cabin next to mine.

The Prince having requested him to provide himself with a uniform, Dr. Russell designed a kind of Ambassadorial dress of great splendour, with so generous a gold stripe to his kersey breeches, that we told him he had gold trousers with a white stripe inside. These effulgent garments unfortunately carried away when the doctor was climbing upon an elephant, on his way to a Durbar. I executed temporary repairs upon his person with safety pins; and implored him not to stoop. But when it came to his turn to bow, bow he must; the jury rig parted, and a festoon of white linen, of extraordinary length, waved behind him. Fortunately, the assembled Indian Princes thought it was part of his uniform.

At Mian Mir, during the ceremony of a great review of troops, Dr. Russell, who was riding among the suite mounted on a half-broken Arab, was suddenly heard to shout, "Whoa, you villainous brute!" At the same moment, several of the

suite were knocked endways. The Arab then got the bit in his teeth, and tore away past the Prince down the whole line. Dr. Russell's helmet was jerked to the back of his head, his puggaree unfurled in a long train floating behind him, he vanished into the distance and we did not see him again until dinner-time. He passed so close to the Prince, that had the doctor another thickness of gold on his gold trousers, there would have been an accident to his Royal Highness.

The Duke of Sutherland, during the Prince's journeys overland in India, took an intense delight in driving the engine, from which it was hard to tear him away. We had halted at a station where the customary ceremonial had been arranged, and had changed into uniform, all save the Duke, who was nowhere to be seen.

"Where can he be?" said the Prince.

I submitted that he might be on the engine, and went to see. Sure enough, the Duke was sitting on the rail, his red shirt flung open, his sun-helmet on the back of his head. In either black fist he grasped a handful of cotton waste, with which he was mopping up the perspiration of honest toil. He hurried to his carriage to change into uniform; and presently appeared, buttoning his tunic with one hand. In the other he still grasped a skein of cotton waste. The Prince looked at him.

'Can nothing be done?" said the Prince sadly.

The great elephant hunt in Nepal took place on the 25th February, 1876, under the auspices of Sir Jung Bahadur (afterwards the Maharaja Sir Jung Bahadur, G.C.B., G.C.S.I.). A herd of wild elephants, captained by a male of gigantic size and valour, who had already vanquished Sir Jung's most formidable fighting elephants, had been tracked down in the forest. Sir Jung determined that, come what would, he should be captured. Sir Jung led the Prince and several of his suite, all well mounted on horses, into the forest, to the rendezvous, to which the wild herd was to be driven. But in the meantime, the big elephant had given the hunters the slip.

I was of the hunting party, and I had the stiffest run of

my life, and at the end of it there were left besides myself only my companion—I think he was Mr. Greenwood—and six Indian notables. Mounted on swift pad elephants, we pursued that tremendous beast at top speed from four o'clock in the morning till six in the evening, bursting through the jungle, splashing through rivers, climbing the rocky steeps of hills upon which there appeared to be no foothold except for monkeys, and down which the elephants slid upon their bellies. So we rode hour after hour, hanging on the ropes secured to the *guddee*, lying flat upon the steed's back to avoid being scraped off his back by branches, until the quarry, escaping us ran straight into Sir Jung Bahadur's party of horsemen.

There, in an open space set with sword-like reeds, stood the elephant, his flanks heaving, his head and trunk moving from side to side. He had one huge tusk and the stump of the other.

It was the business of the horsemen in front to keep him employed in the open while the champion fighting elephants, Jung Pershaud and Bijli Pershaud, were being brought up. Again and again he charged, the riders eluding his rushes, the Prince among them. A stumble or a fall—and nothing could have saved the rider. Presently the elephant, wearying of these profitless tactics, wheeled and took refuge in a swamp, where the reeds and rushes hid him. But there was nothing to do but await the arrival of the fighting elephants. The fugitive employed his respite in cooling himself by pouring water over his heated person. In the meantime, Jung Pershaud, the terrible rogue elephant, somewhat fatigued like his quarry, was drawing near. Jung Pershaud, in order to give warning of his very dangerous presence, was hung about the neck with a large bell, like a railway-station bell. When he was not in action he was secured with ropes.

Presently, from out the jungle, there sounded the uneven, minatory clangour of the bell. Everyone shouted that Jung Pershaud was coming. The hunted elephant paused in his ablutions, turned about, and, pushing the foliage aside with

his trunk, gazed in the direction of the warning note. Then emerged into view the vast head of Jung Pershaud, painted scarlet. He moved steadily and directly upon his quarry, who lowered his head, presenting his long sharp tusk. The tusks of Jung Pershaud were four to five feet long and ringed with brass.

Jung swung his trunk and dealt the hunted elephant a blow on the head, then charged him in the flank with a resounding impact, drew back and charged the reeling beast from behind. The hunted elephant took to flight, pursued by Jung Pershaud, heading straight for the place where I was watching the combat among the pads and smaller fighting elephants. These turned and fled in terror.

The hunted elephant plunged into the wood, ploughing his way through the undergrowth, leaving Jung Pershaud behind him. Sir Jung Bahadur, following with the Prince and the rest of the party, adjured us to keep out of the way of the fleeing beast while keeping him in sight. The quarry checked at an opening in the forest and remained in the shelter of the trees, while the Prince, with Sir Jung Bahadur and Dr. Russell, rode across a stream into the open space. Sir Jung Bahadur sat on his horse and cursed the elephant; who, after hearkening attentively for a few minutes, suddenly charged the horsemen.

At the same instant, the second fighting elephant, Bijli Pershaud, burst out of the jungle, and the two animals met forehead to forehead with a crash. Bijli Pershaud drew off and charged again, striking the hunted elephant on the shoulder, and running beside him, charged him heavily again and again, until the poor driven beast dropped his trunk and uttered a pitiable cry. He was beaten at last.

As we came up, it was discovered that the elephant was blind of one eye; everyone commiserated the defeated gladiator; and Sir Jung Bahadur offered to let him go free should the Prince so desire.

The Prince having accepted the suggestion, the elephant was led captive away and was secured with thick ropes to a

tree. He bent his vast strength to a last effort to escape, so that the tree creaked and shook under the strain. He cried aloud in despair, and then stood silent, refusing all food.

They set him free upon the following day, having sawn off his great tusk; which was presented by Sir Jung Bahadur to the Prince.

A few days before the great hunt took place in Nepal, Sir Jung Bahadur's regiment of elephants paraded before the Prince. They numbered more than 700, and were drilled to manœuvre in companies to the sound of the bugle. After the hunt, the Prince reviewed Sir Jung's army: a corps which, as the message from the Queen delivered by the Prince recalled in gracious terms, had tendered valuable help to the British arms upon an important occasion. The total strength of the army was 114,000 infantry and 420 guns. The infantry, in addition to rifle and bayonet, carried the *kukri*, or curved knife, the national weapon. We witnessed an exhibition of its use by the soldiers, who vied with one another in cutting, with a single action, slices of soft wood from a baulk, the cut making a diagonal section. More by good luck than by merit, I succeeded in cutting the widest section; and perceiving it to be extremely improbable that I could repeat the performance, I refused the invitation to try again. Sir Jung Bahadur presented me with the *kukri* I had used. I have the weapon now.

With this weapon, I slew a boa-constrictor. Riding an elephant after tiger, on which occasion shooting at any other game was forbidden, I saw a boa-constrictor, and dismounted. The great snake was lying asleep, coiled in a hole in the ground and half hidden in foliage. Selecting a narrowing coil, I cut nearly through it. The snake darted at me, and I finished it with a stick. Although it was dead, its body continued to writhe until sunset. For a long time I kept the skin, but unfortunately it decomposed.

My brother Lord William and I were out pig-sticking, and were riding after a boar. I got first spear, when the

boar knocked both me and my horse clean over. The boar went on, then turned, and as I was in the act of getting up, came right at me. Remembering what an old pig-sticker, Archie Hill, had told me a man should do if he were bowled over and a boar attacked him, I rolled over on my face, presenting my least vital aspect to the enemy. But my brother, cleverly turning his horse, killed the boar within a few feet of me. The beast's head is preserved at Curraghmore.

During the whole time of the Prince's stay in India, one of his suite, the members of which took it in turns to discharge the duty, remained on guard over his person at night. I have in my possession the pair of pistols with which the gentleman on watch was armed.

On 10th January, 1876, the Prince visited the Cawnpore Memorial. "There was deep silence," writes Dr. Russell, "as the Prince read in a low voice the touching words, 'To the memory of a great company of Christian people, principally women and children, who were cruelly slaughtered here'—the name of the great criminal and the date of the massacre are cut round the base of the statue. No two persons agree as to the expression of Marochetti's Angel which stands over the Well. Is it pain?—pity?—resignation?—vengeance?—or triumph?" Perhaps my aunt, Lady Waterford, could have enlightened the learned doctor; for she it was who designed the monument, which was carried into execution by Marochetti.

A certain officer in high command was extremely agitated concerning the exact degree of precedence due to him—or rather, to the Service to which he belonged; a matter not easy to settle amid the throng of British dignitaries and Indian potentates. The officer chafed sorely at the delay; nor was he soothed by the injurious remarks of a junior member of the suite, who dealt with his dignity in a spirit of deplorable frivolity. At last, however, the junior member approached him with the aspect of sympathetic gravity proper to the occasion.

"I congratulate you, sir. That matter of your order of precedence has been settled at last."

"I am glad to hear it—very glad to hear it," said the officer. "The delay has been simply scandalous. What is to be my position?"

The junior member appeared to reflect.

"Oh, of course," he said, at length. "Now I remember. Your place, sir, is between the Ram of (something) and the Jam of (something else)!"

The distinguished officer: "...!!!"

On 30th November, 1875, while the *Serapis* was on her way from Bombay to Colombo, the Prince kindly presided at a dinner given in honour of my promotion to the rank of commander. In a letter written to me by his Royal Highness some years afterwards, he recalls that festivity, with a note of regret that those jolly days were gone. Three years afterwards, upon the occasion of my marriage, the suite presented me with a most beautiful silver bowl, which remains one of my most highly prized possessions.

There were many Babu poems composed to celebrate the Prince's prowess as a hunter. Among them, I remember the following:—

"Beautifully he will shoot
Many a royal tiger brute;
Laying on their backs they die,
Shot in the apple of the eye."

Seven years afterwards, I visited India again. It seemed to me that in the interval the relations between the Indian and the Englishman had changed for the better; in that the natives were less afraid of the white man, and that a better feeling had grown up between East and West. The principle upon which India is governed is the principle of establishing justice and humanity. India is governed by the sword; but the sword is sheathed.

CHAPTER XVIII

THE EGYPTIAN WAR

I. The Beginning of Trouble

Note

THE story of the Egyptian war may conveniently begin with an account of the affair of the 9th September, 1881, when Tewfik, Khedive of Egypt, met Arabi Pasha face to face in the Square of Abdin at Cairo, and failed to take advantage of the greatest opportunity of his life. Had he acted there and then upon the counsel of Mr. (afterwards Sir) Auckland Colvin, British Controller, it is possible that the Egyptian war might have been avoided.

The beginning of the trouble was the jealousy existing between the native Egyptian and the Turkish, or Circassian, elements of the army. Rightly or wrongly, the Egyptian, or fellah, officers believed themselves to be slighted. The Turkish, or Circassian, officers, being of the same race as the ruling family, regarded themselves as the dominant caste. In the time of Ismail Pasha, the predecessor of Tewfik, the Minister of War, Osman Pasha Rifki, a Circassian, perceived that his dignity was compromised by his being obliged to receive orders from the Khedive through Ali Fehmi, captain of the Guards at the Palace, a fellah. In the East, such a situation does not continue. Ali Fehmi mysteriously fell into disgrace. Naturally, he had a grievance; and he joined himself to two other officers of his race, who also had

grievances. These were Abdel-el-Al and Ahmed Arabi, who was to become better known as Arabi Pasha. They were called the "Three Colonels," and to them came Mahmoud Sami Pasha, an exceedingly astute politician.

Arabi's particular injury was that he had been punished by Ismail for creating a disturbance under the Palace windows, when he was one of the officers of the guard. Ismail had bluntly remarked that Arabi was more noisy but less useful than the big drum. Arabi joined a secret society of discontented officers, and shortly afterwards again fell into trouble under a charge of corruption while he was in command of transports during the war between Egypt and Abyssinia. Subsequently, Ismail allowed Arabi to join a regiment, whereupon he became chief of the secret society. One of its members divulged the secret to the Khedive, who adopted the Oriental method of buying the allegiance of the disaffected officers by promoting in one day seventy of them to be lieutenant-colonels. He also presented one of his slaves to Arabi to wife.

So much for Ismail Pasha. When, by order of the Sultan, he was superseded by Tewfik, Arabi made haste to do obeisance to the new Khedive, who made him a full colonel. But when Tewfik reduced the army, the Three Colonels presented a petition to the Khedive, demanding, among other matters, that an Egyptian should be made Minister of War in place of Osman Rifki. The Three Colonels were thereupon arrested. Mahmoud Sami Pasha, a member of the Cabinet, secretly arranged that when they were brought before the Court-martial, the soldiers should rescue them. On the 1st February, 1881, accordingly, the soldiers burst into the court, turned it inside out, and carried the Three Colonels to the Palace. The Khedive, confronted with physical force to which he had nothing to oppose, consented to supersede his War Minister in favour of the crafty Mahmoud Sami, to increase the army by 18,000 men, and to abolish favouritism.

The Khedive very soon discovered that Mahmoud Sami

was by no means a desirable Minister of War, and also that the Three Colonels and their friends continued to stir up trouble. He therefore dismissed Mahmoud Sami and appointed in his stead the Khedive's brother-in-law, Daoud Pasha, a Circassian, and ordered the disaffected regiments to leave Cairo. At the same time it was rumoured that the Khedive had obtained a secret decree from the Sultan condemning Arabi and his friends to death. When the order to remove his regiment from Cairo was received by Arabi, that leader of revolt informed the Minister of War on 9th September, 1881, that the troops in Cairo would proceed the same afternoon to the Palace of Abdin, there to demand of the Khedive the dismissal of the Ministry, the convocation of the National Assembly, and the increase of the army. Then came Tewfik's opportunity, which, as already observed, he let slip.

When the Khedive entered the Square, accompanied by Mr. Colvin, British Controller, and a few native and European officers, he was confronted with some 4000 soldiers and thirty guns. The following account of the critical moment is given by the Hon. Charles Royle, in his excellent history of *The Egyptian Campaigns* (London, 1900).

"The Khedive advanced firmly towards a little group of officers and men (some of whom were mounted) in the centre. Colvin said to him, 'When Arabi presents himself, tell him to give up his sword and follow you. Then go the round of the regiments, address each separately, and give them the "order to disperse."' The soldiers all this time were standing in easy attitudes, chatting, laughing, rolling up cigarettes, and eating pistachio nuts, looking, in fact, as little like desperate mutineers as could well be imagined. They apparently were there in obedience only to orders, and, without being either loyal or disloyal, might almost be regarded as disinterested spectators.

"Arabi approached on horseback: the Khedive called out to him to dismount. He did so, and came forward on foot with several others, and a guard with fixed bayonets,

and saluted. As he advanced, Colvin said to the Khedive, 'Now is the moment, give the word.' He replied, 'We are between four fires. We shall be killed.' Colvin said, 'Have courage.' Tewfik again wavered, he turned for counsel to a native officer at his side, and repeated, 'What can I do? We are between four fires.' He then told Arabi to sheathe his sword. Arabi did so at once, his hand trembling so with nervousness that he could scarcely get the weapon back into its scabbard. The moment was lost. Instead of following Colvin's advice, and arresting Arabi on the spot, a step which would have at once put an end to the whole disturbance, the Khedive walked towards him and commenced to parley."

The Khedive subsequently agreed to dismiss the Ministry at Arabi's request; and Arabi thus advanced another step towards obtaining military control of the country. For a time he prevented Cherif Pasha from forming a Ministry, and summoned to Cairo the Chamber of Notables. The members of the Chamber, however, whose office was purely advisory, supported Cherif Pasha. By means of a skilful intrigue, Mahmoud Sami contrived to obtain the appointment of Minister of War. Arabi then effected a temporary retreat with his regiment to El Ouady, in the Delta, and waited upon events. It was then October. The Khedive had convoked an assembly of the Chamber of Notables at the end of December, and in the meantime the elections were proceeding.

It should here be observed that Arabi did not merely represent discontent in the army. He had behind him a genuine and largely just popular agitation, the result of many evils suffered by the natives. "Ismail's merciless exactions, and the pressure of foreign moneylenders, had given rise to a desire to limit the power of the Khedive, and, above all, to abolish the Anglo-French control, which was considered as ruling the country simply for the benefit of the foreign bondholders. The control was further hated by the large landholders, because the law of liquidation (with

which the Controllers in the minds of the people were associated) had in a measure sacrificed their claims for compensation in respect of the cancelling of a forced loan known as the 'Moukabaleh,' and it was still more detested by the Pashas and native officials, because it interfered with the reckless squandering of public money, and the many opportunities for corruption by which they had so long been benefited. In addition to this, there was a great deal of irritation at the increasing number of highly paid European officials which the reformed administration inaugurated in the latter days of Ismail involved. The people began to suspect that what was occurring was only part of a plan for handing the country over to Europeans. The examples lately set by England with regard to Cyprus, and by France in Tunis, were, it must be owned, but little calculated to inspire confidence in the political morality of either of these two Powers" (Royle, *The Egyptian Campaigns*).

In these things consisted the reserve strength of Arabi; and while he was ostensibly in retirement at El Ouady (probably spending a good deal of time in Cairo with his fellow-conspirators), the native press continued to excite irritation against the Europeans; and when the new Chamber of Notables assembled on 25th December, 1881, they at once presented demands which brought the whole situation in Egypt to the notice of Europe. The Chamber demanded control of the revenues outside those assigned to the Public Debt, together with other new powers directly infringing the prerogatives of the Sultan and of the Khedive. It seems that Mahmoud Sami inspired these manifestations, not with any hope or desire that the demands of the Chamber would be granted, but because, as they were inadmissible, the Ministry of Cherif Pasha would be wrecked, and Mahmoud Sami thereby advantaged.

The British and French Governments declared that the demands of the Chamber were unacceptable. At the same time they learned that the coast fortifications were being strengthened and that the army was to be increased. On

behalf of the two Powers, a Joint Note was presented to the Khedive in Cairo, on 8th January, 1882, stating that England and France were united in opposing "the dangers to which the Government of the Khedive might be exposed."

The presentation of the Joint Note marks the beginning of that European intervention which might have prevented, but which did not prevent, the massacre in Alexandria of the 11th June, 1882, and which eventually resulted in the bombardment of that city on 11th July, 1882. The jealousy existing between France and England at that time in respect of intervention in Egypt, nullified the effective action of either party. Had M. Gambetta continued in power, he would probably have forced Lord Granville to adopt a decisive policy. But M. de Freycinet, who succeeded Gambetta while the question was still under discussion, was as much afraid of responsibility as Lord Granville was. Diplomacy thus returned to its customary routine of addressing Circular Notes to the European Powers, and generally avoiding definition as long as possible. Arabi seized his opportunity and announced that intervention on the part of England and France was inadmissible. The Chamber of Notables also saw their chance, and demanded the dismissal of the Ministry. The Khedive, apparently deserted by England and France, and much afraid of offending the Sultan, had no choice but to dismiss Cherif Pasha and to appoint in his stead Mahmoud Sami, who thus attained his object. Mahmoud Sami immediately appointed Arabi Pasha Minister of War. Arabi thus achieved a military dictatorship. It will be observed that his success was directly due to the vacillation of the English and French Governments. Mahmoud Sami at once forced the Khedive to assent to the demands of the Chamber, and the English and French Controllers resigned, upon the ground that "the Khedive's power no longer exists."

The dictators, Mahmoud Sami and Arabi (now Arabi Pasha), strengthened the coast fortifications, ordered ninety

guns of Herr Krupp, and rapidly increased the army. Then the dictators, considering that the hour of their vengeance had arrived, arrested fifty of the hated Circassian officers, (it is said) tortured them, and sentenced forty of them to perpetual exile. The Khedive refused to sign the Decree; whereupon Mahmoud Sami threatened that his refusal would be followed by a general massacre of foreigners. A month later, on 11th June, such a massacre occurred. In the meantime, the open quarrel between the Khedive on the one side, and his Ministers, backed by the army, on the other, created general alarm. Mahmoud Sami convoked the Chamber; only to discover that the Notables were afraid to support him. Under these circumstances, Mahmoud Sami and Arabi Pasha informed the Khedive that, on condition that he would guarantee the maintenance of public order, they would resign. The Khedive replied in effect that it was not he but Arabi that troubled Israel. On the next day, 15th May, 1882, the English and French Consuls-General warned Arabi that in the event of disturbance, England, France and Turkey would deal with him. Arabi retorted that if a Fleet arrived, he could not be responsible for the safety of the public. Upon the same day the Consul-General informed the Khedive that an Anglo-French Fleet was on its way to Alexandria, whereupon Mahmoud Sami and the rest of the Ministry made a formal submission to the Khedive.

Such was the first influence, exerted from afar, of naval power. But when, upon the 19th and 20th May, the ships arrived at Alexandria, the effect was considerably lessened; for the force consisted of no more than one British line-of-battle ship, H.M.S. *Invincible*, with two gunboats, and one French line-of-battle ship, *La Gallisonière*, with two gunboats. The object of the Granville-Freycinet diplomacy, to do something and yet not to do it, had thus been triumphantly achieved.

The instructions given to the British and French admirals respectively are worth noting.

The British admiral was told to:

"Communicate with the British Consul-General on arrival at Alexandria, and in concert with him propose to co-operate with naval forces of France to support the Khedive and protect British subjects and Europeans, landing a force, if required, for latter object, such force not to leave protection of ships' guns without instructions from home."

It will be observed that Admiral Sir Frederick Beauchamp Seymour was not given enough men to form an efficient landing party; so that the futile clause concerning "the protection of the ships' guns" is hardly worth considering.

The French instructions were at least logical. The French admiral was plainly told to do nothing except in an emergency.

"On arrival at Alexandria communicate with the Consul-General, who will, if necessary, indicate to you what you will have to do to give a moral support to the Khedive. You will abstain, until you have contrary instructions, from any material act of war, unless you are attacked or have to protect the safety of Europeans."

Acting on the advice of the Consuls-General, the Khedive endeavoured to induce Mahmoud Sami and Arabi to resign. The dictators refused. The Consuls-General thereupon presented them with an ultimatum, and the Ministry resigned; but the Khedive was subsequently compelled by the threats of the army and the prayers of the terrified notables to reinstate Arabi Pasha. That leader at once published a proclamation stating that he guaranteed the public safety, which failed, however, to allay the public fears. On 29th May the European population of Alexandria drew up a memorial, which was telegraphed to the Foreign Office, stating that they were placed in extreme peril, against which the force at the disposal of the British admiral was totally inadequate.

Upon the same day, Admiral Seymour reported that earthworks were being raised on shore, and asked for

reinforcements. On 30th May another line-of-battle ship arrived, with two gunboats, and three French warships. The rest of the British squadron in the Mediterranean were directed to cruise within touch of the admiral.

On the 7th June an Imperial Commissioner, Dervish Pasha, dispatched by the Sultan, arrived at Cairo. He was instructed to play a double part, the object of his mission being to counteract European influence. It was a complicated intrigue; but it is not worth unravelling, because Dervish Pasha presently discovered that the ruler of Egypt was Arabi Pasha.

Such is a summary of events up to the eve of the riots in Alexandria. At that moment, Arabi Pasha was military dictator; backed by the army and supported by popular sentiment: the Khedive, still nominally ruler, was deprived of power and went in peril of his life; the Sultan, his overlord, whose dominant motive was the desire to avoid foreign intervention in Egypt, wrapped himself in diplomatic ambiguity; England and France, the only interested foreign Powers, each afraid of the other and both afraid of incurring responsibility, were in a state of miserable vacillation, for which (as usual) many helpless and innocent persons paid with their lives and property. In these circumstances, the advantage lay with the man who knew his own mind. That man was Arabi Pasha.

It seemed that nothing could better serve his ends than an organised massacre of Europeans by the populace, during which the police and the army should remain passive; for nothing could more effectually demonstrate the power of the dictator, bring the Khedive into contempt, flout the foreign Powers which had exhibited so contemptible a weakness, and delight the populace.

Accordingly, on Sunday, 11th June, 1882, a devastating riot broke out in Alexandria. The natives had been armed beforehand with *naboots*, or long sticks; the *mustaphazin*, or military police, joined in the attack; the soldiers remained immobile until Arabi telegraphed his orders from Cairo,

when they at once stopped the disturbance. During the day, men, women and children, European and native, were shot, beaten, and murdered, and the town was looted. The loss of life was estimated at 150 persons.

In the evening the troops restored order, and subsequently maintained it up to the day of the bombardment. During that period, large numbers of persons left the city. Refugees of all nations were embarked in the harbour.

Lord Salisbury, who was then in Opposition, trenchantly exposed the true character of a policy whose direct result was that British subjects were "butchered under the very guns of the Fleet, which had never budged an inch to save them." The Government had not given the admiral an adequate force. It was the old story of the naval officer being forced to subserve the ends of the politicians.

In England, public indignation forced the Government to take action. The Channel Squadron was dispatched to Malta, there to remain at Admiral Seymour's disposal. Two battalions were sent to Cyprus.

Arabi Pasha brought more troops to Alexandria and continued to fortify the coast defences. In the meantime the Navy was helping to embark the refugees.

From this point, the general course of events may conveniently be related in the form of a diary, thus supplementing, for the purposes of reference, the detailed narrative of Lord Charles Beresford.

On 11th July the British Fleet bombarded the coast forts. The warships of other nations took no part in the action. The British force consisted of fifteen vessels and 5728 men; eight ironclads, five gunboats, a torpedo vessel and dispatch vessel. The forts were silenced and the gunners were driven from their batteries.

On 12th July the city was set on fire by the Egyptian troops. These, accompanied by civilians, looted the city and so departed.

On 13th July the British admiral landed 800 men. It will be observed that had Admiral Seymour been permitted

to land a force upon the preceding day, he could have disarmed the Egyptian troops and prevented the conflagration. The Khedive had taken refuge in his Palace at Ramleh, and the *Condor*, Commander Lord Charles Beresford, was sent to lie off the Palace to protect him. Captain John Fisher, H.M.S. *Inflexible*, was ordered to take command of the landing party. Upon occupying the outer lines, Captain Fisher, finding chaos in the town, in rear of his position, applied for an officer to exercise the duties of provost-marshal and chief of police, and suggested that Lord Charles Beresford should be appointed.

On 14th July the British force was occupying all important positions.

On 15th July Admiral Dowell, commanding the Channel Squadron, arrived in the *Monarch*. Lord Charles Beresford was appointed provost-marshal and chief of police to restore order.

Mr. John Ross, the British merchant in Alexandria who gave unsparing and generous assistance to the British forces, —services for which he has never received recognition— writes to me as follows:—

"Lord Charles Beresford saved millions' worth of property, causing the indemnity paid by the European Government to be much less than it would otherwise have been. I can assure you that there was a chance of the whole of Alexandria being burnt to the ground, had it not been for the wonderfully prompt, energetic, and scientific arrangements made by Lord Charles Beresford. . . I do not think England can ever be made to know properly and understand and appreciate enough with regard to what Lord Charles Beresford did for his country as well as for Egypt in 1882."

On 17th July 1000 Marines and 1700 soldiers arrived. General Sir Archibald Alison took command of the whole of the land forces, now numbering in all, 3686.

On the 20th July the British Government decided to dispatch an expedition to Egypt.

On the 21st July the water supply of Alexandria began

to fail, Arabi having dammed the flow from the Nile into the Mahmoudieh Canal, and let salt water into it from Lake Mareotis. Hitherto the supply had been maintained by the gallant exertions of Mr. T. E. Cornish, manager of the water-works. Sir Archibald Alison began his attacking movements.

On the 22nd July the Khedive dismissed Arabi Pasha from his post of Minister of War. Arabi Pasha was now at Kafr Dowar with 5000 to 30,000 men. A battalion of British troops sailed from Bombay.

On the 24th July Mr. Gladstone informed Parliament that the country was "not at war." On the same day the British troops occupied Ramleh, a suburb of Alexandria.

At this time Captain Fisher fitted out the armoured train.

On the 30th July the Scots Guards sailed for Alexandria. From the beginning to end of the war, there were dispatched, or under orders, from Great Britain and Mediterranean stations, 1290 officers and 32,000 men. Add the Indian contingent, 170 officers, 7100 men, consisting of 1st Seaforths, 1st Manchester, 1 Bombay and 2 Bengal battalions Native Infantry, 3 regiments Bengal Cavalry, 1 field battery, 1 mountain battery, and a section of Madras Sappers and Miners. Add to these, 3500 followers, 1700 horses, 840 ponies, 5000 mules.

On the 1st August Lord Charles Beresford, having in the space of a fortnight saved the town of Alexandria from destruction and restored complete order, was relieved by Major Gordon.

On the 2nd August Admiral Sir William Hewett, with six vessels of war, occupied Suez.

On 3rd August the National Council declared its support of Arabi Pasha.

On 5th August General Alison attacked and defeated the enemy on the Mahmoudieh Canal.

On the 7th August the Khedive issued a proclamation directed against Arabi Pasha and rebellion.

On the 10th August Sir John Adye, chief of staff, with the Duke of Connaught, arrived at Alexandria.

On the 12th August the Brigade of Guards, the Duke of Connaught at their head, marched through Alexandria to Ramleh, greatly impressing the populace.

On the 15th, General Commanding-in-Chief Sir Garnet Wolseley and Major-General Sir Evelyn Wood arrived at Alexandria.

On the 18th August the greater part of the troops embarked for Port Said, the transports being escorted by five ironclads.

On the night of the 19th–20th August the Navy took entire possession of the Suez Canal. The *Monarch* and *Iris* took Port Said. The *Orion*, *Northumberland*, *Carysfort* and *Coquette* took Ismailia. Admiral Hewett had already seized Suez.

On the 20th of August the troops and warships from Alexandria arrived at Port Said, together with Admiral Sir Beauchamp Seymour in the *Helicon*. M. Ferdinand de Lesseps had done his utmost to prevent the seizure of the Canal, which, he insisted, was neutral. It is said that when the troops began to disembark at Ismailia, M. de Lesseps, erect upon the landing-place, announced that "no one should land except over his dead body"; to which defiance a bluejacket, gently urging aside the heroic engineer, replied, "We don't want any dead bodies about here, sir; all you've got to do is to step back a bit" (Royle, *Egyptian Campaigns*).

On the 21st August Sir Garnet Wolseley arrived at Ismailia in the *Salamis*, and, by orders of the Khedive, issued a proclamation announcing that the sole object of Her Majesty's Government was "to re-establish the authority of the Khedive."

The advance into the Delta was begun.

On the 24th August Wolseley captured the dam on the Fresh Water Canal.

On the 25th August the enemy were driven back upon

Tel-el-Kebir. Mahmoud Fehmi Pasha, one of the original "Three Colonels," now Arabi's chief of staff, was captured at Mahsameh railway station.

On the 28th August occurred the action at Kassassin, in which the Egyptians were defeated. Kassassin was occupied. During the next few days men and stores were assembled there.

On the 9th September Arabi attacked Kassassin in force and was driven back to Tel-el-Kebir. Sir Garnet Wolseley made Kassassin his headquarters.

On the 12th September the army was concentrated at Kassassin. On that night the troops advanced towards Tel-el-Kebir.

On the 13th September an attack at dawn was made in three places upon the Egyptian entrenchments. The British carried them under a heavy fire at the point of the bayonet. The action was decisive. Arabi's power was broken. Arabi fled to Cairo.

The 6th Bengal Cavalry captured Zag-a-Zig the same evening; and the Cavalry division occupied Belbeis.

On 14th August the Cavalry Division rode from Belbeis to Cairo, starting at dawn and arriving at Abbassieh at 4.45 p.m. The same night, Captain Watson, R.E., disarmed the troops in the Citadel and occupied Cairo.

On the 15th August Sir Garnet Wolseley and the Guards arrived at Cairo, a day before scheduled time.

During the next week, Kafr Dowar, a place of equal importance with Tel-el-Kebir, Aboukir, Rosetta and Damietta, surrendered.

From the bombardment of Alexandria to the capture of Cairo was sixty-six days, of which the campaign occupied twenty-five days.

On the 25th September the Khedive returned to Cairo, where the greater number of the British troops assembled. Subsequently, Admiral Sir Beauchamp Seymour and Sir Garnet Wolseley were created Peers of the United Kingdom.

Arabi Pasha was tried by court-martial on a charge of rebellion against the Khedive, and was condemned to death, the sentence being commuted to exile for life. In December, Arabi and six of his friends who had been sentenced sailed for Ceylon.

CHAPTER XIX

THE EGYPTIAN WAR (*Continued*)

II. The Bombardment of Alexandria

MY appointment to H.M.S. *Condor* was dated 31st December, 1881. The *Condor* was a single-screw composite sloop gun-vessel of 780 tons and 770 h.p., carrying one 4½-ton gun amidships, one 64-pr. forward and one 64-pr. aft, all muzzle-loading guns. In June, 1882, the *Condor* formed part of the squadron lying off Alexandria under the command of Admiral Sir Beauchamp Seymour.

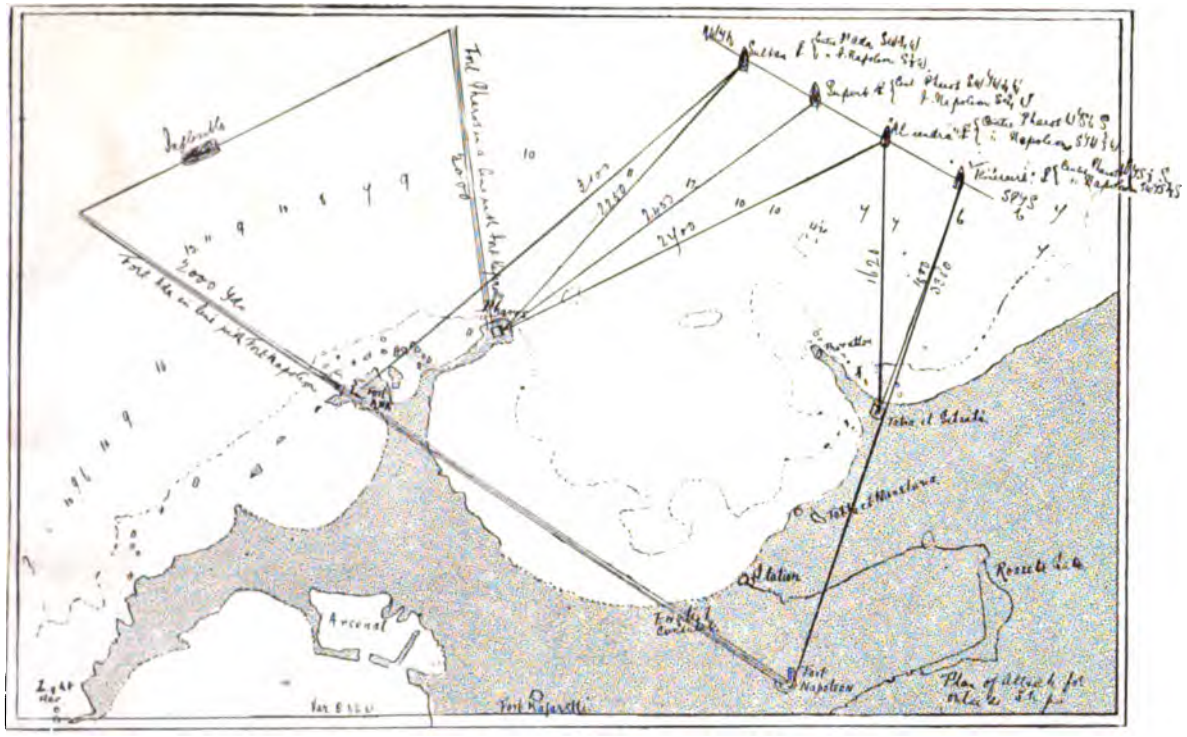
On Sunday, 11th June, calling upon Captain Blomfield, the harbour-master, I found him in great distress. He had heard that there was trouble in the city, into which his wife had gone, and he was extremely anxious about her safety. We took a light carriage harnessed to a pair of Arab horses and drove into the town. Presently a great crowd came running down the street towards us. They were mostly Greeks, many of whom were wounded and bleeding. The next moment we were surrounded by a raging mob, armed with *naboots*, or long sticks, with which they attacked us. The street was blocked from end to end; and to have attempted to drive through the mob would have been certain death. I seized the reins, swung the horses round, cleared the crowd, and drove back to the harbour-master's house. In the meantime his wife had taken refuge in an hotel, whence she safely returned later in the day.

The officers and men of the Fleet were ordered back to

their ships. I went on board the flagship and reported to the admiral the condition of the town. With the trifling force at his disposal, it was impossible that he should send a landing-party ashore. Had he done so, in contravention of his orders, the handful of British seamen and Marines would have had no chance against the thousands of Egyptian soldiers who, under Arabi's instructions, were waiting in their barracks under arms, ready to turn out at the first attempt at intervention on the part of the Fleet.

During the ensuing month there poured out of Alexandria an immense number of refugees of all nations and every class of society. These were placed on board various vessels and were dispatched to the ports of their several countries. I was placed in charge of these operations; which included the chartering of ships, their preparation for passengers, and the embarkation of the refugees. In the course of the work there fell to me a task rarely included even among the infinite variety of the duties of a naval officer. My working-party was stowing native refugees in the hold of a collier, when a coloured lady was taken ill. She said: "Baby he come, sare, directly, sare, myself, sare." And so it was. We rigged up a screen, and my coxswain and I performed the office of midwives thus thrust upon us, and all went well.

On the 10th July all merchant vessels and all foreign men-of-war left the harbour, and the British Fleet prepared for action. Admiral Seymour's squadron consisted of fifteen vessels: the ironclads *Alexandra* (flagship), Captain C. F. Hotham; *Superb*, Captain T. Le Hunte Ward; *Sultan*, Captain W. J. Hunt-Grubbe; *Téméraire*, Captain H. F. Nicholson; *Inflexible*, Captain J. A. Fisher; *Monarch*, Captain H. Fairfax, C.B.; *Invincible*, Captain R. H. M. Molyneux; *Penelope*, Captain S. J. C. D'Arcy-Irvine: the torpedo-vessel *Hecla*, Captain A. K. Wilson; gunboats *Condor*, Commander Lord C. Beresford; *Bittern*, Commander Hon. T. S. Brand; *Beacon*, Commander G. W. Hand; *Cygnet*, Lieutenant H. C. D. Ryder; *Decoy*, Lieutenant A. H. Boldero; and dispatch vessel



THE BOMBARDMENT OF ALEXANDRIA, 11TH JULY, 1882

FROM CHART DRAWN BY AUTHOR AT THE TIME

Helicon, Lieutenant W. L. Morrison. The coast fortifications extended over a front of rather more than nine miles, from Fort Marabout on the south-west to Fort Silsileh on the north-east. Midway between the two, projects the forked spit of land whose northern arm encircles the new Port, and whose southern arm, extending in a breakwater, encloses the old Port. The twelve forts or batteries mounted in all 261 guns and mortars.

The bombardment of Alexandria has been so thoroughly described in standard works that repetition must be unnecessary; and such interest as the present narrative may contain, must reside in the record of personal experience. I may say at once that any notoriety attached to the part borne by the *Condor* in the action was due to accidental circumstance. She happened to fight apart from the rest of the Fleet and in full view of the foreign warships and merchant vessels; and, in obedience to the orders of the admiral, she had on board the correspondent of *The Times*, the late Mr. Moberly Bell. The *Condor* was actually under way when I received instructions to embark Mr. Bell. Mr. Frederic Villiers, the artist war-correspondent, by permission of the admiral, had been my guest on board for several days.

The following account of the action is taken from a private letter written at the time:—

"The night before the action, I turned up all hands and made them a speech. I said that the admiral's orders were to keep out of range until an opportunity occurred. So I said to the men, 'Now, my lads, if you will rely upon me to find the opportunity, I will rely upon you to make the most of it when it occurs.' . . . The Marabout Fort was the second largest fort, but a long way off from the places to be attacked by the ironclads. So the admiral had decided not to attack it at all, as he could not spare one heavy ship, and of course he would not order the small ships down there, as it was thought that they would be sunk. The orders given to the small ships were to keep out of fire, and to watch for an opportunity to occur, after the forts were silenced, to assist.

Helicon and *Condor* were repeating ships for signals. I took station just between the two attacking fleets.

"Just as the action began the *Téméraire* parted her cable and got ashore. I ran down to her and towed her off, and while doing so, saw Fort Marabout giving pepper to *Monarch*, *Invincible* and *Penelope*. Not one of these ships could be spared, as they were getting it hot and could not spare a gun for Marabout from the forts they were engaging. Seeing the difficulty, directly I had got the *Téméraire* afloat, I steamed down at full speed and engaged Fort Marabout, on the principle that according to orders 'an opportunity' had occurred. . . . I thought we should have a real rough time of it, as I knew of the heavy guns, and I knew that one shot fairly placed must sink us. But I hoped to be able to dodge the shoals, of which there were many, and get close in, when I was quite sure they would fire over us. That is exactly what occurred. I got in close and manœuvred the ship on the angle of the fort, so that the heavy guns could hardly bear on me, if I was very careful. The smooth-bores rained on us, but only two shots hit, the rest went short or over. One heavy shot struck the water about six feet from the ship, wetting everyone on the upper deck with spray, and bounded over us in a ricochet.

"I did not fire on the smooth-bores at all until I had silenced the heavy guns which were annoying *Invincible*, *Monarch*, and *Penelope*. The men fired splendidly. I put all down to the lectures I have given them at target practice, telling them never to throw a shot away, but always to wait until they got the sights on.

"Hedworth Lambton told me afterwards that the admiral had just sent on the signal for the *Monarch* to go to Fort Marabout as soon as she could be spared, when he heard a cheer from his own men. He asked, 'What's that?' and they told him they were cheering the *Condor*. Just then our three guns were fired, and each shot hit in the middle of the heavy battery, and the *Invincible's* men burst into a cheer. The admiral said, 'Good God, she'll be sunk!' when off

ON BOARD H.M.S. "CONDOR," 11TH JULY, 1882

FROM A DRAWING BY FREDERIC VILLIERS

went our guns again, cheers rang out again from the flagship and the admiral, instead of making 'Recall *Condor*,' made 'Well done, *Condor*' . . . at the suggestion of Hedworth Lambton, the flag-lieutenant.

"We then remained there two and a half hours, and had silenced the fort all except one gun, when the signal was made to all the other small craft to assist *Condor*, and down they came and pegged away. I was not sorry, as the men were getting a bit beat. We were then recalled to the flagship, 'Captain repair on board,' and the admiral's ship's company gave us three cheers, and he himself on the quarter-deck shook me warmly by the hand, and told me he was extremely pleased. . . . I never saw such pluck as the Egyptians showed. We shelled them and shot them, but still they kept on till only one gun was left in action. It was splendid. . . . Nothing could have been more clever than the way the admiral placed his ships. . . . The wounded are all doing well. One man had his foot shot off, and he picked it up in his hand and hopped down to the doctor with it. . . . The troops hoisted a flag of truce the day after the action; and while we waited I sent to find out why it was they were marched away, having set fire to the town in many places. It has been burning ever since." . . .

The day after the bombardment, Captain Wilson (now Admiral of the Fleet Sir A. K. Wilson, V.C., G.C.B., O.M., G.C.V.O) hauled down the flag of the Marabout Fort and presented it to me. It is now in the Museum of the Royal Naval College, Greenwich. The commandant of Fort Marabout was so excellent an officer that when I was appointed provost-marshal and governor of the town by the admiral, I placed him on my staff to assist me in restoring order.

CHAPTER XX

THE EGYPTIAN WAR (*Continued*)

III. Chief of Police

THE bombardment took place on the 11th July. On the 12th, as I have narrated, the Egyptian soldiery fired the city, looted it, and evacuated the defences. On the same day the Khedive was surrounded in his Palace at Ramleh by some 400 of Arabi's cavalry and infantry, a force subsequently reduced to about 250 men. That evening Admiral Seymour was informed that the Khedive was in danger. The admiral dispatched the *Condor* to lie off Ramleh; and there we lay all that night, rolling heavily, with a spring on the cable to enable the guns to be trained upon the sandy lane down which the soldiers must advance if they intended to take the Palace.

It was arranged that, if the Palace were attacked, the Khedive should hang a white sheet from a window, and I would at once take measures to secure his safety. The night went by without alarm; and next day Tewfik, escorted by a guard of native cavalry, went to the Ras-el-Tin Palace, where he was received by Admiral Seymour and a guard of Marines. Commander Hammill (who afterwards performed excellent service on the Nile), with a landing-party of 250 bluejackets and 150 Marines, had already taken possession of the Ras-el-Tin Peninsula.

Upon the same day Captain John Fisher, H.M.S. *Inflexible* (afterwards Admiral of the Fleet Lord Fisher of Kilverstone, O.M.), was ordered to take command of the

landing-party whose business was to secure the outer defences of the city. Captain Fisher, having occupied the lines, had a zone of anarchy, incendiarism and chaos, comprising the whole city, in the rear of his position. He at once made application for an officer to be appointed provost-marshal and chief of police, suggesting my name for the post; and the admiral gave me orders to assume this office. As a narrative written at the time owns a certain intrinsic interest, I make no apology for transcribing further passages from private letters.

"CHIEF OF POLICE OFFICE
HEADQUARTERS, ALEXANDRIA
THE ARSENAL, *25th July*, 1882

". . . I landed on the 14th July, armed myself, got a horse and a guide and an escort of about thirty Egyptian cavalry, and started to overhaul the town, and see how I could best carry out my orders to 'restore law and order as soon as possible, put out fires, bury the dead, and clear the streets.' I never saw anything so awful as the town on that Friday; streets, square, and blocks of buildings all on fire, roaring and crackling and tumbling about like a hell let loose, Arabs murdering each other for loot under my nose, wretches running about with fire-balls and torches to light up new places, all the main thoroughfares impassable from burning fallen houses, streets with many corpses in them, mostly murdered by the Arab soldiers for loot—these corpses were Arabs murdered by each other—in fact, a pandemonium of hell and its devils.

"I took a chart with me and arranged the different parts of the town where I should make depots and police stations. The admiral could only spare me 60 bluejackets and 70 Marines from the British Fleet; but he obtained a proportionate number from the foreign warships. By sunset I had 620 men in the different depots, mostly foreigners. . . . I had only 140 men to patrol the town, to stop the looting, to stop the 'fresh burning' of houses, to bury the corpses, and to protect the lives of those who had come on shore. By

quickly sending the men about in parties in different parts of the town, and by employing Arabs to inform me when and where certain houses might be burnt, I often managed to get a patrol there just in time to stop it, and the people thought there were 600 police in the town instead of 140. For the foreign bluejackets were ordered to occupy their respective Legations and not to take any part in restoring order. This was of course in the first seventy-two hours, during which time neither myself nor my men slept one wink, as at 12 o'clock on two occasions an alarm was sounded that Arabi was attacking the lines, and all of us had to peg away to the front, where we had to remain until daylight, expecting attack every moment. These alarms lost many houses, as the mob set them alight while we were at the front; however, it was unavoidable.

"On Monday, 17th July, I was sent 400 more men (bluejackets) in answer to my urgent appeal to the admiral, as so many fanatic Arabs were coming into the town, . . . but on Tuesday the 18th the bluejackets were all ordered off to their ships and 600 picked Marines were sent in their place. . . . After I had planned to get the town into order on the Friday (14th) I went to the Arsenal and wrote a Proclamation. . . .

"I went off to the admiral on the following (Saturday) morning, and submitted that I should be allowed to post the Proclamation throughout the town. Sir A. Colvin and the Khedive were strongly opposed to the Proclamation; but the admiral approved of the scheme. Some of the authorities suggested that if I shot anybody it would be well to shoot him at night, or in the prisons, and then no one would know, and there would be no row. This I stoutly refused, demanding my own way for restoring order, and saying that a fair honest Proclamation was the proper line to take, as all persons would then know what would happen to them if they committed certain specified acts. I carried my point, and the admiral supported me, and on Saturday night (15th) I had the whole town proclaimed in Arabic, stating that persons

PROVOST-MARSHAL AND CHIEF OF POLICE. ALEXANDRIA, JULY, 1882

FROM A DRAWING BY FREDERIC VILLIERS

caught firing houses would be shot, persons caught looting twice would be shot; all persons to return to their homes, etc., with confidence, and anyone wanting to get information or to lodge complaints to repair instantly to the chief of police.

"By Wednesday (19th) I had perfect order in the town, and all firing of houses had been stopped, life was comparatively safe, looting nearly stopped. By Friday the 21st, one week after taking charge, all the fires were put out, all the corpses buried, and things were generally ship-shape. I could not have done this unless the admiral had trusted entirely to me, and given me absolute power of life and death, or to flog, or to blow down houses, or to do anything that I thought fit to restore law and order and to put the fires out. I only had to shoot five men by drumhead court-martial sentence, besides flogging a certain number, to effect what I have told you.

"I had a clear thoroughfare through every street in the town by Monday (24th), and all *débris* from fallen houses piled up each side and all dangerous walls pulled down. These things were done by organising large working parties of from 100 to 200 hired Arabs. At first I collected them at the point of the bayonet and made them work, but I paid them a good wage every evening, and the bayonets were unnecessary after the first day, when they found that England would pay well.

"I also collected all the fire-engines I could find, bought some, and requisitioned others, got some artificers from the Fleet and got the engines in order, had a bluejacket fire-brigade, and also a working party of Arabs on the same footing as the road brigade. These worked exclusively at the fires, and not at patrolling unless at urgent necessity. Besides these I had a sanitary committee, which buried any bodies we might have missed, burned refuse and remains of loot about the streets, and reburied any bodies which might not have been buried deep enough, besides enforcing cleanliness directly the town began to get a little bit ship-shape. There was a corps of native police to work under

my patrols, and when I turned all the affairs over, I had 260 of these men.

"I disarmed all Europeans found in the streets with revolvers, and by so doing saved many a row in the town, as the class I have mentioned returned in thousands after the bombardment, and they treated the Arabs as if they, the Europeans, had silenced the forts and policed the town. I put many in irons for looting, and for shooting at inoffensive Arabs.

"The greatest triumph was the formation of an Egyptian court to try the serious cases I had on hand for life and death and long terms of imprisonment. Not only did I get the court formed to try what cases I chose to bring before it, but after sentence of death I insisted on Egyptian authorities making the Egyptian soldiers (the loyal ones) themselves shooting the prisoners whom the court sentenced. . . .

"I had four gallopers and four Marine orderly gallopers, in default of whom I could not have done things so quickly in the many different departments, nineteen horses, and a telephone to each station. I paid all the carts requisitioned in the town for carrying my men's provisions, loot, etc. etc. The officer using them signed a chit stating the hour he had taken a cart and for what service, and then the man came to my office to be paid, which he was instantly. By this means good feeling was established between the people and the military police. Each depot had two interpreters attached to it to avoid any misunderstanding, and for explanations when trying prisoners and interrogating witnesses. . . .

"The Marine officer thoroughly investigated each case, examined all witnesses, and then placed the evidence on a regular charge-sheet, stating whether he believed the prisoner guilty or not guilty, and his reason for that opinion. If it was a serious case, I again tried it myself and judged accordingly. There were several cases of blackmailing at first, but these were soon stopped. . . .

"Besides the courts held at the Police Depots, courts were

held at the Tribunal Zaptieh and the Caracol l'A'ban, at which Egyptian officers acted as judges. In each court were three shorthand-writers, each placed behind a separate screen, and under the charge of a sergeant of Marines, to prevent collusion, who submitted their reports to me, in order that I should receive three independent accounts of the proceedings, upon which I could intervene if necessary, in order to prevent anyone being shot if there were not the clearest and most uncompromising evidence of his guilt. If there were any discrepancy in the reports, I had the prisoner re-tried. I did this in three cases. Another case, in which the circumstantial evidence, though very strong, was not conclusive, I reprieved."

The following troops assisted the British forces in restoring order: 125 Americans, about the American Consulate; 30 Germans, about the German Consulate and Hospital; and 140 Greeks about the Greek Consulate and Hospital. On the 16th July, Captain Briscoe (a son of an old Waterford man who hunted the Curraghmore hounds after the death of my uncle, Henry Lord Waterford) of the P. and O. *Tanjore* volunteered his services, and with 20 Italians of his crew, did excellent work. Other volunteers who assisted me were Mr. Towrest, a member of the Customs, and Mr. Wallace. Major Hemel, R.M.L.I., and Captain Creaghi, R.M.L.I., were appointed magistrates. These Marine officers performed invaluable services.

I had special reason to be grateful to Mr. John Ross, a British merchant of Alexandria, who gave me every assistance in his power. He knew every yard of the place. He gave me invaluable advice with regard to the organisation of the city, obtained interpreters, and helped to supply the troops, placing his stores at my disposal. He would have dispensed with receipts for articles supplied, had I not insisted upon his taking them. Mr. Ross supplied the whole Fleet with coal, fresh meat, and all necessaries; his help was quite inestimable, his energy and patriotism beyond praise;

but although he must have suffered considerable losses, he received no recognition of any kind from the Government except the naval medal.

Mr. Ross gave me great assistance also in parcelling out Mehemet Ali Square among the country purveyors of produce, each of whom received a permit, written in English and in Arabic, to occupy a certain space, duly pegged out, in which to put up their booths. This measure restored confidence. One old lady, a stout person of Levantine origin, thought that the permit entitled her to perpetual freehold; and she subsequently attempted to sue the Egyptian Government for damages, producing my permit as evidence.

Upon first going ashore to restore order, I found whole streets blocked with smouldering ruins. Putting my horse at one such obstacle, I scrambled over it; and I had scarce reached the other side when a wall fell bodily behind me, cutting off my escort, who had to fetch a compass round the side streets to rejoin me.

Without taking the smallest notice of me or of my escort, men were shooting at one another, quarrelling over loot, and staggering along, laden with great bundles, like walking balloons. The streets were speedily cleared of these rioters by the use of machine guns. The method adopted was to fire the gun over their heads, and as they fled, to run the gun round turnings and head them off again, so that they received the impression that the town was full of guns. On no occasion did I fire the gun *at* them. The principles upon which order was restored were to punish disobedience, to enlist labour and to pay for it fairly.

The prisoners taken were organised in separate gangs, set to work, and paid less than the rest of the labourers. The most critical part of the business of extinguishing fires and preventing incendiarism occurred at the Tribunal, which was stored with property worth many thousands of pounds. A fire-engine was purchased for its protection at a cost of £160, 18s. 1d. The total expenses of the restoration or

order were, I think, under £2000. During the fortnight I was on shore, every station and port was visited at least once a day and twice a night.

On one such inspection I gave my horse to an Arab lad to hold. A few minutes afterwards there was the crack of a pistol. I ran out, and there was the boy lying on the ground, a bullet-wound in his chest. To satisfy his curiosity he had been fingering the 4-barrel Lancaster pistol in the holster, and that was the end of *him*, poor lad.

Upon another occasion, when I was at work in one of my stations, a sudden tumult arose in the street. I went out, to perceive a huge Irish Marine Artilleryman engaged in furious conflict with five or six men of the patrol. They had got handcuffs on him, and he was fighting with manacled hands. I asked the sergeant what was the matter.

"He's drunk, sir. We are going to lock him up."

"Let him go," I said.

The men fell back; and the Irishman, seeing an iron railing, raised his hands above his head and brought them down upon the iron, smashing the handcuffs, and turned upon me like a wild beast at bay. The man was in a frenzy. Standing directly in front of him, I spoke to him quietly.

"Now, my lad, listen to me. You're an Irishman." He looked down at me. "You're an Irishman, and you've had a little too much to drink, like many of us at times. But you are all right. Think a moment. Irishmen don't behave like this in the presence of the enemy. Nor will you. Why, we may be in a tight place to-morrow, and who's going to back me then? You are. You're worth fifty of the enemy. You're the man I want."

As I talked to him, the expression of his face changed from desperation to a look of bewilderment, and from bewilderment to understanding; and then he suddenly broke down. He turned his head aside and cried. I told the sergeant to take him away and give him some tea.

Having heard from the Governor of Alexandria that a

quantity of arms was concealed in a village lying a few miles outside the city, I took thither a party of Egyptian military police and a guard of Marines. On the way we were joined by some 800 British soldiers, who surrounded the village, while the police conducted a house-to-house search. A certain newspaper correspondent accompanied me. The police knocked at the door of a house, and received no reply; whereupon the correspondent drew his revolver and incontinently blew in the lock. I told him that he had no right to do such a thing; that he might have killed innocent persons; and that he must not do it again.

"Oh, but," says he, "you don't understand how to do these things."

I requested him to understand that I was provost-marshal, and that unless he obeyed orders, he would be sent back to Alexandria.

"Oh, but," says he, "you can't do that. You don't understand——"

"Sergeant!" said I, "a file of Marines."

"Oh, but," protested the correspondent, "you can't——"

"Sergeant, take this gentleman back to Alexandria."

It was a long walk and a hot walk home.

On the 17th July, General Sir Archibald Alison took command of the land forces. At the request of the general, the admiral ordered me to remain in command of the police until 1st August, when I was relieved by Major Gordon. It was about this time that Captain Fisher devised his armoured train, which, carrying armed bluejackets, made daily sorties. A bluejacket sitting on the rail was ordered to come down by his officer.

"I can't see 'em from down below," he said. The next moment he was hit by a bullet. "They've found the range, sir," said he, as he tumbled over.

Admiral Sir Beauchamp Seymour was good enough to address to me a very gratifying letter of commendation for my services. Among the many kind congratulations I

received, I valued especially the letters from the captains under whom I had served in various ships, and many admirals with whom I had served. On 11th July I was promoted to the rank of captain. In the following September the Admiralty forwarded to Admiral Sir Beauchamp Seymour (raised in November to a peerage as Baron Alcester) the expression of their satisfaction at the services of Captain Fisher and of myself.

I overheard a lady finding great fault with my old chief, Sir Beauchamp Seymour. I asked her what she had against Lord Alcester.

"Why," said she, "he is a Goth and a Vandal. Did he not burn the Alexandrian Library?"

A sequel to the work in Alexandria was my conversation with Mr. Gladstone on the subject, which took place upon my return home some weeks later. Mr. Gladstone sent for me; and after most courteously expressing his appreciation of my services, he discussed the question of compensation to the inhabitants of Alexandria who had suffered loss and damage. The information he required I had carefully collected in Alexandria by means of an organised intelligence corps, upon each of whom was impressed the fact that if he gave false information he would most certainly be punished. My view was then, and is now, that the whole of the claims might have been justly settled for a million sterling, upon these conditions: that the question should be tackled at once; that all palpably unwarranted claims should be repudiated from the outset, because if they were recorded as claims there would eventually be no way of rebutting them, and it would be found necessary to pay them ultimately; that doubtful claims should be held over for consideration; and that the proved claims should be paid immediately. The important point was that in order to avoid difficulties in disputes in the future, the matter should be dealt with at once.

I knew of a case (and of other similar cases) in which a jeweller who had contrived to remove the whole of his stock

into safety after the riot, put in a claim for the value of the whole of the said goods.

These considerations I laid before Mr. Gladstone, informing him also, in the light of the special information which had come to my knowledge, that if the matter were allowed to drift, the sum to be disbursed, instead of being about a million, would probably amount to some four millions.

In the event, the International Commission of Indemnities paid £4,341,011.

CHAPTER XXI

THE EGYPTIAN WAR (*Continued*)

IV. Garrison Work

WHEN I was relieved, on 1st August (1882), of the post of provost-marshal and chief of police, the *Condor* was ordered to keep the Mex lines and citadel, which defended the south-western boundary of Alexandria, forming a barrier across the long and narrow strip of land which extends between the sea and Lake Mareotis, and upon which the city is built. The fortifications of the sea front were continued, with a brief interval, at right angles to the sea face, extending no more than some three-quarters of the distance across the strip of land, so that between one end of the fortifications and the sea, and between the other end and the shore of Lake Mareotis, there were undefended spaces. It was therefore necessary to frame a plan of defence with the force and materials at command, sufficient to hold this left flank of the city against the large bodies of rebel soldiery and Arabs hovering in the vicinity. Thirty men from the *Condor* were brought on shore, with the band, which, consisting of one drum and one fife, was few and humble but convincing.

The two forts on the earthwork were manned; a 40-pounder smooth-bore taken from one of the Mex Forts was mounted on the roof of the fort nearest to Lake Mareotis, whence it was fired at regular intervals at the enemy occupying the earthworks on the farther shore of the Lake. After five days they were knocked out of the place.

Charges were made for the gun out of the miscellaneous ammunition found in the Mex Forts.

The gun used to capsize almost every time it was fired. It was served by a Maltese gunner, who became so superstitiously devoted to his commanding officer, that when I was relieved by Colonel Earle, my Maltese never received an order without observing that "Lord Charles Beresford not do that, sare"; until Earle lost patience, as well he might.

"D——n Lord Charles Beresford!" said he.

Wire entanglements were fixed along the face of the earthworks. In the two open spaces at the ends of the line of fortifications, rockets were buried, and a lanyard was led along from the firing tube to a peg in the ground, so that anyone passing that way at night would trip over the lanyard, thus firing the rocket, and causing a beautiful fountain of fire to spring from the ground, lighting up the whole locality. The device soon stopped nocturnal intrusions.

The open space at the Mareotis end was also commanded by a Gatling gun mounted on the roof of the fort. In the forts and earthworks were about twenty miscellaneous guns. These were all kept loaded; the powder being taken from the vast amount of loose powder stored in the Mex lines. The guns were connected with trigger lines to the forts, so that the whole lot could be fired from one place. The railway lines leading from Mex Harbour through the fortification, and, on the other side of the strip of land, from the causeway leading across Lake Mareotis into the city, were repaired. The railway bridge by Lake Mareotis was repaired, and a torpedo was placed beneath it in case of attack. A picquet of Marines occupied a truck placed on the bridge. The train was set running. The two drawbridges leading to the forts were repaired. The men garrisoning the works were housed in tents made out of the sails of the Arab dhows lying in Mex camber. A tank was obtained from Alexandria, and fresh water brought into it. On the sea

side of the position, the *Condor* commanded the flank of the approaches.

Having thus secured this flank of the city against attack, so that it could be held against a large force, it was necessary to make reconnaissances into the surrounding country. The little landing-party went ashore every evening at 5.30 (with the band, few and humble but convincing) and occupied the lines. Every morning at seven o'clock they returned to the ship; and during the afternoon went out upon reconnaissance, accompanied by a boat's gun mounted in a bullock cart, and a rocket-tube mounted on another bullock cart. Two horses were harnessed to each cart, assisted, when required, by bluejackets hauling on drag-ropes. The men of the *Condor* were reinforced from the Fleet on these expeditions, so that the total force of bluejackets and Marines was 150. The cavalry being represented solely by the colonel and the major of Marines, and myself, who were mounted, we had no sufficient force wherewith to pursue the flying foe.

We used to play hide-and-seek with the soldiery and Bedouin among the sandhills. When they approached on one flank, we shelled them with the little gun until they retired; and then, hauling the gun-cart and rocket-cart over the roughest ground, we suddenly appeared and shelled them on the other flank, to their great amazement. All hands enjoyed these expeditions amazingly.

In the course of these reconnaissances, large quantities of stores and ammunition were found in the neighbouring villages. About three miles from the lines, an immense store of gun-cotton and Abel's detonators was discovered in a quarry among the low hills, stored in a shed. As no hostile force appeared during the next two days, I determined to destroy the gun-cotton. Captain A. K. Wilson of the *Hecla* sent 20 bluejackets and six Marines to assist me. These were embarked and landed within half a mile of the place. Outposts were set, with orders to signal should the enemy appear, and the rest of the party set to work.

Although gun-cotton does not, strictly speaking, explode except by detonation, it is extremely difficult to define where ignition ends and detonation begins; and there had been instances of its explosion, supposed to be due to the internal pressure of a large mass. A tremendous explosion of gun-cotton had occurred in 1866 at Stowmarket, where its manufacture was being carried on under the patent of Sir Frederick Abel, then chemist to the War Office. On another occasion, when Sir Frederick was conducting an experiment designed to prove that ignition was harmless, he had his clothes blown off his body, and narrowly escaped with his life. Recollecting these things, I thought it advisable to spread the stuff in a loose mass upon the hill-side sloping to the quarry. The gun-cotton was packed in boxes. These were unpacked, and the contents were spread on the ground. Next to the pile, a bucket of loose powder was poured on the ground and over the fuse, to make sure of ignition. Into the powder was led one end of a Bickford's fuse, which was then threaded through the discs of gun-cotton. The fuse was timed to burn for five minutes.

The work was highly exhausting to the men, and more than once I felt inclined to call in the outposts to help; but I decided that it would not be right to take the risk of a surprise attack; for we were working in a trap, being closed in by the quarries on one side and by the low hills on the other. And sure enough, when the men had been working for five hours, up went the outpost's signal, and the corporal of Marines with his three men came running in to report that large numbers of the enemy were in sight.

Hastening out, I saw about 50 scouts running up, an action so unusual that it was evident they were strongly supported. Presently, about 200 skirmishers appeared, and behind them a large body of cavalry, probably about 700 in number. The outposts were at once recalled. The men were ordered out of the quarry, divided into two companies

of twelve men each, and retired by companies over the hill towards the shore, out of sight of the enemy. Mr. Attwood, the gunner of the *Hecla*, a bluejacket and myself, remained to fire the fuse. It was a five-minute fuse. The retreating men had been told to count as they ran, and at the end of four minutes, or when they saw us lie down, to halt and lie down. I gave the order in case there should be an explosion. When the men were lying down, I fired the fuse. Then the gunner, the bluejacket and I ran about 300 yards, and flung ourselves down.

Then there came a noise as though a giant had expelled a huge breath; the blast of the ignition burned our cheeks; in the midst of a vast column of yellow smoke, boxes and pieces of paper were whirling high in air, and a strong wind sucked back into the vacuum, almost dragging us along the sand. The enemy were so interested in the spectacle that they gave us time to get back to the boats.

It is probable that information had been given to the hostile forces by the inhabitants of the village past which we went to reach the quarry where was the gun-cotton; for, in retreating to the boats, when I looked back, instead of the 20 or 30 native women who were usually sitting about the place, I saw about 200 men eagerly watching us from the house-tops, evidently in the hope of enjoying the gratifying spectacle of our destruction.

From the summit of the slope falling to the sea, I signalled to the flagship, with a handkerchief tied to a pole, that I was surrounded: one of the many occasions upon which a knowledge of signalling proved invaluable. There was a haze upon the water, and I could not clearly discern the answering signal; but the signalman of the flagship had seen my figure silhouetted on the sky-line. Instantly after, Captain John Fisher of the *Inflexible* manned and armed boats, came ashore, and the enemy immediately retreated.

Shortly afterwards, as I was now a captain, I was relieved of the command of the *Condor* by Commander

Jeffreys, and went on half-pay. I should naturally have much preferred to remain in my little ship; but she was not a captain's command; and I left her (as I see I wrote at the time) with a tear in each eye. Commander Jeffreys discovered the place where she had been hit during the bombardment, one of her under-water plates having been started. Until then, it was thought that the only damage consisted of a hole through her awning and the smashing of a boat.

At the conclusion of this period of my service, I was most gratified to receive a gracious message of congratulation from Her Majesty the Queen.

H.H. the Khedive wrote to me, kindly expressing his sense of my services, and at the same time offering me an appointment upon his staff, in which capacity I was to go to the front. Lord Granville and the Admiralty having signified their permission that I should accept the post, I left Alexandria for Ismailia, together with several members of the Khedival staff.

We went by steamer, which towed a huge iron lighter carrying horses. A beam ran from stem to stern of the lighter, and to it the horses were tethered with halters. I remarked to the captain of the steamer that it would be advisable, in order to avoid injuring the lighter, to take every precaution to prevent the steamer from having to go astern. But in Ismailia Bay, which was crowded with shipping, a vessel crossed the steamer's bows, the steamer was forced to go astern, and she cut a hole in the lighter with her propeller. One of the ship's officers instantly descended the Jacob's ladder into the lighter with me, and we cut the halters of the horses, just in time to free them before the lighter sank, and there we were swimming about among the wild and frightened stallions. By splashing the water into their faces, we turned one or two shorewards, when the rest followed and came safely to land.

Upon discussing the matter of my appointment to the staff of the Khedive with Sir Garnet Wolseley, to my

surprise he declined to permit me to accept it. Discipline is discipline, and there was nothing for it but to acquiesce.

I was about packing up my things, when Mr. Cameron, the war correspondent of *The Standard*, informed me that he was authorised to appoint a correspondent to *The New York Herald*, and also that he had permission to send the said correspondent to the front, where I particularly desired to go. The notion attracted me. I applied to the military authorities for permission to accept the offer. Permission was, however, refused. So there was nothing to do but to go home. But before starting, I consoled myself by sending some provisions, privately, to the unfortunate officers at the front, who, owing to the substitution by the transport people of tents for food, were short of necessaries. I obtained from the *Orient* four large boxes filled with potted lobster, salmon, sardines, beef, tins of cocoa, and so forth, and sent one box each to the 1st Life Guards, the Blues, the Guards, and the Royal Marines. The orders were that no private supplies were to go up. These I ventured to disregard; got up bright and early at three o'clock in the morning; and had the boxes stowed under the hay which was being sent up in railway trucks, before officialdom was out of bed. Then I went home.

I consider that Sir Garnet Wolseley's conduct of the campaign, and his brilliant victory at Tel-el-Kebir, were military achievements of a high order. The public, perhaps, incline to estimate the merit of an action with reference to the loss of life incurred, rather than in relation to the skill employed in attaining the object in view. The attack at dawn at Tel-el-Kebir was a daring conception brilliantly carried into execution. Many persons, both at the time and subsequently, have explained how it ought to have been done. But Sir Garnet Wolseley did it.

The public seem to appreciate a big butcher's bill, although it may be caused by stupidity or by lack of foresight on the part of the general. But if he retrieves his mistakes, the public think more of him than of the general

who, by the exercise of foresight and knowledge, wins an action with little loss of life.

I carried home with me a 64 lb. shell fired from the *Condor* at the Mex magazine, intending to present it to the Prince of Wales. I found it in the sand. It had passed right through the walls of the magazine, and it had not exploded. Having brought it on board the *Condor*, I caused the gunner, Mr. Alexander Greening, to sound it with a copper rod; and he came to the conclusion that it was empty of gunpowder. I therefore thought that it had never been filled. I intended to have it cut in two and a lamp for the Prince made of the pieces, and took it to Nordenfelt's works for the purpose. The foreman, desirous of taking every precaution before cutting it, had it again filled with water and sounded with a copper rod, when it suddenly exploded, blowing off the foot of the workman who held it, and doing other serious damage. The explanation seems to be that the force of the impact when the shell was fired had solidified the powder into a hard mass. But explanation would have little availed had the shell burst in the smoking-room at Sandringham, where a fragment of it remains to this day.

CHAPTER XXII

PASSING THROUGH EGYPT

AT the beginning of the year 1883 I was on my way out to India with Lady Charles in the P. and O. s.s. *Malwa*. Proceeding into Ismailia Lake, the *Malwa* was rammed by another vessel which tried to cross the *Malwa's* bows. I was looking over the side of the *Malwa* and I saw a curious thing. I saw the colliding vessel rebound from the *Malwa* and strike her again. I ran up to the bridge, where the captain had already given orders to stop the engines. The ship was sinking; it was no time to stand upon ceremony; and I ventured to suggest to the captain that he should put his engines full steam ahead, when he might hope to beach the vessel, whereas if she stayed where she was, she would infallibly go down in deep water. The captain, like a good seaman, gave the order, and the chief engineer carried it into execution with admirable promptitude. I went down into the engine-room and found the water already rising through the foot-plates.

As the ship steamed towards the shore, settling down as she went, I stood with Lady Charles on the bridge, telling her that, if the vessel sank, I should throw her overboard—although she could not swim—and should jump in after her. To which she merely replied, "That will be very disagreeable!"

The ship was safely beached, though not before the water had risen to my cabin. She was afterwards salved by the help of the Navy. H.M.S. *Carysfort*, commanded by Captain H. F. Stephenson, C.B. (now Admiral Sir Henry F. Stephen-

son, G.C.V.O., K.C.B., Gentleman Usher of the Black Rod), sent a carpenter and a working party; and they did excellent service in the *Malwa*.

Our party went to Cairo, there to await the next steamer.

Hicks Pasha and his staff dined with us upon the night before they left Cairo, upon their fatal expedition. Colonel W. Hicks had been appointed by the Khedive chief of the staff of the Army of the Soudan. In the following August he was appointed commander-in-chief. From Cairo he went to Souakim, thence to Berber, and thence to Khartoum. On the 28th April, he fought a successful action on the White Nile, south of Khartoum, in which his Egyptian troops did well. In September, Hicks left Duem with his staff and some 10,000 men and marched into the desert, which swallowed them up. The whole army was exterminated by the Mahdi's dervishes. Gordon said that the Mahdi built with the skulls of the slain a pyramid.

I applied for permission to accompany Hicks Pasha, but my old friend Lord Dufferin was determined that I should not go upon that hazardous enterprise. I believe he telegraphed to the Government on the subject. At any rate, he had his way, and so saved my life.

In October, before the news of the disaster had reached Cairo, the British Army of Occupation had been reduced from 6700 men to 3000. Subsequently, the British Government proceeded with the policy of abandoning the Soudan, in one phase of which I was to bear my part.

In the meantime, Lady Charles and I joined the Duke of Portland and his party, among whom were Lord de Grey and Lord Wenlock; went to India; enjoyed some excellent sport; and returned home.

CHAPTER XXIII

THE SOUDAN WAR OF 1884–5

I. Summary of Events

Note

A YEAR before the British forces restored order in Egypt, trouble was beginning in the Soudan. One Mahomet Ahmed, who was the son of a boat-builder, and who had the peculiar conformation of the teeth which betokened the fore-ordained of the Prophet, announced that he was the Mahdi. In July, 1881, the holy man dwelt upon the island of Abba, on the White Nile, above Khartoum. Thence he caused it to be made known that he was the chosen instrument for the reformation of Islam, and that all those who denied him would be abolished. Reouf Pasha, who was then Governor-General of the Soudan, summoned the Mahdi to Khartoum, there to give an account of himself. The Mahdi naturally refused; and when Reouf sent soldiers to fetch him, the Mahdi slew most of them, and departed into the hills, he and all his following. The Governor of Fashoda took an expedition to Gheddeer, and was also slain, together with most of his men. Then Giegler Pasha, a German, acting as temporary Governor-General of the Soudan, succeeded in defeating the forces of the Mahdi. But Abdel Kader, who, succeeding Reouf, took over the command from Giegler, was defeated in his turn. On 7th June, 1882, the Egyptian forces were cut to pieces near Fashoda. In July, the Mahdi was besieging Obeid and

Bara. By October, 1882, both places were in danger of falling, and Abdel Kader was demanding reinforcements from Egypt.

The Soudan is a country as large as India; at that time it had no railways, no canals, no roads, and, excepting the Nile during a part of the year, no navigable rivers. In November, 1882, the British Government informed the Khedive that they declined to be responsible for the condition of the Soudan. Lord Granville's intimation to this effect was the first step in the policy which progressed from blunder to blunder to the desertion and death of General Gordon.

The Egyptian Government, left in the lurch, hastily enlisted some 10,000 men, the most part being brought in by force, and dispatched them to Abdel Kader at Berber. At Abdel Kader's request, Colonel Stewart and two other British officers were sent to Khartoum to help him to deal with the raw and mutinous levies.

In December, a number of British officers were appointed to the Egyptian Army in Egypt, in accordance with the recommendations of Lord Dufferin, and Sir Evelyn Wood was appointed Sirdar. The British Army of Occupation had now been reduced to 12,000 men, under the command of General Sir Archibald Alison, who, in the following April (1883) was succeeded by Lieutenant-General F. C. S. Stephenson.

In January, 1883, Colonel W. Hicks, afterwards Hicks Pasha, was appointed by the Khedive chief of the staff of the Army of the Soudan. Before he proceeded to the theatre of war, Abdel Kader had lost and won various engagements, and had reoccupied the province of Sennar; while the Mahdi had taken El Obeid and Bara and occupied the whole of Kordofan.

In February, it was announced in the Queen's Speech that "the British troops will be withdrawn as promptly as may be permitted by a prudent examination of the country"; a declaration provoking intense alarm among the European

inhabitants of Egypt. Their protests, however, were totally disregarded. The Egyptians naturally concluded that England owned no real interest in that reform of administration which her influence alone could achieve.

On 7th February, 1883, Colonel Hicks left Cairo for Khartoum, with his staff, consisting of Colonels Colborne and De Cöetlogon, Majors Farquhar and Martin, and Captains Warner, Massey and Forrestier-Walker. Upon the night before their departure, Colonel Hicks and his staff dined with Lord and Lady Charles Beresford in Cairo. Lord Charles Beresford, who was then on half-pay, had expressed a wish to accompany Colonel Hicks, but Lord Dufferin disapproving of his suggestion, Lord Charles Beresford withdrew it.

Hicks and his men disappeared into the desert, which presently swallowed them up.

On the 28th April, Hicks defeated a large force of the Mahdi's army on the White Nile. The Egyptian Government then decided to reconquer the province of Kordofan, and dispatched reinforcements to Khartoum. On the 9th September, Hicks Pasha, at the head of 10,000 men, marched for Duem. The last dispatch received from him was dated 3rd October, 1883. Upon a day early in November, Hicks and his whole army were annihilated.

His defeat left Khartoum in great danger. On 9th November, before the news of the disaster reached England, the British Government stated that all British troops were to be withdrawn from Egypt. When the fact was known, the decision of the Government was modified; but they still declined to interfere in the Soudan; and advised the Egyptian Government to evacuate at least a part of that territory. The Egyptian Government protesting, the British Government, on 4th January, 1884, sent a peremptory message insisting that the policy of evacuation should be carried into execution. The inconsequence of Her Majesty's Ministers is sufficiently apparent.

In the meantime, during August of the preceding year,

1883, trouble had arisen in the Eastern Soudan, where Osman Digna, a trader, joined the Mahdi, and brought all the tribes of that country to his standard. At the beginning of November, 1883, just at the time when Hicks Pasha and his army had come to their end, an Egyptian force under Mahmoud Talma Pasha was defeated by Osman Digna in the attempt to relieve Tokar, besieged by the rebels, Captain Moncrieff, Royal Navy, British Consul at Souakim, being killed in the action. A second expeditionary force under Suleiman Pasha was cut to pieces on 2nd December at Tamanieh.

The Egyptian Government then dispatched reinforcements under the command of General Valentine Baker, among whose staff were Colonel Sartorius, Lieutenant-Colonel Harrington, Lieutenant-Colonel Hay, Majors Harvey, Giles, and Holroyd, Morice Bey and Dr. Leslie. On the 4th February, 1884, Baker was defeated at El-Teb, with the loss of nearly two-thirds of his force. Morice Bey, Dr. Leslie, and nine other European officers were killed. Souakim being threatened, Admiral Hewett, on 10th December, was given the command of the town, having under him some 3800 troops. Two days later came the news of the taking of Sinkat by the rebels, and of the massacre of the garrison. During the period in which these successive disasters occurred, the British Army of Occupation was kept idle in Cairo by the orders of the British Government.

The current of events now divides, one leading to Khartoum, the other still flowing in the Eastern Soudan. The British Government, hopelessly at fault, turned to General Charles Gordon, as the one man in the world who could apparently perform miracles. Ten years previously, "Chinese" Gordon, as Governor-General of the Soudan, and again in 1877, as Governor-General of the Soudan, Darfur and the Equatorial Provinces, had freed the country from Turkish rule, broken the slave trade, established peace, opened trade routes, and laid the foundations of civilisation. Since 1877 he had been engaged in setting wrong things right in Egypt

in the Soudan again, in Abyssinia, in China, in the Mauritius, at the Cape, in Palestine, and in the Congo.

On 18th January, 1884, Gordon was instructed by the British Government to report upon the best method of evacuating the Soudan. When he arrived at Cairo, these instructions were radically altered by Sir Evelyn Baring (afterwards Lord Cromer), who, on the 25th January, informed Gordon that he was required actually to direct the evacuation of Khartoum and of the whole Soudan, and afterwards to establish an organised government in that country. Gordon arrived at Khartoum on the 18th February, where he was hailed as the father and saviour of the people.

On the same day, Major-General Sir Gerald Graham left Suez to join at Souakim the force which had been placed under his command. That force was chiefly drawn from the British Army of Occupation in Egypt. The object of the expedition was the relief of Tokar, or, if that place had already fallen, the protection of Souakim, an alternative which involved an attack upon Osman Digna's victorious army. Tokar was in fact taken by the enemy before the expedition started.

The British Government, whose original intention had been to refrain from any action in the Soudan whatsoever; which had been compelled by force of circumstances, including the most frightful bloodshed, to change a wholly negative policy to a definite scheme of evacuation; now perceived, of course too late, that if the European population was to be brought away, at least some measure of military force must be employed. What Her Majesty's Ministers were unable to see, or what, if they saw, they chose to ignore, was the plain fact that the same force and the same measures and the same promptitude would be required for the salvation of Europeans in face of the enemy, as for the reconquest and reoccupation of the country. In this delusion, or dereliction, resides the explanation of an affair which has left an indelible stain upon British honour.

On 28th February, 1884, Graham defeated the enemy, inflicting upon them severe losses, at El-Teb, near the spot upon which Baker's disastrous action had occurred some three weeks previously. On 13th March, after a hard and at times a dubious fight, Graham won another victory at Tamaai, and the power of Osman Digna was broken. Graham was then ordered to return, and the expedition was over.

By withdrawing Graham's troops, the Government both threw away the fruits of his success, and deliberately abandoned the control of the Souakim-Berber route from Khartoum, by which alone Gordon could have brought away the refugees. Berber was the key to the Soudan. Thenceforth, the Souakim-Berber route was impracticable; and it was for this reason that Lord Wolseley was obliged to take the much longer Nile route.

On the very day after Graham's victory at El-Teb, and before Graham had left Souakim, Gordon had telegraphed from Khartoum as follows:—

"There is not much chance of the situation improving, and every chance of it getting worse; for we have nothing to rely on to make it better. You must, therefore, decide whether you will or will not make an attempt to save the two-thirds of the population who are well affected before these two-thirds retreat. Should you wish to intervene, send 200 British troops to Wady Halfa, and adjutants to inspect Dongola, and then open up Souakim-Berber road by Indian Moslem troops. This will cause an immediate collapse of the revolt."

On 2nd March he telegraphed again to the same effect; but Lord Granville declined to accede to General Gordon's suggestions. A few days later, when the Eastern Soudan and the Souakim-Berber route had been definitely abandoned, Sir Evelyn Baring strongly advised the British Government to obtain command of the Souakim-Berber route. But the

advice was refused by Lord Granville, and the most urgent appeals continued to be addressed to him in vain.

Deserted by the Government, Gordon tried, and failed, to raise money privately for the purpose of engaging Turkish troops. Early in April, Khartoum was closely besieged. At this time, Lord Wolseley urged upon the Government the necessity of relieving Gordon. In May, preparations for war were begun. A part of the British Army of Occupation in Egypt was sent up the Nile; and Commander Hammill and other naval officers were employed to report upon the navigation of the river. These facts did not prevent Lord Hartington from informing the House of Commons, early in July, that the Government had no intention of sending an expedition to relieve General Gordon, unless it were made clear that by no other means could he be relieved, and adding that the Government had "received no information making it desirable that we should depart from that decision" (Royce, *The Egyptian Campaigns*). On 24th July, Lord Wolseley made a spirited protest against the procrastination of the Government. The pressure of public opinion could no longer be entirely withstood. On 30th July, Gordon sent a message in which he declared his retreat to be impossible.

On 5th August, Mr. Gladstone asked and obtained a vote of credit. Then, and not until then, were the preparations for war begun in England. Having decided, upon the advice of Lord Wolseley, to follow the Nile route instead of the Souakim-Berber route, the Government ordered 800 boats. These were 30 feet long, having six feet six inches beam, two feet six inches draught, fitted with 12 oars, two masts and lug sails; each designed to carry two boatmen and 10 soldiers with provisions, arms and ammunition. Eight steam pinnaces and two stern-wheel paddle-boats were also fitted out; the Nile steamers belonging to the Egyptian Government were taken over; and 380 *voyageurs* from Canada were engaged. The total force of troops selected numbered 7000. Messrs. Thomas Cook & Son contracted to transport the

whole expedition to above the Second Cataract. Lord Wolseley was appointed commander-in-chief; General Sir Redvers Buller was chief of staff; General Earle was given command of a brigade; special service officers were: Colonels Sir Charles Wilson, Brackenbury, Harrison, Henderson, Maurice, Lord Anson (Royce, *The Egyptian Campaigns*). Lord Charles Beresford was attached to Lord Wolseley's staff.

Even now, the Government failed to recognise the plain facts of the case. Their instructions to Lord Wolseley were that the main object of the expedition was to rescue General Gordon. Her Majesty's Ministers considered that it might be practicable to achieve his release without going to Khartoum, and that in any case it was desirable to avoid any fighting so far as possible.

When Lord Wolseley started from Cairo on 27th September, 1884, the advance was already going rapidly forward. Under the direction of Sir Evelyn Wood and Commander Hammill, a number of the whaler boats had been transported to Wady Halfa, which is nearly 900 miles from Khartoum, the total length of the Nile route being 1650 miles. Along the river, up to Wady Halfa and a little beyond to Sarras, bases of supply had been established; an advance guard was already at New Dongola, about 100 miles above Wady Halfa, under the command of General Sir Herbert Stewart, he who afterwards led the Desert Column.

Arriving at Wady Halfa on 5th October, Lord Wolseley received news that Colonel J. S. Stewart, Mr Power, British Consul at Khartoum and correspondent of *The Times*, M. Herbin, French Consul, and a party of Greek and Egyptian refugees, who had left Khartoum in the steamer *Abbas*, had all been slain. Stewart had with him Gordon's papers, which, of course, were taken by the Mahdi's men.

On the 8th October a letter from M. Herbin was received at Cairo. It was dated from Khartoum, 29th July, 1884, and stated that there were then provisions for two months in the

place. The time had thus expired—and M. Herbin had been murdered—ere the letter arrived.

A temporary base was formed at Wady Halfa; and bases of supplies were established along the river up to New Dongola. By means of extraordinary exertions, boats and steamers were hauled up to Dongola through the rapids. Lord Wolseley formed a Camel Corps of 1500 men, consisting of four regiments, Heavy Cavalry, Light Cavalry, Guards and Mounted Infantry, with a detachment of Royal Marines. Early in November, a general advance was made from Wady Halfa. Wolseley arrived at Dongola on 3rd November. Two days previously, on 1st November, Sir Evelyn Baring had received a message from Gordon, dated 13th July, saying that he could hold out for four months. The limit, therefore, had nearly been reached by the time the expedition was leaving Wady Halfa, 900 miles from Khartoum.

Lord Wolseley, early in November, considered that it would take to the end of the year to concentrate his forces at Ambukol, just above Old Dongola. He returned to Wady Halfa to expedite progress; and by the middle of December headquarters were established at Korti, and by Christmas the greater part of the force was concentrated there. During the whole of this period, Wolseley's army must be figured as a river of men flowing along the river Nile, the infantry struggling up in boats, the mounted men toiling along the banks; the stream of men banking up at headquarters, the military front, which is steadily pushed forward from Wady Halfa to New Dongola, from New Dongola to Old Dongola 60 to 70 miles farther up, from Old Dongola to Korti.

On 17th November a letter was received from Gordon saying that he could hold out for forty days from the date of the superscription, 4th November, 1884, thus leaving Wolseley barely four weeks to accomplish a task needing as many months. On 28th November another letter from Gordon, dated 9th September, gave the relief expedition four months, thus leaving Wolseley five weeks from the

date upon which the letter was received. It was now clear that the expedition could not reach Khartoum in time.

When Lord Wolseley, towards the end of December, had his forces concentrated at Korti, he decided to divide them into two columns, the Desert Column and the Nile Column. The reasons for his scheme can only be clearly apprehended by a reference to the map. At Korti, the Nile turns north-east, looping back again, and resuming its southward course at Metemmeh. A straight line drawn across the Bayuda Desert from Korti to Metemmeh is the short cut. This was the route given to the Desert Column. The Nile Column was to proceed up the loop of the river to Hamdab, there to avenge the murder of Colonel Stewart and his party, to proceed higher up to Berti, and thence to secure the bend of the river and to open up the desert route back to Korosko, below Wady Halfa, and from Korosko it was intended to attack Berber, and thence to join forces with the Desert Column at Metemmeh.

The Nile Column, numbering about 3000 men, under the command of Major-General Earle, Brigadier-General Brackenbury being second in command, left Korti on 28th December, 1884.

The Desert Column was placed under the command of General Sir Herbert Stewart. With him was Colonel Sir Charles Wilson, who was instructed to take a body of troops from Metemmeh to Khartoum. The Column consisted of sections of the Camel Corps, a company of the Royal Engineers, a detachment of the 19th Hussars, detachments of the Commissariat and Medical Corps, and the Naval Brigade, which was placed under the command of Lord Charles Beresford. The total force numbered 73 officers, 1032 non-commissioned officers and men, 2099 camels, and 40 horses. The Desert Column left Korti on 30th December, 1884. It was, in fact, a forlorn hope.

(The writer desires to acknowledge the use he has made of the excellent narrative of events contained in *The Egyptian Campaigns*, by the Hon. Charles Royle.)

CHAPTER XXIV

THE SOUDAN WAR (*Continued*)

II. How we brought the Boats through the Great Gate

IN January, 1884, General Gordon was entrusted by the British and Egyptian Governments with the impossible task of evacuating the Soudan and of organising its future internal administration, in the face of a vast horde of armed fanatics. In April, the investment of Khartoum, in which Gordon was shut up, was complete. In May, preparations for war were begun in England and in Egypt. It was not, however, until 8th August that Lord Hartington informed General Stephenson, commanding the British Army of Occupation in Egypt, that measures would be taken to relieve Gordon. During the same month the whale-boats for the Nile route were ordered. On 26th August General Stephenson was informed that Lord Wolseley would command the expedition.

In August, while I was staying with the Duke of Fife at Mar Lodge, I was appointed to Lord Wolseley's Staff.

I sailed with Lord Wolseley and the rest of his Staff. We arrived at Alexandria on 9th September, 1884, and went on to Cairo, where we lodged in the Palace on the Shoobra Road. Here were Lord Wolseley, General Sir Redvers Buller, Colonel Swaine, Major Wardrop, and Lord Edward Fitzgerald, A.D.C. to Buller. Sir Evelyn Wood and Commander Hammill were already up the Nile organis-

ing transport and supply. General Sir Herbert Stewart and General Earle were at Wady Halfa.

It is not my intention to relate the history of the war, which has been admirably recorded in the various works dealing with the subject; but rather to narrate my personal experiences during the campaign. And the reader will also be left to his own consideration of the contemporary affairs of the great world: the marrying and giving in marriage, losses and gains, desires foiled and ambitions achieved, the shifts and intrigues and gossip of domestic politics, the portentous manœuvres upon the clouded stage of international drama: all of which, to the sailors and soldiers of the forlorn hope strung along the gigantic reaches of the Nile, toiling and fighting in the desert, went by as though it had never been. It is an old story now; very many of my gallant comrades have passed away; but the record of their courage and endurance remains, and shall remain.

When we arrived in Cairo there were already 29 naval officers and 190 men, divided into several sections, at work along the Nile. These were sent by Admiral Lord John Hay, commander-in-chief in the Mediterranean. In addition, the Admiralty had appointed two or three senior officers, among whom was Captain Boardman (afterwards Admiral F. R. Boardman, C.B.). At Lord Wolseley's request, Boardman was placed in command of the whole naval contingent, which had not hitherto been under either a naval officer in chief command or the military authority. My own position with regard to the naval contingent was simply that of Lord Wolseley's representative.

While we were in Cairo I purchased for £24 my famous racing camel Bimbashi. Buller also bought a camel, and we rode together daily. He used to laugh till he nearly fell out of his saddle, when my camel ran away with me through and over foot-passengers, donkeys, carriages and dogs. I might haul Bimbashi's head round till it was under my knee, and he was looking astern, and still he charged onwards.

The whale-boats designed to transport the expedition were then arriving in large numbers. The total number was 800. They were similar to the man-of-war 30-foot whaler, but fuller in the body to enable them to carry more weight. Each boat was 30 feet long, with six feet six inches beam, and two feet six inches draught, fitted for 12 oars, and two masts with lug sails, and capable of carrying 10 soldiers, two boatmen (Canadian *voyageurs*), 1000 rations and ammunition.

There was a story current when the boats were struggling up the Nile, that one of them, manned by a sergeant and eight soldiers, but without a *voyageur* on board, having run athwart a rock and upset, a soldier observed to the sergeant that "the cove who sent nine men in a boat with 1000 rations must have been this here journey before!"

There were also to be provided eight steam pinnaces, two stern-wheel paddle boats, and a number of hired Egyptian Government steamers. The whale-boats as they arrived were sent, first, by rail and river to Assiout. Thence they were towed to Assouan, where is the First Cataract. Here they were either railed on trucks, or hauled through the rapids to Shellal, eight miles up. From Shellal to Wady Halfa, 200 miles farther, was plain sailing. At Wady Halfa is the Second Cataract and the formidable rapid of Bab-el-Kebir, or the "Great Gate."

Early in September I was ordered by Lord Wolseley to go up the Nile, overhauling the arrangements for the water transport, right up to Wady Halfa, which would be the temporary military base. I went by train from Cairo to Assiout, the hottest journey I had ever endured. India was nothing to it. The desert gathered itself up to destroy me. Any little spot upon my person which was not deep in desert was a fly-bazaar. But at Assiout a cold shower-bath paid for all. Here I investigated the transport arrangements made by Captain Boardman, and found them excellent. I may say at once that the whole of Captain Boardman's work was admirable, and that his management

throughout the campaign was marked by the greatest good feeling, tact, and patience.

I left Assiout in one of Messrs. Cook's steamers, the *Fersaat*, which had the appearance of a boat and the manners of a kangaroo. She was loosely concocted of iron and leaked at every rivet; she squealed and grunted; her boiler roared like a camel; she bounded as she went. Her Reis (captain and pilot) was a sorrowful old Mohammedan, whose only method of finding out if the shoals and sands were still in the same place was by running upon them; and his manner of getting off them was to cry "Allah Kerim!" ("God is great!") and to beat his poor old forehead on the deck. In the meantime one of his Arabs tastefully attired in a long blue night-gown, an enormous pair of drawers, and decorated elastic-sided boots, stripped and jumped overboard and pushed the boat, and while he pushed he chanted a dirge. As the boat began to move, he made sounds which suggested that he was about to be violently sick but could not quite manage it satisfactorily, although encouraged thereto by the loud objurgations of the two stokers. When he clambered back on deck, he put on the decorated boots and walked about in them till he was dry enough to dress; while the Reis gave thanks to his Maker, and the two stokers, men who knew nothing and feared nothing, piled wood on the furnaces and drove the boat along again.

If anyone walked from port to starboard or touched the helm, the boat rolled over, and until the next roll maintained a list of ten degrees, so that I was frequently shot off the locker upon which I was trying to sleep, landing upon the top of José, my Maltese interpreter, and followed by field-glasses, filter, sword and boots. The mosquito-curtains carried away, and the mosquitoes instantly attacked in force, driving me nearly mad with loss of blood, irritation, and rage. My only comfort was a pneumatic life-belt, which had been sent to me by Lady Charles, and which I used as a pillow.

So we struggled along against the stream for the 330 miles to Assouan; and the weather was not too hot, and the nights were cool, and the banks were fringed with date-palms, and every night the sun sank from the intense blue of the zenith, laced with long-drawn clouds of rose, to the lucent green low in the west, and the sand turned to gold colour and rose, until the sun dropped suddenly out of sight and all turned grey like ashes. Then a cold little wind sprang up out of the desert and the night deepened into the velvet dark flashing with a myriad stars.

On 23rd September I came to Assouan: reorganised the postal service to bring two mails a week by steam-launch: made arrangements for the rapid working of the water transport generally, ready for the time of pressure, and sent an urgent request for flexible wire hawsers, as I was sure they would be urgently required.

Leaving Assouan on 24th September, I arrived at Wady Halfa on the 27th. Here were Sir Evelyn Wood and his Staff; among whom was my old friend Zohrab Pasha. I was immediately set to work trying camels, as I had become acquainted with these singular animals in India.

Upon the day of my arrival I went out with a young officer in the Mounted Infantry. His camel blundered over an irrigation ditch, and flung my young friend head over heels into the mud, where he sat looking sadly up into the face of his steed, which was complaining, as camels do, making a peculiar mumbling noise like an old woman kept waiting for her tea. Having been restored to his seat, this unfortunate youth immediately rode too close to the river and incontinently fell into a deep mud hole from which he had to be dug out.

On 5th October Lord Wolseley arrived at Wady Halfa, as cheery as usual, and took up his quarters in a *dahabieh*. Sir Redvers Buller and Zohrab Pasha were also dwelling in *dahabiehs*. I was attached to Sir Evelyn Wood's mess, Sir Evelyn being in charge of communications. I lived in a small bell tent close to the river, chiefly furnished with a

penny whistle, a photograph of Lady Charles, my letters from home, and a stag beetle big enough to carry me to hounds, which I generally had to chase from my bed.

Upon Lord Wolseley's arrival we heard the rumour of the murder of Colonel Stewart at El-Kamar, and of the slaying of his companions. Ultimately, the news was confirmed. Stewart, with three steamers, had left Khartoum on 10th September. After shelling the forts at Berber, two of the steamers returned; while Stewart, in the *Abbas*, which was towing two boats carrying refugees, went on to Abu Hamid, where the natives opened a heavy fire. The boats were cast adrift and their passengers captured. Stewart went on; his steamer was wrecked near the village of Hebbeh, at which, having been induced to land by treachery, Stewart, M. Herbin, French Consul at Khartoum, Mr. Power, *Times* correspondent, and a number of Greeks and Egyptians, were slain. It was a pitiful end to all Colonel Stewart's gallant service with Gordon.

During the first part of my time at Wady Halfa I was engaged under Lord Wolseley's instructions in the inspection of the transport up and down the river, often riding more than forty miles in a day upon a camel. Wady Halfa was then being formed into the base camp preparatory to the general advance: and troops and stores were arriving daily. The railway ran along the east bank of the river to Sarras, 33 miles distant.

One day, when Sir Evelyn Wood and a party of soldiers were going by train to Sarras, and Commander Hammill and I were accompanying them, the engine broke down halfway. The Egyptian engineer and stoker being helpless, Hammill and I examined the locomotive, Hammill taking the top part, while I lay on my back underneath, close to the furnace, where the sensation was like being baked in an oven. The bearings were overheated, a lubricating tube having become unscrewed. After two hours' hard work, we managed to reverse the tube end for end and to refix it. Sir Evelyn Wood helped to pull me from under the engine,

and laughed till he cried. I was covered with black grease from top to toe, and my clothes were scorched to tatters. Hammill was in no better case, his suit being drenched with oil. The spectacle may have been very amusing to the general; but neither Hammill nor I had more than two suits, and here was one of them destroyed entirely.

By the 5th October, when Lord Wolseley arrived at Wady Halfa, Sir Herbert Stewart had been for several days at Dongola with 250 Mounted Infantry, who were transported in *nuggars* (native boats) from Sarras. The whale-boats were arriving daily at Wady Halfa, the first boat having been hauled through the rapids on 25th September, and by the 5th October there were 103 whalers assembled at Wady Halfa. At Wady Halfa is the Second Cataract, at the lower end of which is the gorge of Bab-el-Kebir, the Great Gate. Between Wady Halfa and Dal are the cataracts of Samneh, Attireh, Ambigol, Tangour and Akasha. At intervals of about 33 miles from Sarras to (New) Dongola, stations were established with commissariat depots. The transport of troops and stores from the base camp at Wady Halfa to Dongola consisted of the steamers, whale-boats, and *nuggars* along the river, the train from Wady Halfa to Sarras, from Sarras to Ambigol by camel, thence by water. The Camel Corps marched along the east bank to Dongola. It was composed of four regiments, Heavy, Light, Guards, and Mounted Infantry, each being composed of detachments from cavalry and infantry regiments, each detachment consisting of two officers, two sergeants, two corporals, one bugler, and 38 men; total, 94 officers, 1700 N.C.O.'s and men.

Such, in brief, was the condition of affairs early in October (1884), when I was stationed at the Second Cataract at Wady Halfa. Here the Nile divides into two, flowing on either side of a group of rocks and islands for about 20 miles, and at the other (or upper) end of the group of rocks and islands, on the east (or left) bank, is the sickle-shaped gorge of Bab-el-Kebir. At this time, although the

river was falling, the roar of the torrent pouring through the Bab was so tremendous, that no voice could be heard, and we communicated with one another by semaphore. When I left the Bab, goats were feeding in the bed of the river.

Lord Wolseley told me that he was informed that it was impossible to haul the steamers up the Second Cataract, and asked me if I could do it.

I replied that nothing was impossible until it was proved to be impossible; and that, in the case under consideration, I would admit the impossibility when I had smashed two steamers in trying to get them through; while if I smashed only one, I might thereby get experience which would enable me to succeed with the other.

The steamers were hauled through successfully while the Bab-el-Kebir was still full and roaring, the current being so powerful that the steamers forging against it trembled like a whip.

Some 4000 natives were put on the hawser of the first steamer; and as they hauled her up, she had but a foot's clearance between her sides and the rocks. The torrent flung her against them, and if she had not been defended by timber and mats, she would have been smashed to pieces. About the middle of the gorge the natives could move her no farther. Whereupon they cried to Allah to strengthen them, and to order the rope to pull harder and to slacken the water. But as their prayers availed not, I eased the steamer back again, and put about 1500 British soldiers on the hawser. They did not pray; indeed, their language was as it were the reverse of prayer; but they dragged the steamer right through. Theologically speaking, the victory should have gone to the natives. I put the problem to a bishop, but he was unable to solve it.

The task of hauling the whalers through the Second Cataract was at first entrusted to Koko, the native pilot of Bab-el-Kebir. His method was to take a line, dive with it into the rapids, and carry it across the river. The line was

frequently torn from him by the current, and many of the boats were stove in against the rocks.

I designed a scheme of haulage, and was eventually placed by Lord Wolseley in charge of the whole of the water transport from Wady Halfa to Gemai, a stretch of about 17 miles. At Gemai was established a dockyard, where damaged boats were repaired and equipped for the rest of the voyage.

My scheme for hauling the boats consisted of a stout standing guess warp rigged as nearly as possible at right angles to the course of the boat to be hauled, and secured at either end to rock or tree; one end of a short hawser was hooked to the guess warp, so that it could move freely up and down it, and a block was secured to the other end. Through the block was rove a towing rope proper, one end secured to the boat, and the working party on land tailing on to the other. As the course of the river shifted, the guess warp was moved; the whole passage being accomplished by a series of these operations. In certain places two blocks were used, a standing block and a pendant block, a pendant being rove through the standing block, one end secured to the pendant block, men hauling on the other end; and through the pendant block was rove the hauling line, one end secured to the boat, men hauling on the other upon the bank opposite to that on which were the pendant crew. By hauling on the hauling line, then easing the pendant, and then hauling again on the hauling line, the boat was brought clear of the Cataract and hauled round the corner into smooth water.

Each boat was supplied with two poles for punting and a long line for tracking, besides oars and sails.

The whole equipment of the boats was organised by Sir Redvers Buller, who utilised his experience of the Red River expedition, and nothing could have better served its purpose.

The *nuggars*, or native boats, were bought near Assouan, and were then brought up to Wady Halfa, whence they were hauled through the Cataract, then loaded with stores and

sent on up river. It was of the utmost importance that they should be dispatched as quickly as possible; for an army moves on its stomach, and the *nuggars* carried the wherewithal. Their sails, being invariably rotten, were blown to pieces in the Cataracts. They were constantly crashing into the rocks, which made holes in them, when they were hauled by main force to the shore, where a dock was excavated in the sand to receive them. Here they were repaired and thence dispatched up river.

A *nuggar* would come sailing along, when there was a sudden crash, the bluejacket at the helm was pitched headlong into the bottom of the boat, while the sail split into ribbons, and the native crew embraced the mast crying that Allah was great!

When the whale-boats came along, their passage was so arranged that a regiment, or part of a regiment, was kept together; the distribution being maintained all up the river, so that a homogeneous body could be landed at any moment for attack or defence if necessary.

So furious was the torrent, that whoso fell into it seldom rose again, unless he were one of the expert Dongola divers.

The men coming up in the boats, who had done and suffered much before reaching Wady Halfa, had repaired their trousers with biscuit tins. I overheard the following dialogue between one of these tin-bottomed weary heroes and a comrade on the bank:

"Hullo, Bill, 'ow are you getting on?"

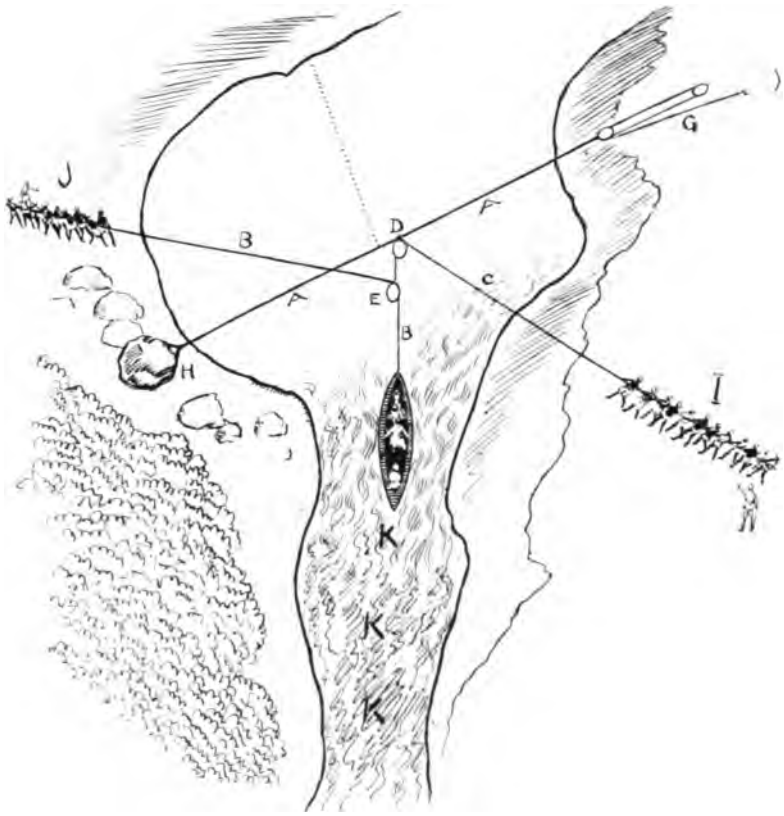
"Me? I've been pulling on this here ruddy river for about two years. 'Ow far is it to Gemai?"

"About fifteen miles, mate."

"O my Gawd! Is there an 'orspital there?"

Late in October, the *voyageurs* arrived, a fine body of men, 380 strong.

Being acquainted with rapids and understanding their navigation, the *voyageurs* were invaluable in bringing the boats through the long and difficult reaches of the Nile up to Wady Halfa, and from Wady Halfa up to Korti. The



THE AUTHOR'S METHOD OF HAULING BOATS THROUGH THE BAB-EL-KEBIR

AA. HAWSER; BB. HAULING LINE; C. GILGUY; J AND I. MEN HAULING; H. FIXED POINT; G. PURCHASE FOR SETTING TAUT

AFTER A DRAWING MADE ON THE SPOT BY THE AUTHOR

task could never have been accomplished in the time, and the losses of boats would have been heavier, had it not been for the *voyageurs*.

As the boats came through the Bab or across the portage, the *voyageurs* took charge of them and sailed them up to Gemai. Here they were overhauled and fully equipped, the soldiers were embarked, and away they went up river.

By the 6th November, 60 boats had left Gemai with the Sussex regiment on board. The river was then falling so swiftly that a new course for the boats must be found almost every day. Hitherto the boats had been passed through the Cataract almost without a scratch or the loss of a single article of gear. Now the rocks began to show through the surf in the Bab.

A boat was smashed. We caught her lower down; and with 200 men portaged her over a rocky hill, across the neck of land formed by the curve of the Bab, then laid her keel upwards across two other boats, and so floated, took her up to Gemai dockyard. I was the more pleased with this piece of salvage, because everyone said it was impossible to save the boat. The last nine boats, after being emptied of all gear, were hauled clean over the rocks by main force. They came prettily lipping through the boiling torrent from rock to rock, taking the blows upon keel and bilge pieces, so that they were scarcely damaged.

Early in October, foreseeing that, as the water fell, the Bab-el-Kebir would become impracticable, I had designed a scheme for a portage. The alternative would have been to entrain the boats from Wady Halfa to Sarras, an expedient which, as the whole of the train service was required to carry provisions, would have involved immense delay.

My plan was to haul the boats up to the entrance of the Bab and then to carry them across the neck of land formed by the curve of the Bab, a distance of 2488 yards, which required 400 men, who should be divided into sections of 40 to each boat. The boat was hauled on shore, her masts, oars, and poles laid on the ground to serve as bearers; the boat was

task could never have been accomplished in the time, and the losses of boats would have been heavier, had it not been for the *voyageurs*.

As the boats came through the Bab or across the portage, the *voyageurs* took charge of them and sailed them up to Gemai. Here they were overhauled and fully equipped, the soldiers were embarked, and away they went up river.

By the 6th November, 60 boats had left Gemai with the Sussex regiment on board. The river was then falling so swiftly that a new course for the boats must be found almost every day. Hitherto the boats had been passed through the Cataract almost without a scratch or the loss of a single article of gear. Now the rocks began to show through the surf in the Bab.

A boat was smashed. We caught her lower down; and with 200 men portaged her over a rocky hill, across the neck of land formed by the curve of the Bab, then laid her keel upwards across two other boats, and so floated, took her up to Gemai dockyard. I was the more pleased with this piece of salvage, because everyone said it was impossible to save the boat. The last nine boats, after being emptied of all gear, were hauled clean over the rocks by main force. They came prettily lipping through the boiling torrent from rock to rock, taking the blows upon keel and bilge pieces, so that they were scarcely damaged.

Early in October, foreseeing that, as the water fell, the Bab-el-Kebir would become impracticable, I had designed a scheme for a portage. The alternative would have been to entrain the boats from Wady Halfa to Sarras, an expedient which, as the whole of the train service was required to carry provisions, would have involved immense delay.

My plan was to haul the boats up to the entrance of the Bab and then to carry them across the neck of land formed by the curve of the Bab, a distance of 2488 yards, which required 400 men, who should be divided into sections of 40 to each boat. The boat was hauled on shore, her masts, oars, and poles laid on the ground to serve as bearers; the boat was

laid on these keel uppermost, and was then lifted and carried, the masts, oars, and poles resting on the men's shoulders, and other men supporting the boat by resting thwarts and gunwale on their shoulders. My scheme was at first received with incredulity by all except Lord Wolseley. But I made a trial trip with 30 men, and had the boat across the portage, including six stoppages for rest, and in the water with all her gear without a scratch, in an hour and twenty minutes. The passage of Bab-el-Kebir, low as the water had become, would have taken at least six hours, with great risk of disaster.

Now, having hauled the last nine boats through, over the rocks, the portage scheme came into operation; and on the 6th November I closed the Bab, and used the portage, by means of which alone it was made possible to continue the supply of boats at the same rate. Thenceforward we were able to put the boats through quicker than they were supplied.

Many of the boats were poisonous to handle, as their matting was infested with scorpions.

My dwelling was at first a tent at Wady Halfa, and afterwards a hut on the bank beside the Bab-el-Kebir. It stood within six feet of the roaring river, in a grove of mimosa. The camels lunched daily upon the long sharp thorns of the mimosa, apparently relishing these spines as a form of Worcester sauce.

Rising at daylight, every day I covered some thirty miles up and down the shore of the Cataract, superintending operations from dawn till dark. I rode one of my camels, Bimbashi or Ballyhooly or Beelzebub, or my donkey, County Waterford, so named because the second time I contested him I lost my seat: a political allegory. Being short of both officers and men, my presence was required everywhere at once. By haulage and portage a perpetual procession of whaleboats and *nuggars* was kept moving up to the dock-yard at Gemai.

From Wady Halfa to the Bab the Cataract was divided

into reaches, a post being stationed at each. At the first reach were Peel of the 2nd Life Guards and 200 Dongola men; at the Naval Camp, on the second reach, were Lieutenant Colbourne and 350 Dongola men; at Palm Tree Camp, in the third reach, were an Egyptian officer and 100 Dongola men; for the portage at Bab-el-Kebir I had 500 men of the 2nd Egyptian battalion under their colonel, and another of their officers, Shakespeare of the Marines, who had been with me in the *Thunderer*. All along the Cataract were stationed small parties of carpenters and sailmakers in order that damages should be repaired on the spot. Living with me was Colonel Grant, who was in command of all the Dongola men. Later, the Canadian *voyageurs* camped beside my hut.

By means of the distribution of work, each section being placed under a responsible officer, progress speedily became three times as fast. Officers and men worked magnificently. I was proud of the old Navy.

The routine for the bluejackets was: Turn out 4.30 a.m., breakfast; walk seven to ten miles through the desert along the river, often having to retrace their steps to help a boat in distress; work all day till sunset, no spell for dinner, which consisted of biscuit; at sunset, walk seven miles back to camp, supper and turn in. The officers walked with the men, giving their camels to the men who suffered from sore feet. Officers and men were burned as black as the natives.

Until my arrival, the nine naval officers and the doctor had been living at the Naval Camp nine miles from Wady Halfa, without a single servant or a cook. They were allowed neither servants nor the money with which to hire natives. But nothing could exceed the kindness and goodwill of General Buller, who at once granted all my requests, and if I found it necessary to order first and report afterwards, sanctioned my requisitions.

I had with me in my hut for a time F. H. Pollen, who could dive and swim better than the Dongola men, using like them a blown-up goatskin. The constant immersion

brought on an attack of dysentery. I kept him in bed, taking away his clothes so that he could not get up, and doctored him till he recovered.

At this time I acted as doctor to the men under me. Every case of sickness was reported to me at once. If the patient suffered from diarrhœa I exhibited castor oil. A petty officer having been thus treated, said he felt easier. I asked him if he would like another dose, and he said he would like it. The same night he died. I sent his body on a camel to the nearest medical officer, who found seventeen date-stones in his stomach. I had the sorry consolation of knowing that the poor fellow must have died in any event.

On the 17th November, Lord Wolseley, returning from Dongola, arrived suddenly at Wady Halfa, where he remained for twenty-four hours, afterwards returning to Dongola. All we knew was that he had come to press matters forward. History relates how that on the 17th November, Wolseley received a letter from Gordon dated 4th November, in which Gordon wrote: "We can hold out forty days with ease; after that it will be difficult." In reply Wolseley telegraphed from Wady Halfa: "Yours of 4th just received 17th; the first I have had from you. I shall be at Kasr Dongola in four days." Wolseley at the same time informed Lord Hartington that while the news would not affect his plans, it seemed to show that Gordon's relief could not be accomplished without fighting.

Lord Wolseley made no announcement on the subject at the time, merely telling General Buller and myself that we were to stay where we were for the present. Our impression was that Wolseley had abandoned the idea of making a dash across the desert from Korti to Metemmeh.

At that date, 17th November, we had more than 200 boats ready to embark troops at Gemai, from which twenty to thirty boats were being dispatched daily. Nearly 200 boats had already gone, carrying detachments of the Essex, Stafford, and Cornwall Regiments, the Engineers, and Commissariat. About 200 more boats had still to pass the

Cataract. I was very pleased with the work and behaviour of the 2nd battalion of the Egyptian Army, which was working the portage. I expressed my satisfaction to them, and gave every man a quarter of a pound of native tobacco, whereupon they declared with one voice that, "if God was willing, they would go to hell with my Excellency."

At about this time I received a private intimation from Lord Wolseley that, when the general advance began, he intended to place me in command of a naval brigade.

By 22nd November, 549 boats had been passed through the Second Cataract, 166 of which had been hauled through the Bab-el-Kebir, the rest portaged. Of the whole number of boats, only three were smashed; and very few received any damage. Accidents were few, although the work was dangerous. On 21st November a *voyageur* was drowned. Three *voyageurs* went overboard, and two were saved by catching hold of a rope. The third scorned the rope, relying upon his ability to swim, and was never seen again. Up to that date five men altogether had been drowned, two soldiers, two Canadians, and one native. Later, another native, and he an Esneh swimmer, was drowned. The river was extraordinarily fatal. Not one man who went under upon falling overboard was saved. The natives always used to do their best to keep on the surface.

Lord Wolseley was so good as warmly to commend the work done on the Second Cataract; and Sir Redvers Buller, who at first declared the portage scheme to be impossible of execution, generously expressed his appreciation of its success.

Having shot a little alligator, I skinned it myself. The Arab camel-man in my service, who spoke French, argued with me in that language for a long time that an alligator had no tongue, but fed by suction, like a snipe. As I had cut out the tongue of my little alligator, I knew it had one; but my Arabian naturalist refused to be persuaded.

At this time and afterwards while I was in Egypt, my servant, interpreter and cook was the excellent José Salvatro,

a Maltese. If he happened to be absent, I conveyed my instructions to the natives through my French-speaking camel-man, in French. Between my French and his French and his Arabic, I used to wonder how the meaning filtered through; but I have a note in my diary that "it comes all right, the natives are cheery fellows and work capitally with me, and a good smack upon the 'sit-upon' of a lazy one keeps the whole lot going."

Towards the end of November I was living alone in my hut on the Bab-el-Kebir, attended only by a bluejacket and the faithful José, who ceased not from scrubbing and washing, so that I was never a day without clean things, an inestimable comfort in that climate. Here I was haunted by an Arab maniac who dwelt in some indiscoverable antre of the rocks. At night I heard him howling to himself. In the daytime, he ran here and there, his only garment being the dust he cast upon his shaven head, crying upon Allah. He ate sand and offal, a diet which left him hungry, for he would come to my tent for food, which I gave him. He seemed to know me in a vague way. I gave him some calico to cover his nakedness withal, but he tore the stuff into fragments and ate them. One day he rushed into my tent, clawed some mutton-broth out of the cooking-pot with his horrible hands and crammed it boiling hot into his mouth. I was obliged forcibly to eject him lest he should take the whole; but I had no stomach for the rest. My fear was lest he should burst in at night and I should be obliged in self-defence to shoot him. Eventually, José lost patience, seized a huge wood-axe, and chased the maniac for a mile. The poor wretch ran like a hare and vanished into his hole in the rocks.

I made a match with Colonel Brocklehurst, head of the Remount Department, to ride my camel, the bold Bimbashi, against any one of Brocklehurst's camels, for £25. The course was six miles long across the desert, from Peel's Camp at the beginning of the Cataract to Sir Evelyn Wood's flag-staff at Wady Halfa. Brocklehurst's rider was his interpreter,

a lean rat of an Arab Sheikh, who was absolutely certain he would win. His camel was the favourite of Wood's mess and was reputed to be the best in Egypt. The betting was fifty to one against me. But I had been riding Bimbashi 30 miles or so a day, and we were both in fine hard condition.

The Sheikh started at a gallop. First his turban, then his goatskin saddle-rug, carried away. Both rider and camel were blowing and perspiring ere they had run three miles. For the first two and a half miles I waited on the Sheikh, then came away and won in a canter half a mile ahead. At the finish the troops lined up and made a course for us. Thus I won my first camel race, owner up. No one was better pleased than my old friend Colonel Brocklehurst.

Bimbashi (according to my journal) covered the six miles in a little over eighteen minutes. That gallant steed had already been ridden the nine miles from my camp to the starting-point; and when I rode him back in the evening, he was so fresh that he ran away with me, grumbling loudly, because he was offended at the sight of a dead donkey lying wrong side up beside the railway.

I invented a saddle for camels, and I believe the pattern is still in use. The saddle-tree is a triangular wooden framework, like the gable of a roof. I covered the wood with oakum and canvas; abolished all buckles, made the girths and stirrups of raw hide thongs, and put the stirrups forward, instead of behind. Count Gleichen, in his interesting book, *With the Camel Corps up the Nile*, relates how the saddles and equipment served out to the Camel Corps gave the men infinite trouble and discomfort. The unseasoned wood came to pieces, the straps broke, the water-skins and water-bottles leaked; but one instance of the departmental mismanagement which caused our men so much unnecessary suffering.

By the end of November, the river was falling so swiftly that what was smooth water yesterday was to-day a

frivolous series of waterfalls with a twist in them. Every alteration in the river involved a new device for haulage, and it would alter at three or four places in a mile, and there were 11 miles of rapids. I was generally able to judge by the look of the water when and where it would change its course during the next few hours. In order to avoid the least delay, new arrangements must be devised beforehand; and my mind was so absorbed in these schemes, that I dreamed of them nightly. By that time I had 1400 men working under me, whose work must be organised, and stations allocated. The Bab-el-Kebir, that formidable rapid, was now a grazing ground for goats.

I shifted my quarters from the Bab to Wady Halfa, as the difficulties were now all at that end of the Cataract. Peel and Colbourne, in command respectively of the next two reaches, found no day too long and no work too hard.

In order to supervise the whole length of the operations as quickly as possible, I kept one camel, Ballyhooly, at the Bab; the big white donkey County Waterford half-way there; and Bimbashi the bold and Beelzebub at Wady Halfa. Bimbashi could trot 16 miles in the hour. A Bedouin Sheikh offered me £35 for him. As I had bought him for £24 I concluded that his vender had stolen him. I won more than his price in the race with Colonel Brocklehurst's Sheikh. While at Wady Halfa I rode him six miles out in the heavy sand against Sir Evelyn Wood and his A.D.C., who rode horses, and Bimbashi beat the horses fair and square.

Lord Wolseley sent me a telegram ordering me to form a naval brigade of 100 men and 10 officers. But as the bluejackets were of inestimable service in getting the remainder of the boats through the Cataract, and fitting them out at Gemai, where the soldiers embarked, he desired to keep them where they were as long as possible. On 27th November, we hoped to get all the boats through during the next five days. Up to that date—the last for which I have a note—687 boats had been passed through the Cataract, with

a loss of 4 only; about 27 men of all sorts had been drowned; and 337 boats had left Gemai with troops and stores.

On 6th December the last boat was passed through. On the same day, Sir Evelyn Wood and Sir Redvers Buller received a telegram reporting a block of boats at Ambigol and Dal Cataract; and I was ordered there at a moment's notice.

On 27th September I had arrived at Wady Halfa; on 10th October I schemed the portage; and for eight weeks since that date I had been continuously hard at work passing the boats through the Second Cataract; which the Arabs call "the belly of stone."

CHAPTER XXV

THE SOUDAN WAR (*Continued*)

III. Up the Cataracts and across the Desert

"To Assiout, in a cloud of dust
We came, and it made us smile,
To see each other's features, till
We washed them in the Nile.
From there, by boat, to Assouan
We came, and every night
Made fast, for the boatmen wouldn't steam
Excepting in daylight."
Songs of the Camel Corps (Sergt. H. Eagle, R.M.C.C.)

ON the 6th December, 1884, Peel and Colbourne, my two gallant comrades who had done so splendid a work upon the Second Cataract, quitted the Belly of Stone, embarking in two boats manned by Kroomen. The names of these big black men were Africa, Ginger Red, Bottled Beer, Sampson, Two Glasses and Been-Very-Ill-Twice; and when they were excited, as they nearly always were, they took to the English tongue, and kept us laughing for a week. When the wind was fair and we sailed up against the rapids, the Kroo boys were terribly anxious, knowing that if the wind failed we should slide all the way back again.

By this time the whole expedition was moving up river. The conduct of the soldiers was magnificent, achieving wonderful results. Of the sailors, accustomed to the work, and knowing the shortest way of doing things, one expected much—and got even more. It was hard enough for the

seamen. Although they, the soldiers, knew nothing of boats, they worked like heroes. And the navigation of the Nile from Gemai to Dal enforced hard continuous toil from dawn to dark day after day. The *voyageurs* did splendid service; the expedition could not have advanced so rapidly without them; and although they knew nothing of sails, being acute adventurous fellows they soon picked up enough knowledge to carry them through.

An officer of cavalry in charge of a convoy of stores on the river worked by Dongola men, describing his adventures with what he called his "peasant crews," pathetically observed: "You know, I know nothing whatever about a boat, or what it ought to do, and I am not ashamed to tell you that the whole time I am sweating with terror. And every night when I go to bed I dream of whirlpools and boiling rapids and then I dream that I am drowned."

But his visions of the night affected neither his nerve nor his indomitable energy.

Our daily routine along the river began at 4.30: all hands turn out, make up tent (if there were one), breakfast, and start, sailing or tracking or rowing according to the state of the river. But whether you sailed or tracked or rowed, before long the river changed and you must row instead of track, or sail instead of row. Then you would come to a difficult place, and you would heave the cargo on shore, and get the empty boat up a fall or a heavy rush of water, and portage the cargo on to the boat. So on to midday, when an hour was allowed for dinner; then at it again, sailing, tracking, rowing, in and out cargo, till sundown. Then haul into the bank and eat bully beef without vegetables. After supper, roll in a blanket and sleep on the soft sand the profound and delicious slumber of weary men.

Occasionally a boat would strike a rock; or at rare intervals an accident would happen, and part of a crew would be lost, and the boat's gear swept away; or a hole would be knocked in the boat, when she would be emptied of gear and cargo, hauled up, and patched. Under these circumstances,

the boats often made no more than three or four miles' advance in a day. Overloaded as were many of the boats, they served their purpose admirably well.

At the big Cataracts were stationed working parties, which emptied the boats of gear and cargo, portaged them overland, and hauled the boats through the rapids.

So we struggled up the broad and rushing river from Gemai to Dal, sailing and towing and rowing, capsized and righting again. And one night a sandstorm waltzed out of the desert and blew away our tent and with it knives, forks, slippers, lamp, candles, matches and everything. And the next morning Peel dropped his knife, and in trying to save it he upset our whole breakfast of sardines and coffee into Colbourne's boots. And half my kit was stolen, and I was reduced to one broken pair of boots, and the natives stole my tooth powder and baked bread with it. And we had boils all over us like the man in the Bible, because every little scratch was poisoned by the innumerable flies of Egypt. But we were so busy that nothing mattered.

Fighting every mile of the great river pouring down from Khartoum, we on the Cataracts had no news of Gordon. All we knew was that there was need to hurry, hurry all the way. At such times as the mail from home arrived upon a dyspeptic camel, we got scraps of news of home affairs. People who knew much more than Lord Wolseley, were saying he ought to have taken the Souakim-Berber route instead of the Nile route. I said then, as I say now, he had no choice. At this time of crisis, when the Navy was dangerously inadequate, one political party was screaming denunciations against "legislation by panic." Encouraging to sailors and soldiers sweating on service! But we knew what to expect. I observe that in a private letter written in December, 1884, from the banks of the Nile, at the end of a long day's work with the boats, I said, "Both sides are equally to blame for the defective state of the Navy. Tell —— and —— not to be unpatriotic and make the Navy a party question, or they will not do half the good they might."

We came to Ambigol to find the boats had been cleared by Alleyne of the Artillery. I was able to improve the organisation there, and to give help along the river. I was in time to save three boats. At Dal, I laid lines along the centre of the two and a half miles rapid, so that in calm weather the boats could haul themselves through.

In the meantime, the Naval Brigade of which Lord Wolseley had ordered me to take command, had been selected, at my request, by Captain Boardman.

On 19th December, my first division came to Dal. Up they came, all together in line ahead, under all possible sail, using the boat awnings as spinnakers. They had sailed up the rapids where the other boats were tracking; and the soldiers cheered them as they went by. There was not a scratch on any boat, nor a drop of water in any of them. Every cargo was complete in detail, including machine guns, ammunition, oil and stores. Had I not a right to be proud of the seamen? I put an officer at the helm of each boat, and told them to follow me through Dal Cataract; and led them through, so that the same night the boats were reloaded with the gear and cargo which had been portaged, and were going on. The passage of Dal Cataract usually occupied three days.

I sent on the first division, and stayed at Dal to await the arrival of the second, in order to get all my men together. As it happened, I did not see it until it reached Korti. On 21st December it had left Sarras, bringing oil and stores to be used in the Nile steamers of which I was to take charge. For by this time I had been informed of Lord Wolseley's intention to send the Naval Brigade with the Camel Corps to make a dash across the Bayuda Desert to Metemmeh. The Naval Brigade was then to attack Khartoum in Gordon's steamers, while the Camel Corps attacked it by land.

So I remained yet a little while at Dal, helping the boats through the Cataract, and camping in the sand. I found a baby scorpion two and a half inches long in my

handkerchief. The officer whose tent was next to mine, shared it with a sand-rat, which used to fill his slippers with *dhura* grains every night, and which jumped on and off my knee when I breakfasted with my friend. Actually there came two or three days when I had nothing to do; and when I could take a hot bath in peace, with the luxury of a cake of carbolic soap, and sit in my little canvas chair, which was, however, speedily stolen.

My poor servant José was suddenly taken with so sharp an attack of fever that he was stricken helpless and could hardly lift a cup to his lips. His pulse was going like a machine gun. He was too ill to be moved on mule-back to the hospital, which was eight miles distant; and I had to doctor him myself. I gave him castor-oil, deprived him of all food for twenty-four hours, gave him five grains of quinine every two hours, and plenty of lime-juice to drink; and he was soon well again.

Lord Avonmore, Lieutenant-Colonel J. Alleyne, Captain Burnaby and myself subscribed to a Christmas dinner of extraordinary charm, eaten with the Guards. The *menu* was:—soup made of bully beef, onions, rice and boiled biscuit, fish from the Nile, stewed bully beef and chicken *à la* as-if-they-had-been-trained-for-long-distance-races-for-a-year, *entremet* of biscuit and jam. Rum to drink.

I should have missed that feast, and should have been on the way to Korti post-haste several days before Christmas, had it not been that a telegram sent by Lord Wolseley to me had been delayed in transmission. On 27th December I received an urgent telegram from General Buller, asking where I was and what I was doing. A week previously Lord Wolseley had telegraphed instructions that I was to proceed to Korti with all speed to arrive with the first division of the Naval Brigade. Having received no orders, I was waiting for the second division so that I might see that it was complete and satisfactory. (It arrived at Dal the day after I left that place in obedience to General Buller's orders.)

From Dal to Korti, as the crow flies, is some 200 miles to the southward; following up the river, which, with many windings, flows north from Korti, the distance is more than half as much again. I was already (by no fault of mine) a week behind; my instructions were to proceed by the shortest possible route by the quickest possible means, camels or steam pinnace; and immediately I received General Buller's telegram I dashed off to the Commissariat. Here I obtained four camels to carry José, myself and my kit to the nearest point at which I could catch a steam pinnace on the river. Also, by riding the first stage of the journey, I could avoid two wide bends of the Nile. The camels were but baggage animals; they all had sore backs; and I could get no proper saddle. I strapped my rug on the wooden framework. We started the same evening at seven o'clock.

The night had fallen when we left behind us the stir of the armed camp and plunged into the deep stillness of the desert. The brilliant moonlight sharply illumined the low rocky hills, and the withered scrub, near and far; the hard gravelly track stretched plainly before us; and the camels went noiselessly forward on their great padded feet. So, hour after hour. It was one o'clock upon the following morning (21st December) when we rode into a dark and silent village. Lighting upon an empty hut, we crawled into it, cooked a little supper, and went to sleep.

Before daylight we were awakened by the noise of voices crying and quarrelling; and there were two black negresses upbraiding us, and beyond them was a group of agitated natives. It appeared that we were desecrating the village mosque. Having soothed the inhabitants, we started. That day we rode from 6 a.m. to 7.30 p.m. with a halt of an hour and a half at midday, travelling 40 miles in twelve hours, good going for baggage camels with sore backs. By that time I was getting sore, too. We slept that night at Absarat, started the next morning (29th December) at 8.30, and rode to Abu Fatmeh, arriving at 4 p.m. Starting next morning at nine o'clock, we arrived at Kaibur at 5 p.m. Here, to my

intense relief, we picked up Colville and his steam pinnace, in which we instantly embarked for Korti.

During the last three days and a half we had been thirty-two hours in the saddle (which, strictly speaking, my camel had not) and a part of my anatomy was quite worn away. I lay down in the pinnace and hoped to become healed.

We did not know it; but the same evening, General Sir Herbert Stewart's Desert Column left Korti upon the great forced march of the forlorn hope.

The pinnace, whose furnaces were burning wood, most of which was wet and green, pounded slowly up river until we met the steamer *Nassifara*, into which I transferred myself. Blissful was the rest in that steamer after my two months' tremendous toil getting the boats through the Bab-el-Kebir and the long ride across the desert. So I lay in the steamer and lived on the height of diet, fresh meat, milk, butter and eggs, till my tunic hardly held me. I did not then know why Lord Wolseley had sent for me in so great a hurry.

CHAPTER XXVI

THE SOUDAN WAR (*Continued*)

IV. The First March of the Desert Column

Note

BY the end of December, 1884, the whole of the expedition was in process of concentrating at Korti. At Korti the Nile fetches a wide arc north-eastward. The chord of the arc, running south-eastward, runs from Korti to Metemmeh, and Shendi, which stands on the farther, or east, bank. From Korti to Metemmeh is 176 miles across the desert. Shendi was the rendezvous at which the troops were to meet Gordon's steamers sent down by him from Khartoum. Wolseley's object in sending Lord Charles Beresford with the Naval Brigade was that he should take command of the steamers, which, filled with troops, were to proceed up to Khartoum. The first business of the Desert Column under General Sir Herbert Stewart, was to seize the wells of Jakdul, which lay 100 miles distant from Korti, and to hold them, thus securing the main water supply on the desert route and an intermediate station between Metemmeh and the base at Korti. Having obtained possession of the wells, the Guards' Battalion was to be left there, while the remainder of the Column returned to Korti, there to be sufficiently reinforced to return to Jakdul, and to complete the march to Metemmeh. Such was the original idea. The reason why sufficient troops and transport were not sent in the first instance, thereby avoiding the necessity of the return

of the greater part of the Column to Korti, and its second march with the reinforcements, seems to have been the scarcity of camels.

When the Desert Column made its first march, Lord Charles Beresford and the Naval Brigade were still on their way to Korti. The first division under the command of Lord Charles marched with the Desert Column on its return.

The first Desert Column numbered 73 officers, 1212 men and natives, and 2091 camels. It consisted of one squadron of the 19th Hussars, Guards' Camel Regiment, Mounted Infantry, Engineers, 1357 camels carrying stores and driven by natives, Medical Staff Corps, and Bearer Company. Personal luggage was limited to 40 lb. a man. An account of the march is given by Count Gleichen, in his pleasant and interesting book (to which the present writer is much indebted) *With the Camel Corps up the Nile* (Chapman & Hall). Some years previously the route from Korti to Metemmeh had been surveyed by Ismail Pasha, who had intended to run a railway along it from Wady Halfa to Khartoum; and the map then made of the district was in possession of the Column. The enemy were reported to be about; but it was expected that they would be found beyond the Jakdul Wells; as indeed they were.

The Desert Column started from Korti on the afternoon of Tuesday, 30th December, 1884. The Hussars escorted a party of native guides and scouted ahead. The Column marched the whole of that night, in the light of a brilliant moon, across hard sand or gravel, amid low hills of black rock, at whose bases grew long yellow savas grass and mimosa bushes, and in places mimosa trees.

At 8.30 on the morning of the 31st December they halted until 3 p.m., marched till 8.30 p.m., found the wells of Abu Hashim nearly dry, marched on, ascending a stony tableland, and still marching, sang the New Year in at midnight; came to the wells of El Howeiyat, drank them dry and bivouacked until 6 a.m. on the morning of the 1st January, 1885.

All that morning they marched, coming at midday to a plain covered with scrub and intersected with dry water-courses; rested for three hours; marched all that night, and about 7 a.m. on the morning of 2nd January, entered the defile, floored with large loose stones and closed in with steep black hills, leading to the wells of Jakdul. These are deep pools filling clefts in the rock of the hills encompassing the little valley, three reservoirs rising one above the other. Count Gleichen, who was the first man to climb to the upper pools, thus describes the middle pool.

"Eighty feet above my head towered an overhanging precipice of black rock; behind me rose another of the same height; at the foot of the one in front lay a beautiful, large ice-green pool, deepening into black as I looked into its transparent depths. Scarlet dragon-flies flitted about in the shade; rocks covered with dark-green weed looked out of the water; the air was cool almost to coldness. It was like being dropped into a fairy grotto, at least so it seemed to me after grilling for days in the sun."

When the Desert Column reached that oasis, they had been on the march for sixty-four hours, with no more than four hours' consecutive sleep. The time as recorded by Count Gleichen was "sixty-four hours, thirty-four hours on the move and thirty broken up into short halts." The distance covered was a little under 100 miles; therefore the camels' rate of marching averaged as nearly as may be two and three-quarter miles an hour throughout. A camel walks like clock-work, and if he quickens his speed he keeps the same length of pace, almost exactly one yard.

The Guards' Battalion, to which were attached the Royal Marines, with six Hussars and 15 Engineers remained at the Wells. The rest of the Column left Jakdul at dusk of the day upon which they had arrived, to return to Korti, bivouacking that night in the desert.

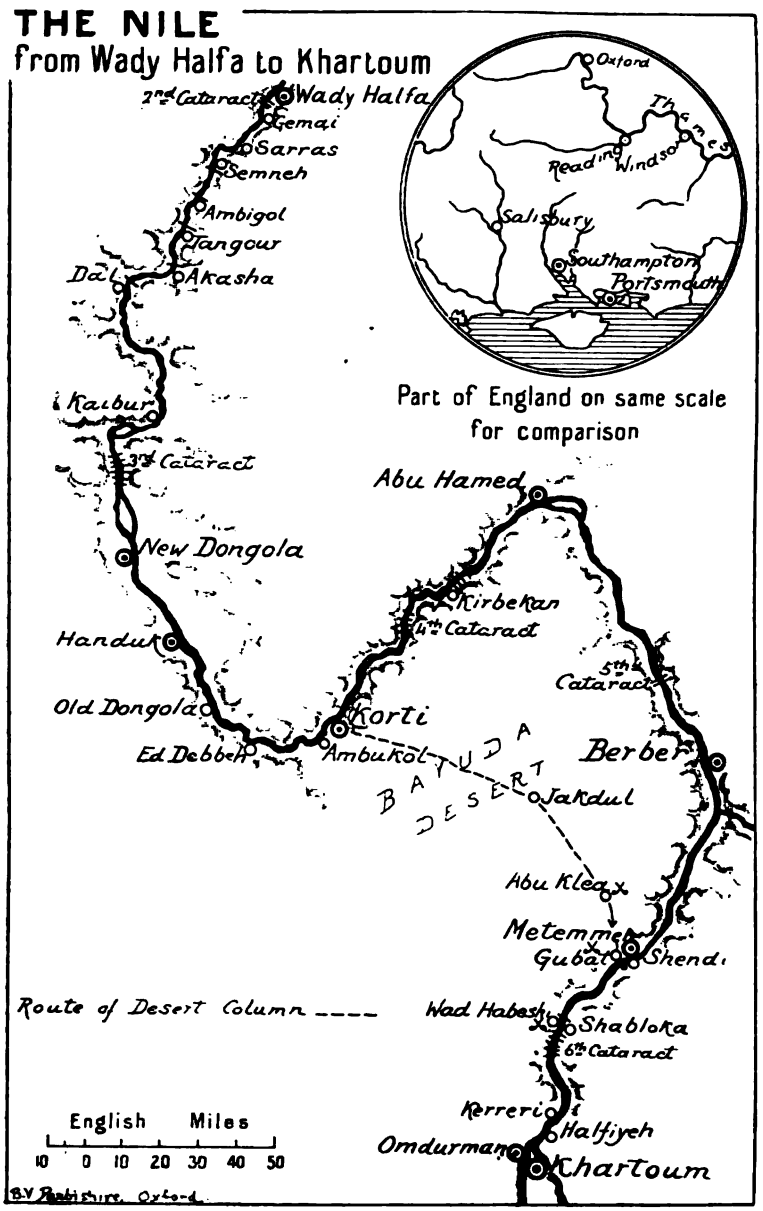
The detachment at Jakdul made roads, built forts, and laid out the camp for the returning Column. On 11th

January, a convoy of 1000 camels carrying stores and ammunition, under the command of Colonel Stanley Clarke, arrived at Jakdul.

In the meantime, on 31st December, the day after which the Desert Column had started for the first time, Lord Wolseley had received a written message from Gordon, "Khartoum all right," dated 14th December. Should it be captured, the message was intended to deceive the captor. The messenger delivered verbal information of a different tenure, to the effect that Gordon was hard pressed and that provisions were becoming very scarce.

At the time of the starting of the Desert Column upon its second march, when it was accompanied by the first division of the Naval Brigade under the command of Lord Charles Beresford, and by other reinforcements, the general situation was briefly as follows.

The River Column, which was intended to clear the country along the Nile, to occupy Berber, and thence to join the Desert Column at Metemmeh, was assembling at Hamdab, 52 miles above Korti. It was commanded by General Earle. The four steamers sent down the river from Khartoum by General Gordon in October, were at Nasri Island, below the Shabloka Cataract, half-way between Khartoum and Metemmeh, which are 98 miles apart. Korti and Berber, as a glance at the map will show, occupy respectively the left and right corners of the base of an inverted pyramid, of which Metemmeh is the apex, while Khartoum may be figured as at the end of a line 98 miles long depending from the apex. The Desert Column traversed one side of the triangle, from Korti to Metemmeh; the River Column was intended to traverse the other two sides.


THE NILE
from Wady Halfa to Khartoum
2nd Cataract
Wady Halfa
Gemai
Sarras
Semneh
Ambigol
Tangour
Akasha
Dal
Kaibur
3rd Cataract
New Dongola
Handuk
Old Dongola
Ed Debbeh
Abu Hamed
Kirbekan
4th Cataract
Korti
Ambukol
BAYUDA DESERT
Jakdul
5th Cataract
Berber
Abu Klea
Metemmeh
Gubat
Shendi
Wad Habesh
Shabloka
6th Cataract
Kerreri
Halfiyeh
Omdurman
Khartoum
Route of Desert Column
English Miles
10 0 10 20 30 40 50
Oxford
Thames
Reading
Windsor
Salisbury
Southampton
Portsmouth
Part of England on same scale for comparison

CHAPTER XXVII

THE SOUDAN WAR (*Continued*)

V. The Desert March of the Forlorn Hope

" When years ago I 'listed, lads,
To serve our Gracious Queen,
The sergeant made me understand
I was a 'Royal Marine.'
He said we sometimes served in ships,
And sometimes on the shore;
But did not say I should wear spurs,
Or be in the Camel Corps."
Songs of the Camel Corps (Sergt. H. Eagle, R.M.C.C.)

KORTI was a city of tents arrayed amid groves of fronded palm overhanging the broad river; beyond, the illimitable coloured spaces of the desert, barred with plains of tawny grass set with mimosa, and green fields of *dhura*, and merging into the far rose-hued hills. All day long the strong sun smote upon its yellow avenues, and the bugles called, and the north wind, steady and cool, blew the boats up the river, and the men, ragged and cheery and tanned saddle-colour, came marching in and were absorbed into the great armed camp. Thence were to spring two long arms of fighting men, one to encircle the river, the other to reach across the desert, strike at Khartoum and save Gordon.

The day after I arrived at Korti, 5th January, 1885, the desert arm had bent back to obtain reinforcements; because there were not enough camels to furnish transport for the first march.

The first division of the Naval Brigade, under Lieutenant Alfred Pigott, also arrived on the 5th. Officers and men alike were covered with little black pustules, due to the poison carried by the flies. Nevertheless, they were fit and well and all a-taunto. They were brigaded under my command with Sir Herbert Stewart's Desert Column. The intention was that Gordon's steamers, then waiting for us somewhere between Metemmeh and Khartoum, should be manned with the sailors and a detachment of infantry, and should take Sir Charles Wilson up to Khartoum. The second division of the Naval Brigade was still on its way up. It eventually joined us at Gubat. I may here say, for the sake of clearness, that Gubat is close to Metemmeh and that Shendi lies on the farther, or east, bank of the Nile, so that Gubat, Metemmeh and Shendi were really all within the area of the rendezvous at which the River Column under General Earle was intended to join forces with the Desert Column.

Sir Herbert Stewart arrived at Korti on the 5th and left that place on the 8th, the intervening days being occupied in preparations. An essential part of my own arrangements consisted in obtaining spare boiler-plates, rivets, oakum, lubricating oil, and engineers' stores generally, as I foresaw that these would be needed for the steamers, which had already been knocking about the Nile in a hostile country for some three months. At first, Sir Redvers Buller refused to let me have either the stores or the camels upon which to carry them. He was most good-natured and sympathetic, but he did not immediately perceive the necessity.

"What do you want boiler-plates for?" he said. "Are you going to mend the camels with them?"

But he let me have what I wanted. (I did mend the camels with oakum.) With other stores, I took eight boiler-plates, and a quantity of rivets. One of those plates, and a couple of dozen of those rivets, saved the Column.

The Gardner gun of the Naval Brigade was carried in pieces on four camels. Number one carried the barrels,

number two training and elevating gear and wheels, number three the trail, number four, four boxes of hoppers. The limber was abolished for the sake of handiness. The gun was unloaded, mounted, feed-plate full, and ready to march in under four minutes. When marching with the gun, the men hauled it with drag-ropes, muzzle first, the trail being lifted and carried upon a light pole. Upon going into action the trail was dropped and the gun was ready, all the confusion and delay caused by unlimbering in a crowded space being thus avoided.

At midday the 8th January, the Desert Column paraded for its second and final march, behind the village of Korti, and was inspected by Lord Wolseley. The same thought inspired every officer and man: we are getting to the real business at last.

The Desert Column, quoting from the figures given in Sir Charles Wilson's excellent work, *From Korti to Khartoum*, was composed as follows:

	Officers	N.-C. Officers and Men
Staff	8	
Naval Brigade	5	53
19th Hussars	9	121
Heavy Camel Regiment	24	376
M. I. Camel Regiment	21	336
Royal Artillery	4	39
Royal Sussex Regiment	16	401
Essex Regiment	3	55
Commissariat and Transport	5	72
Medical Staff	3	50
	98	1509

And four guns (one Gardner, three 7-pr. screw guns), 304 natives, 2228 camels, and 155 horses. Already there were along the route at the wells of Howeiyat (left on the first march), 33 officers and men of the M. I. Camel Regiment and 33 camels; and at Jakdul, 422 officers and men of the Guards' Camel Regiment (including Royal Marines), Royal Engineers, and Medical Staff, and 20 camels.

The Desert Column picked up these detachments as it went along, leaving others in their places.

The Column rode off at 2 o'clock p.m. amid a chorus of good wishes from our comrades. I rode my white donkey, County Waterford, which had been sent up to Korti by boat. We marched ten miles; halted at sunset and bivouacked, and started again half an hour after midnight. The moon rode high, and it was very cold; but the cold was invigorating; and the hard gravel or sand of the track made good going. Desert marching with camels demands perpetual attention; the loads slip on the camels and must be adjusted; a native driver unships the load and drops it to save himself trouble; camels stray or break loose. By means of perpetual driving, the unwieldy herd creeps forward with noiseless footsteps, at something under three miles an hour.

Although the camels were so numerous, their numbers had been reduced to the bare requirements of that small mobile column, which alone could hope to achieve the enterprise.

At 10 o'clock a.m. on the 9th, we halted for four hours in a valley of grass and mimosa trees; marched till sunset and came to another grassy valley and bivouacked. On the 10th we started before daylight, and reached the wells of El Howeiyat at noon, very thirsty, and drank muddy water and breakfasted; marched on until long after dark, over rough ground, the men very thirsty, the camels slipping and falling all over the place, and at length bivouacked. Starting again before daylight on the 11th, we came to the wooded valley set among granite hills, where are the wells of Abu Halfa, men and animals suffering greatly from thirst. The wells consisted of a muddy pond and a few small pools of bitter water. More holes were dug, and the watering went on all the afternoon and all night.

Next morning, 12th January, we loaded up at daylight, and marched across the plain lying beneath the range of yellow hills, broken by black rocks, called Jebel Jelif; entered a grassy and wide valley, ending in a wall of rock; turned

the corner of the wall, and came into a narrower valley, full of large round stones, and closed in at the upper end by precipices, riven into clefts, within which were the pools of Jakdul. We beheld roads cleared of stones, and the sign-boards of a camp, and the forts of the garrison, and stone walls crowning the hills, one high on the left, two high on the right hand. In ten days the little detachment of Guards, Royal Marines and Engineers under Major Dorward, R.E., had performed an incredible amount of work: road-making, wall-building, laying-out, canal-digging and reservoir-making. All was ready for Sir Herbert Stewart's force, which took up its quarters at once.

That evening the Guards gave an excellent dinner to the Staff, substituting fresh gazelle and sand-grouse for bully-beef. All night the men were drawing water from the upper pool of the wells, in which was the best water, by the light of lanterns.

The next day, 13th January, all were hard at work watering the camels and preparing for the advance on the morrow. The camels were already suffering severely: some thirty had dropped dead on the way; and owing to the impossibility of obtaining enough animals to carry the requisite grain, they were growing thin. It will be observed that the whole progress of the expedition depended upon camels as the sole means of transport.

When a camel falls from exhaustion, it rolls over upon its side, and is unable to rise. But it is not going to die unless it stretches its head back; and it has still a store of latent energy; for a beast will seldom of its own accord go on to the last. It may sound cruel; but in that expedition it was a case of a man's life or a camel's suffering. When I came across a fallen camel, I had it hove upright with a gun-pole, loaded men upon it, and so got them over another thirty or forty miles. By the exercise of care and fore-thought, I succeeded in bringing back from the expedition more camels, in the proportion of those in my control, than others, much to the interest of my old friend Sir Redvers

Buller. He asked me how it was done; and I told him that I superintended the feeding of the camels myself. If a camel was exhausted, I treated it as I would treat a tired hunter, which, after a long day, refuses its food. I gave the exhausted camels food by handfuls, putting them upon a piece of cloth or canvas, instead of throwing the whole ration upon the ground at once.

Major Kitchener (now Lord Kitchener of Khartoum), who was dwelling in a cave in the hillside, reported that Khashm-el-Mus Bey, Malik (King) of the Shagiyeh tribe, was at Shendi with three of Gordon's steamers. (He was actually at Nasri Island.) Lieutenant E. J. Montagu-Stuart-Wortley, King's Royal Rifles, joined the column for service with Sir Charles Wilson in Khartoum. Little did we anticipate in what his plucky service would consist. Colonel Burnaby came in with a supply of grain, most of which was left at Jakdul, as the camels which had brought it were needed to carry stores for the Column. There were 800 Commissariat camels, carrying provisions for 1500 men for a month, the first instalment of the depot it was intended to form at Metemmeh, as the base camp from which to advance upon Khartoum.

With Burnaby came Captain Gascoigne, who had special knowledge of the Eastern Soudan, and who afterwards went up to Khartoum with Sir Charles Wilson.

The Column left Jakdul at 2 o'clock p.m. on 14th January, and marched for three hours. It was generally supposed that we might be attacked between Jakdul and Metemmeh, a distance of between 70 and 80 miles; although the only intelligence we had was Major Kitchener's report that 3000 men under the Mahdi's Emir were at Metemmeh. We did not know that the occupation of Jakdul by Sir Herbert Stewart on the 2nd of January, had moved the Mahdi to determine upon the destruction of the Desert Column between Jakdul and Metemmeh. The news of the occupation of Jakdul had travelled with extraordinary swiftness. It was known on the 4th January, or two

days after the event, in Berber, nearly 90 miles from Jakdul as the crow flies; and on that day the Emir of Berber dispatched his men to reinforce the Emir of Metemmeh. If the news were known in Berber and Metemmeh it must have run through the whole surrounding area of desert. The ten days occupied by the Column in returning to Korti and returning again to Jakdul, gave the enemy the time they needed to concentrate in front of us. Moreover, Omdurman had fallen during the second week in January, setting free a number of the Mahdi's soldiers. But of these things we were ignorant when we pushed out of Jakdul. We picked up a Remington rifle, and saw some horse-tracks, and that was all.

During the second night out from Jakdul (the 15th–16th) the camels were knee-lashed and dispositions were made in case of attack, but nothing happened. It was the last night's rest we were to have for some time.

On the morning of the 16th we started as usual in the dark. When the light came, we saw the hills of Abu Klea in the distance, and after marching nearly to them, halted for breakfast. In the meantime Lieutenant-Colonel Barrow, with his squadron of the 19th Hussars, had gone ahead to occupy the wells of Abu Klea. About 11 a.m. Barrow returned to report that there was a large force of the enemy between us and the wells. The column was then lying in a shallow valley, whence the track led uphill over rough ground towards a pass cleft in the range of hills, beyond which were the wells.

The Column fell in and mounted at once. Through glasses we could clearly distinguish innumerable white-robed figures of Arabs, relieved upon the black cliffs dominating the pass, leaping and gesticulating. Here and there were puffs of smoke, followed after an interval by a faint report; but the range was too far, and no bullet arrived. Nearer hand, were swiftly jerking the isolated flags of the signallers, communicating from the advanced scouts to the main body. The Naval Brigade with the

Mounted Infantry, which were on the left of the Column, were ordered to ascend the hill on the left of the line of advance, to guard the flank of the Column.

We dragged up the Gardner gun, placed it in position, and built a breastwork of loose stones. By the time we had finished, it was about 4 o'clock. Beyond and beneath us, a line of green and white flags was strung across the valley, fluttering above the scrub, and these, with a large tent, denoted the headquarters of the enemy.

The rest of the Column were hurriedly building a zeriba in the valley. As the twilight fell, a party of the enemy crept to the summit of the hill on the right flank, opposite to our fort, and dropped bullets at long range into the Column below, which replied with a couple of screw guns. As the darkness thickened, there arose that maddening noise of tom-tons, whose hollow and menacing beat, endlessly and pitilessly repeated, haunts those who have heard it to the last day of their lives. Swelling and falling, it sounds now hard at hand, and again far away. That night, we lay behind the breastwork, sleepless and very cold; and the deadly throbbing of the drums filled the air, mingled with the murmur of many voices and the rustle as of many feet, and punctuated with the sullen crack of rifles, now firing singly, now in a volley, and the whine of bullets. At intervals, thinking the enemy were upon us, we stood to arms.

When at last the day broke, there were thousands of white-robed figures clustering nearer upon the hills, and the bullets thickened, so that, chilled as we were, rather than attempt to warm ourselves by exercise we were fain to lie behind the breastwork. The Naval Brigade had no casualties.

Our detachment was speedily called in, so that we had no time for breakfast, which was being hastily eaten under fire by the rest of the Column. All we had was a biscuit and a drink of water. We took up our position on the right front. Sir Herbert Stewart waited for a time in case the

enemy should attack. Major Gough, commanding the Mounted Infantry, was knocked senseless by a bullet graze; Major Dickson of the Royals was shot through the knee; Lieutenant Lyall of the Royal Artillery was hit in the back.

Sir Herbert Stewart and Colonel Burnaby were riding about on high ground, a mark for the enemy. I saw the general's bugler drop close beside him, and running up, implored both him and Burnaby to dismount, but they would not. I had hardly returned to my place when I heard another bullet strike, and saw Burnaby's horse fall, throwing its rider. I went to help Burnaby to his feet, and as I picked him up, he said a curious thing. He said, "I'm not in luck to-day, Charlie."

When it became evident that the enemy would not attack, Sir Herbert Stewart decided to take the initiative. He ordered a square to be formed outside the zeriba, in which the baggage and the camels were to be left in charge of a small garrison.

In the centre of the square were to be camels, carrying water, ammunition, and cacolets (litters) for the wounded. I do not know how many camels there were. Count Gleichen says about 30; Colonel Colville, in the official history, gives the figure as 150. In the front of the square (looking from the rear of the square forward), left, and nearly all down the left flank, were Mounted Infantry; on the right front, and half-way down the right flank, Guards' Camel Regiment. Beginning on the left flank where Mounted Infantry ended, and continuing round the rear face, were the Heavy Camel Regiment. Then, in the centre of the rear, was the Naval Brigade with Gardner gun. On the right of rear face, the Heavy Camel Regiment extended to the angle. Round the corner, lower right flank, were the Royal Sussex, then came the Royal Marines, continuing to the Guards' Camel Regiment. Behind the centre of the front ranks were the three screw guns. In case of attack, I was directed to use my own judgment as to placing the Gardner gun.

The square was thus formed under fire. Bear in mind that the column was upon the floor of a valley commanded by slopes and hill-tops occupied by the enemy. The route of the square lay over the lower slopes of the hills on the right, thus avoiding the hollow way on the left commanded by the enemy's breastworks. Captain Campbell's company of Mounted Infantry, and Colonel Barrow with his Hussars, went ahead to skirmish on the front and on the left flank, and somewhat checked the fire, while Lieutenant Romilly and a detachment of Scots Guards skirmished ahead on the right.

It was about 10 a.m. when the square began to move. The enemy, increasing their fire, kept pace with it. The route, studded with rocky knolls, furrowed with watercourses, and sharply rising and falling, was almost impassable for the camels. They lagged behind, slipping and falling, and we of the rear face were all tangled up with a grunting, squealing, reeking mass of struggling animals. Their drivers, terrified by the murderous fire coming from the right, were pressing back towards the left rear angle. By dint of the most splendid exertions, the sailors kept up, dragging the Gardner gun. Men were dropping, and halts must be made while they were hoisted into the cacolets and their camels forced into the square. Surgeon J. Magill, attending a wounded skirmisher outside the square, was hit in the leg. During the halts the enemy's fire was returned, driving off large numbers on the hills to the right. In about an hour we covered two miles.

Then we saw, on the left front, about 600 yards away, a line of green and white flags twinkling on long poles planted in the grass and scrub. No one knew what these might portend. As the fire was hottest on the right, we thought that the main body would attack from that quarter. Suddenly, as we halted, more and yet more flags flashed above the green; and the next moment the valley was alive with black and white figures, and resounding with their cries. The whole body of them moved swiftly and in

perfect order across our left front, disappearing behind rocks and herbage.

The square was instantly moved forward some thirty yards on the slope, in order to gain a better position. Ere the movement was completed, the enemy reappeared.

CHAPTER XXVIII

THE SOUDAN WAR (*Continued*)

VI. The Fight at Abu Klea

"England well may speak with wonder
Of the small heroic band,
Fearlessly, though parched and weary,
Toiling 'cross the desert sand;
How they met the foeman's onslaught,
Firm, undaunted, with a cheer,
Drove ten times or more their number,
Down the vale of Abu Klea."
Songs of the Camel Corps (Serg. H. Eagle, R.M.C.C.)

BEFORE the square was completely formed on the top of the knoll at the foot of which it had been halted when the thousands of Arabs sprang into view on the left front, the Arabs reappeared on the left rear, about 500 yards distant. They were formed into three phalanxes joined together, the points of the three wedges being headed by emirs or sheikhs, riding with banners. The horsemen came on at a hand-gallop, the masses of footmen keeping up with them. Our skirmishers were racing in for their lives. The last man was overtaken and speared.

At this moment the left rear angle of the square was still unformed. The camels were still struggling into it. Several camels, laden with wounded, had lain down at the foot of the slope and their drivers had fled into the square; and these animals were being dragged in by soldiers. The appalling danger of this open corner was instantly evident. I told the bugler to sound the halt, and having forced my way through the press to the front of the square, and reported the case to Sir Herbert Stewart, who said, "Quite right," I struggled back to the rear.

Then I ordered the crew of the Gardner gun to run it outside the square to the left flank. At the same time, Colonel Burnaby wheeled Number 3 Company (4th and 5th Dragoon Guards) from the rear face to the left flank. Number 4 Company (Scots Greys and Royals) had already wheeled from the rear to the left flank, so that they were just behind me. Five or six paces outside the square we dropped the trail of the gun. So swiftly did these things happen that the leading ranks of the enemy were still 400 yards away.

They were tearing down upon us with a roar like the roar of the sea, an immense surging wave of white-slashed black forms brandishing bright spears and long flashing swords; and all were chanting, as they leaped and ran, the war-song of their faith, "*La ilaha ill' Allah Mohammedu rasul Allah*"; and the terrible rain of bullets poured into them by the Mounted Infantry and the Guards stayed them not. They wore the loose white robe of the Mahdi's uniform, looped over the left shoulder, and the straw skull-cap. These things we heard and saw in a flash, as the formidable wave swept steadily nearer.

I laid the Gardner gun myself to make sure. As I fired, I saw the enemy mown down in rows, dropping like ninepins; but as the men killed were in rear of the front rank, after firing about forty rounds (eight turns of the lever), I lowered the elevation. I was putting in most effective work on the leading ranks and had fired about thirty rounds when the gun jammed. The extraction had pulled the head from a discharged cartridge, leaving the empty cylinder in the barrel. William Rhodes, chief boatswain's mate, and myself immediately set to work to unscrew the feed-plate in order to clear the barrel or to take out its lock. The next moment the enemy were on top of us. The feed-plate dropped on my head, knocking me under the gun and across its trail. Simultaneously a spear was thrust right through poor Rhodes, who was instantly killed at my side. Walter Miller the armourer was speared beside the gun at the same time. I was knocked off the trail of the gun

by a blow with the handle of an axe, the blade of which missed me. An Arab thrust at me with his spear, and I caught the blade, cutting my hand, and before he could recover his weapon a bullet dropped him. Struggling to my feet, I was carried bodily backwards by the tremendous impact of the rush, right back upon the front rank of the men of Number 4 Company, who stood like rocks.

I can compare the press to nothing but the crush of a theatre crowd alarmed by a cry of fire. Immediately facing me was an Arab holding a spear over his head, the staff of the weapon being jammed against his back by the pressure behind him. I could draw neither sword nor pistol. The front ranks of our men could not use rifle or bayonet for a few moments. But the pressure, forcing our men backwards up the hill, presently enabled the rear rank, now occupying a position of a few inches higher than the enemy, to fire over the heads of the front rank right into the mass of the Arabs. The bullets whizzed close by my head; and one passed through my helmet. The Arabs fell in heaps, whereupon our front rank, the pressure upon them relaxing, fired, and fought hand to hand with the bayonet, cursing as the rifles jammed and the shoddy bayonets twisted like tin.

The enemy wavered and broke away, some retreating, but the greater number turning to the rear face of the square, carrying some of the Naval Brigade with them. The rest of my men manned the gun and opened fire on the retreating enemy. But by the time the gun was in action the retreating dervishes had hidden themselves in a nullah, and the main body of the enemy had burst into the gap left by the camels in the rear face. My men joined in the furious hand-to-hand fighting all among the jam of men and camels. The ranks of the front face of the square had turned about face and were firing inwards. Poor Burnaby (who was "not in luck to-day") was thrown from his horse, and was killed by a sword cut in the neck as he lay on the ground.

Fighting next to me in the square was "Bloody-minded Piggot"—Captain C. P. Piggot of the 21st Hussars—using a shot-gun charged with buck-shot. The Arabs were crawling and twisting under the camels and in and out the legs of the men, whom they tried to stab in the back, and Piggot was loading and firing, and the bluejackets kept calling to him, "Here's another joker, sir!" I saw the bald head of an Arab emerging from a pile of bodies, and as Piggot fired I saw the bald crown riddled like the rose of a watering-pot.

One mounted sheikh, at least, won right into the square, where the bodies of himself and his horse were found afterwards.

Numbers 4 and 5 Company, who had withstood the first rush until they were pressed back upon the mass of camels, were still fighting in front when they were attacked in rear. There, the left wing of the Heavy Camel Regiment —Scots Greys, Royals, and 5th Dragoon Guards—did desperate hand-to-hand fighting in the square, while the right wing and the Royal Sussex by their steady fire kept off the rest of the enemy. The stress endured only a few minutes. Every Arab inside the square was slain. The camels, which had made the weak corner of the square, afterwards saved it by presenting a solid, irremovable obstacle to the enemy.

As the enemy retired, Sir Herbert Stewart gave the word, and our men cheered again and again, and the retreating Arabs turned and shook their fists at us.

Their desperate courage was marvellous. I saw a boy of some twelve years of age, who had been shot through the stomach, walk slowly up through a storm of bullets and thrust his spear at one of our men. I saw several Arabs writhe from out a pile of dead and wounded, and charge some eighty yards under fire towards us, and one of them ran right up to the bayonets and flung himself upon them and was killed. I saw an Arab, who was wounded in the legs, sit up, and hurl his spear at a passing soldier. As the soldier stopped to load his rifle, the Arab tried to

reach another spear, and failing, caught up stones and cast them at his foe; and then, when the soldier presented his rifle and took a deliberate aim, the Arab sat perfectly still looking down the barrel, till the bullet killed him.

Surgeon-General Sir Arthur W. May tells me of an instance of the spirit of the men. A huge able seaman, nicknamed Jumbo, who was one of the gun's crew when it was run outside the square, was thrown upon his face by the charge; and apparently every Arab who went past or over him, had a dig at the prostrate seaman.

After the action, with the help of able seaman Laker, I carried him to the doctor. He was a mass of blood, which soaked my tunic. I tried to wash it afterwards with sand. He must have weighed about sixteen stone. Quite recently, at Stornoway, where he is chief petty officer of the Coast-guard, I had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Laker, and we recalled the salving of poor Jumbo.

He had seventeen wounds, spear-thrusts, and sword-cuts. Upon visiting him in the Field Hospital a few days later, Surgeon May, intending to console the patient, said:

"You will be able to be sent back with the next convoy of wounded, after all."

"Sent back?" returned Jumbo indignantly. "I haven't done with the beggars yet!"

He recovered, but not in time to gratify his ardour.

The square was moved some 50 yards from the field of battle and was formed anew. I went to try to find any wounded men of my Brigade. Having brought in two, I was starting for a third time, when someone shouted, "Look out, Charlie!" and I turned about to see an Arab charging at me with a spear. I ran to meet him, sword in hand, parried his spear, then held my sword rigid at arm's length. He ran right up the blade to the hilt, against which his body struck with so great force that he fell backward.

I picked up a man who was shot through the back, and put him upon a camel upon which was a wounded Arab. Presently I heard my man singing out; and I

found his thumb was being chewed off by the Arab, whom I hauled off the camel and of whom I disposed in another way.

The bodies of most of my men who were killed were found some 25 yards from the place at which we had worked the gun. Here were the bodies of my poor comrades, Lieutenants Alfred Pigott and R. E. de Lisle. Pigott had been promoted to commander, but he never knew it. De Lisle had his whole face cut clean off. Captain C. P. Piggot (not to be confused with the naval officer, Commander Alfred Pigott), who fought like a Paladin in the square, and who knew not fear, died some years afterwards in England. (I took him on my coach to Lord's; he was so weak that he could not get upon it without the help of a footman, and he looked dreadfully ill. He told me that the doctor had given him three weeks to live; but he was dead in three days.)

Eight of the Naval Brigade were killed and seven were wounded, out of 40 who went into action. Every man of the Brigade handling the gun outside the square was killed, excepting myself.

I observed that the rows of bullets from the Gardner gun, which was rifle calibre ·45-inch, with five barrels, had cut off heads and tops of heads as though sliced horizontally with a knife.

The official account gives the loss of the enemy at 1100 in the vicinity of the square.

Nearly half the British rifles jammed, owing to the use of leaf cartridges. The Remington rifles used by the Mahdi's soldiers had solid drawn cartridges which did not jam. During the action of Abu Klea the officers were almost entirely employed in clearing jammed rifles passed back to them by the men. The British bayonets and cutlasses bent and twisted, the result of a combination of knavery and laziness on the part of those who were trusted to supply the soldier with weapons upon which his life depends. The bayonets were blunt, because no one had thought of sharpening them. The spears of the Arabs were sharp like

razors. The cutlasses of the Naval Brigade were specially sharpened.

I noticed that when a soldier was killed, a bluejacket always endeavoured to secure his bayonet; and that when a sailor was killed, a soldier always tried to take his hat, preferring it to the Army helmet.

The official report of Sir Charles Wilson states the total number of the enemy to have been from 9000 to 11,000, consisting of men from Berber, Metemmeh, Kordofan, and 1000 men of the Mahdi's army. Of the total number, it was estimated that 5000 or 6000 attacked. The British numbered something over 1200 men; but, these being in square, the weight of the attack fell upon no more than about 300 men. There were 342 men of the Royal Artillery on the front face of the square; 235 men on the left flank, reinforced when the charge came by some of the Naval Brigade and a company from the rear face; 300 men and the Naval Brigade, between 40 and 50 strong, on the rear face; and 307 men on the right flank. The centre was a solid mass of camels. This thin framework of men, forced back upon the camels, resisted the tremendous impact of thousands of frenzied fanatics who knew not fear, and whom nothing stopped but death.

I cannot better describe the result than by quoting the words of Colonel the Hon. Reginald Talbot, 1st Life Guards, who commanded the Heavy Camel Regiment at Abu Klea (*Nineteenth Century*, Jan. 1886):

"It was an Inkerman on a small scale—a soldiers' battle; strength, determination, steadiness, and unflinching courage alone could have stemmed the onslaught."

It was a soldiers' battle, because the attack was sudden; it came before the square was formed; and in the stress and tumult orders were useless.

Printed by Morrison & Gibb Limited, *Edinburgh*

3 2044 051 738 136